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YORKSHIRE CHAP-BOOKS.

FIRST SERIES.

YORKSHIRE CHAP-BOOKS.

EDITED BY
CHARLES A. FEDERER, L.C.P.

FIRST SERIES :

COMPRISING THOMAS GENT'S TRACTS ON LEGENDARY SUBJECTS ; WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, AND A SELECT NUMBER OF
FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE
ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

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TO
J. NORTON DICKONS, ESQ.,
OF BRADFORD,

THE DILIGENT ARCHEOLOGIST, THE KIND FRIEND,
THE SINCERE CHRISTIAN,

THIS EDITION OF GENT'S TRACTS IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED
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INTRODUCTION.

ON CHAP-BOOKS.

CHAP-BOOK literature, viz., the pamphlets, ballads, and broadsides, sold by chapmen or chafferers at fairs and markets, or hawked by them from house to house in the country, composed the only literature accessible to the mass of the people during the centuries anterior to the present. There can be no question that this literature possesses the highest interest for the student of the social, religious, and political state of our forefathers: Macaulay and Green have entirely re-written our history with the aid of a mass of political broadsides, ballads, and squibs; and it is a well-known fact that the French revolution of 1789 was prepared by the dissemination of immense multitudes of popular tracts; nor can it be denied that the social conceptions of our own peasantry were, till a recent period, mainly based upon the kind of literature which reached it through the agency of the pedlar. Chapbook literature catered for the intellectual wants of the lower and the middle classes of the people, and by it the nature of those wants, in other words, the predilections and the common bent of the popular mind can be accurately gauged.

At a time when our laws, oppressive and cruel in their nature, pressed with peculiar harshness on the labourer, who was a serf in all but the name, and on the poor toilers of every description, there naturally existed a good deal of sympathy with the bold outlaw, and a sneaking admiration even for the dashing highwayman, who professed to redress social inequalities by robbing the rich and relieving the poor. Hence the unbounded popularity of the "Lives" of Robin Hood, Dick

Turpin, Nevison, etc., a popularity such as no "Plutarch's Lives" ever attained among the cultured classes. A similarly favourable reception was given to the chapbook which described the career of some individual in the lowest rank in society, who by dint of cunning, hardihood, or sheer impudence, managed to hold his own amongst his superiors; of which class "Blind Jack of Knaresborough" may be taken as the type. It is worthy of notice that this class by no means includes the *parvenu* who, whether by good fortune or through industry and sterling qualities, had risen to a higher social position; for, regret it as we may, it cannot be denied that now, as in the past, envy not unmixed with aversion follows the individual who quits the fellowship of those who were once his equals. Nor has the record of simple "goodness" any place in chapbook literature: the "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" style of composition catered for the maudlin sentimentality of a portion of the upper middle classes, but possessed no relish for the rude appetite of the vulgar.

It will naturally be imagined, however, that the class of chapbooks before alluded to, appealed chiefly to the male portion of the toiling multitude, old or young; yet the cottager's wife and daughters were not forgotten. Though the hardships and injustices of life weighed on them perhaps even more heavily than on their male companions, their minds, cast in gentler mould, longed not for the present redress by deeds of violence, but more or less patiently looked for a state of compensating bliss after the close of their earthly existence. Entirely unscriptural as the conception is, every one who is accustomed to visit among the poor and the outcasts of society, is aware how deeply ingrained in their minds is the belief that present suffering entitles to commensurate recompense in the life to come. To this moiety of the common people, the "Lives" of various classes of Saints, whether canonized or not, and particularly the biographies of holy women, brought solace and congenial entertainment. It does not, however, need a very close examination to find the same idea of redress of social inequalities, which underlies the conventional character of the outlaw, reappearing

clothed in the monkish garb of the saint who on the one hand resists and punishes the wicked in high places, and on the other ministers to the wants of the poor, heals their diseases, and assures them of divine favour. This will account for the striking and yet natural circumstance, that in a post-reformation period, such chapbooks as the "Life of Saint Winefred," or the "Life of Saint Robert of Knaresborough," written by such a staunch anti-papist as Thomas Gent, saw the light in the strait-laced city of York.

York was the sole centre where, during last century, the pedlar fraternity of Yorkshire obtained their supplies of books and pamphlets, and ballad singers their *patter*; for it is only within the present century that similar manufactures of chapmen's literature were established at Stokesley, Easingwold, and Otley, and latterly at Leeds. Thomas Gent bears the undisputed pre-eminence among the purveyors of this kind of literature, having been both author and printer; and the presses of his successors in York, James Kendrew and Charles Croshaw, were almost exclusively engaged in the production of chapbooks and patter.

The present work gives, for the first time in a collected form, the various chapbooks, pamphlets, and broadsides, which have appeared in the county of York up to the close of last century, with such commentaries and notes as are needed to elucidate the text. The first series contains ten chapbooks on legendary subjects, written and printed by Thomas Gent, and comprises the Lives of St. Winefred, Our Saviour and the Apostles, Judas Iscariot, Afflicted Job, and St. Robert of Knaresborough; with a memoir of Thomas Gent. Subsequent series, in active preparation, will comprise Gent's Pastoral Dialogue; the Life of J. Metcalf, commonly called Blind Jack of Knaresborough; George-a-Green, the Pinder of Wakefield; William Nevison, the Highwayman; Robin Hood's Garland, &c., &c.

The footnotes in this volume, unless otherwise stated, are Thomas Gent's own. The original spelling and punctuation have been preserved, except in the case of obvious misprints, which have been corrected.



Thomas Gent.

IN compiling a sketch of the life of this enterprising York printer, we are saved the trouble and uncertainty of collecting scattered materials from various sources, by Gent's own care and foresight, in himself recording in copious detail the principal events of his life. This autobiography, the original manuscript of which is now in the possession of E. Hailstone, Esq., of Walton Hall, was published in a somewhat curtailed form in 1832 by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, under the title, "The Life of Mr. Thomas Gent, printer, of York, written by himself." Shorter notices of Gent have since been written by Mr. Charles Knight, in his "Shadows of the old Booksellers," (London, 1865); by Mr. Robert Davis, in his "Memoirs of the York Press," (London, 1868); and by Mr. Abraham Holroyd, in the "Yorkshire Magazine," (Bradford, 1872).

Thomas Gent was born in Ireland, of English parentage, in 1693. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was apprenticed by his father to Mr. Powell, a letter-press printer in Dublin; but the lad did not take kindly to his employment. Long hours of work and strictness of supervision rendered him dissatisfied with his situation; it appears also that, young as he was, he became entangled in a love intrigue with one of his master's servants. Gent's autobiography is discreetly silent on the circumstances of this intrigue; but that it was more than a mere boyish escapade, is shown by what transpired several years subsequently at York, when a gossiping report of it sufficed to wreck his prospects there.

In order to break off the connection alluded to, and to free himself from irksome restraint, young Gent resolved to

escape to England, and managed to carry out his resolve with some forethought and determination. With all his portable property, consisting of a spare suit of clothes and seventeen pence in cash, and stores in the shape of two or three penny loaves, he got secretly on board of a vessel bound for England, and stowed himself away in the hold. Gent gives us a vivid description of the stormy passage, during which the ship had to put back into Dublin Bay; but he landed at last safely at Parkgate, near Holyhead, where the tender-hearted captain, instead of taking the little money in the lad's possession to pay for his passage, gave him a sixpence and some sound parting advice. It is doubtless to the circumstances of this first landing in England that Gent alludes in the latter portion of the footnote on page 152 of the present volume.

After suffering many hardships on the way, the lad reached London in August, 1710; and it is characteristic of his observant mind, that even under the distressing circumstances of his journey, he had taken careful note of the interesting antiquities of Chester, and jotted down the historical reminiscences connected with them. Gent soon obtained employment in the printing office of a Mr. Midwinter, of Pie Corner, Smithfield, who was principally engaged in printing chapbooks and broadsides for hawkers: a profitable business at that period, which determined the nature of the lad's future career. His occupation here was not merely the printing, but also the composition, of chapmen's literature; and on the title-page of "Judas Iscariot," we find it stated that he originally composed that work in 1711 (see page 201 of the present volume). He also did a good stroke of business for his master, in noting down the sermon which Dr. Sacheverel preached on the occasion of his suspension, by the impression and sale of which Mr. Midwinter cleared thirty pounds in one week.

Gent worked at Mr. Midwinter's office for three years, during which period he not only gained steadiness of purpose

and valuable experience, but was also enabled to save a little money. When his engagement with Mr. Midwinter had terminated, he continued to do jobbing or "smouting" work, both for him and for other master printers. The following interesting extract from his autobiography very graphically describes the kind of life he led during this somewhat unsettled period:—

"I went directly to seek a place of business, when, luckily, I happened to engage with Mrs. Bradford, a quaker, and widow, in Fetter Lane, who ordered me to come the next morning. With great spirit and elasticity I flew, as it were, homewards, to the great satisfaction of my kind master and mistress, who asked me why I had not come to dinner; if I was not almost starved; or if I lit of the merchant, and dined with him? I told them the whole truth; and, going to work the next day, I continued so briskly that by Saturday night I had earned about seventeen shillings: so that, having near three pounds in bank, and a new suit of clothes of about three pounds price, which Mr. Midwinter had given me, exclusive of my other apparel, I thought that I might do pretty well in the world; in order to which, I furnished myself with a new composing iron, called a stick; a pair of scissors to cut scaleboards; a sharp bodkin, to correct the letters; and a pretty sliding box to contain them and preserve all from rustiness. I bought also a galley, for the pages I was to compose, with other appurtenances that might be of service to me when occasion should require."

"As inconsiderate youth is, too soon, over fond of novelty, being invited to another place under Mr. Mears, in Blackfriars, I very indiscreetly parted with my mistress, which entirely lost me the favour of that knowing gentlewoman. On my entrance amongst a number of men, besides paying what is called 'Ben-money,' I found soon after, I was, as it were, to be dubbed as great a cuz as the famous Don Quixote seemed to be when he thought himself a knight, and that the innkeeper was lord of the castle, in the yard of

which he judged the honour was conferred; through the insipid folly thereof, agreeably to their strange harangues in praise of the protecting charms of cuzship, which, like the power of Don Waltho Clatherbank's infallible medicines, would heal all evils whether curable or not, was not very agreeable to my hearing; yet, when the master himself insisted it must be done, I was obliged to submit to that immemorial custom, the origin of which they could not then explain to me. It commenced by walking round the chapel (printing rooms being called such, because first begun to be practised in one at Westminster Abbey), singing an alphabetical anthem, tuned literally to the vowels. Striking me, kneeling, with a broadsword, and pouring ale upon my head, my titles were exhibited much to this effect:—'Thomas Gent, Baron of College Green, Earl of Fingall, with power to the limits of Dublin Bar, Captain-General of the Teagues, near the Lake of Allen, and Lord High Admiral over all the Bogs in Ireland.' To confirm which, and that I might not pay over again for the same ceremony, through forgetfulness, they allowed me godfathers, the first I ever had before, because the Presbyterian minister at my christening allowed none at his office; and these, my new pious fathers, were the un-reverend Mr. Holt and Mr. Palmer. Nay, there were witnesses also—such as Mr. Fleming, Mr. Gibbins and Mr. Cocket, staunch journeymen printers. But after all this work I began to see the vanity of all human grandeur; for, as I was not yet a freeman, I was discharged as a foreigner in about a fortnight or three weeks' time."

Mr. Midwinter at this time received a communication from one of his customers, Mr. John White, master printer, of York, who desired him to procure for him a likely person as journeyman printer. Mr. Midwinter mentioned the matter to Gent, who, however, felt disinclined to leave London just then. Some time afterwards, a chapman named Isaac, whose business took him occasionally into Yorkshire, spoke to Mr. White in such high terms of the capabilities

and qualities of Gent, that Mr. White decided to make the latter the exceedingly liberal offer of £18 per annum, with board, lodging, and washing. Gent closed with the tempting offer, and removed to York.

Mr. White had agreed to allow one guinea for travelling expenses; but Gent could not come to terms with Crofts, the York carrier, who did not choose to abate anything from his regular fare of twenty-six shillings; so he resolved to perform the journey on foot, starting on Tuesday, 20 April, 1714. He passed through Caxton, Stamford, Newark, Bawtry, Sherburn, Tadcaster, and reached York on Sunday. His arrival is thus described by himself:—

“The first house I entered to enquire for my new master was a printer’s at Petergate, the very dwelling that is now (at the time of writing) my own by purchase; but not finding Mr. White therein, a child brought me to his door, which was opened by the head maiden, that is now my dear spouse. She ushered me into the chamber, where Mrs. White lay something ill in bed, but the old gentleman was at his dinner, by the fireside, sitting in a noble arm chair, with a good large pie before him, of which he made me heartily partake with him. I had a guinea in my shoe lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot, at which the old gentleman smiled and pleasantly said, ‘It was more than he ever had seen a journeyman save before.’ I lived as happily as I could wish in this family, for Mr. White had plenty of business to employ several persons, there being few printers in England, except London, at that time: none then, I am sure, at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal and Leeds, as for the most part now abounds.”

Whilst residing in Mr. White’s family, Gent became first acquainted with Alice or Adeliza Guy, Mrs. White’s maid: an acquaintance which soon ripened into love in spite of a considerable disparity in their ages, she being in her thirty-second year, whilst he was barely twenty-two years old. But

the horizon of future happiness which had begun to unfold itself to the imagination of Thomas Gent, became suddenly overcast. Through the means of some travelling journeyman printer, who had formerly worked in Ireland, the circumstances of Gent's running away from his apprenticeship in Dublin became known in York, and seriously injured his prospects, both with Mr. White and with Miss Alice, who could scarcely hear with equanimity of her suitor's former love passages. At the twelvemonth's end, therefore, although a renewal of the engagement was proposed to him, Gent resolved to leave York and to revisit his native country.

He left York on the 15th May, 1715, and travelled through Leeds, Brighouse, Elland, Blackstone Edge, Rochdale, Bury, Bolton, Ashton, and Prescot, to Liverpool. There being no vessel ready to start for Ireland from that port, and the sole printer which Liverpool could at that period boast, not having any work for him, Gent walked through Cheshire to Parkgate where he embarked for Dublin. The passage proved even more protracted and unpropitious than his former one; for it was only after being tossed about by violent storms for several days, that the vessel was able to make Douglas harbour in the Isle of Man, where she was compelled to lie for several weeks to repair damages. This episode is also alluded to in the before-mentioned footnote on page 152 of the present volume.

His stay in Dublin was but short. His former master, Mr. Powell, threatened legal proceedings, and Gent found it advisable to recross the Irish Sea, and make his way to London. On his way thither, he spent a short time at York, and appears to have regained the good graces of Miss Alice Guy, with whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence, though no distinct matrimonial engagement was entered into. In London, Gent first worked for his former master, Mr. Midwinter, and in 1717 he was made a member of the Company of Stationers, and shortly afterwards admitted to the freedom of the city of London. Yet he did not seem to

prosper greatly from a financial point of view, for we find him working both at press and at case for various printers in succession—Wilkins, Watts, Clifton, Dodds,—and occasionally undertake jobs, which in those times of political fermentation, were very risky. The following incident, related by Davis, exemplifies the nature of the risk then incurred by clandestine printers:—

“Both Gent and his employer Midwinter had incurred the suspicion of the Government. One night Gent had gone to rest suffering from a severe attack of illness. Soon after midnight, whilst he was asleep, his bedroom door was violently burst open by a King’s messenger, who dragged him out of bed, helped him to dress himself, searched his pockets for papers, hurried him down stairs into the street, which was filled with constables and watchmen, and thrust him into a coach, which was ordered to drive towards Newgate. On their way the coach was stopped near St. Sepulchre’s Church, and Gent was placed in a room of a public-house, and there closely watched and guarded. Presently he was amazed to see his master, Mr. Midwinter, brought in as a prisoner, and left in the room with him. From thence they were taken to Manchester Court,* a house at Westminster, on the banks of the Thames, which appears to have been at that time used for the temporary confinement of State prisoners. Here Gent was placed in an apartment alone, and ‘debarred from friends to see him, or the use of pen, ink, and paper, to write to them.’ Within a few days afterwards the rigour of his confinement was relaxed, and at the end of three days more, ‘as nothing could be proved against him, he was honourably discharged.’ Gent had reason to rejoice at his narrow escape. Not many months had passed since he stood near St. Sepulchre’s Church in Newgate Street, and

* Now Manchester Buildings, on the site of Derby House formerly belonging to the Earls of Lincoln, and another large house belonging to the Earls of Manchester, very pleasant towards the Thames. *Cunningham’s Handbook*, vol. ii. p. 515.

beheld a young brother printer drawn on a sledge to be executed at Tyburn for the Offence of printing a seditious libel, which was adjudged to be high treason.”*

About 1721, Gent was at last able to set up a press of his own in Fleet Lane, and occasionally to employ assistants; and for about three years a succession of ballads and pamphlets, chiefly composed by himself, issued from his office. He was in a position now to commence housekeeping; but any lingering hope that he might have entertained of ultimately inducing Alice Guy to become his wife, were destroyed by the intelligence that she had married Mr. Charles Bourne, Mr. White’s grandson and heir. To console himself for this disappointment, he undertook to console the bereaved widow of Mr. Dodd, in whose office he had lately been working, and he managed to ingratiate himself with her. What occurred to nip this new dream of love in the bud, is best related in Gent’s own words:—

“It was one Sunday morning that Mr. Philip Wood, a partner at Mr. Midwinter’s, entering my chambers, where I sometimes used to employ him too, when slack of business in other places, ‘Tommy,’ said he, ‘all these fine materials of yours must be moved to York.’ At which, wondering,

* His brother printer was John Matthews, a youth of eighteen, who was tried and condemned at the Old Bailey. He was charged with printing and publishing a seditious and traitorous libel, entitled *Vox populi Vox Dei*, which asserted that the Pretender had an hereditary right to the Crown, and that all rights concur in him, and endeavouring to stir up the people to shake off the present arbitrary government. The persons on whose evidence he was convicted were two of his fellow-workmen who had been concerned in printing similar libels. On the 6th November, 1719, the unfortunate youth was drawn on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, where he was executed pursuant to his sentence, except that the quartering of his body was dispensed with by favour of the Government. The fate of Matthews excited much public sympathy. Six months afterwards one of the printers who were witnesses against him died, and was to be buried at Islington. A mob arose and obstructed the funeral, causing so great a tumult that the next night a detachment of the Foot Guards was sent from Whitehall to see the corpse buried and to preserve the peace.

‘What mean you?’ said I. ‘Aye,’ said he, ‘and you must go too, ‘without it’s your own fault; for your first sweetheart is now at liberty, and left in good circumstances by her good spouse, who deceased but of late.’ ‘I pray Heaven,’ answered I, ‘that his precious soul may be happy; and, for aught I know, it may be as you say, for indeed I may not trifle with a widow as I have formerly done with a maid.’ I made an excuse to my mistress that I had business in Ireland, but that I hoped to be at my own lodgings in about a month’s time; if not, everything was in order, so that anyone could carry on the business. But she said she would not have anyone beside me; so respectfully taking leave, I never beheld her after. I had taken care that my goods should be ready packed up to be ready when sent for. I pitched upon Mr. Campbell as my confidant in this affair, desiring my cousins to assist him, all of whom I took leave of at the Black Swan, in Holborn, where I paid my passage in the stage-coach, which brought me to York in four days’ time. Here I found my dearest once more, though much altered to what she was ten years before that I had not seen her. There was no need for a new courtship, but decency suspended the marriage for some time. So, on considering the delay in her business, as well as the former ties of love that passed innocently between us, by word of writing, she gave full consent to have the nuptials celebrated, which were performed the 10th of December, 1722, in the stately cathedral dedicated to St. Peter.”

Gent’s marriage produced at once a great alteration in his outward circumstances. He was now a comparatively wealthy man, at the head of a first-class printing business, which was practically a monopoly; for no other printer was to be found at that period in the whole of Yorkshire and Durham. Various projects soon engaged his energies and resources, chief amongst which was the establishment of an influential newspaper for the north of England. Already, in 1719, the first number of a weekly newspaper, entitled “*York Mercury: or a General View of the Affairs of Europe,*”

had been published by Grace White, widow of Thomas Gent's late master, in partnership with Mr. Thomas Hammond ; but the novel experiment had not proved very successful. Gent resolved to make a fresh start under more favourable auspices. He issued the first number of the new paper under his own name some two or three weeks before his marriage with Mrs. Bourne ; the title being, "*The Original York Journal, or Weekly Courant, containing the most remarkable passages and transactions at home and abroad. From Monday, November 16, to Monday, November 23, 1724. Printed by Thomas Gent, and are to be sold at the printing office in Coffee-House Yard, York ; where advertisements are taken in.*"

The prosperous circumstances of Mr. Thomas Gent had in so far an unfavourable influence on his character, as they rendered him somewhat overbearing and intractable. From some expressions in his diary we can gather, too, that he did not enjoy that unalloyed domestic bliss which he had anticipated from his marriage ; nor will it excite much surprise if a widow who marries again in her forty-second year, develops strong idiosyncrasies respecting the equipoise of power in a family. Gent took up a very uncompromising attitude towards Mr. John White, of Newcastle, son of his old master, and uncle to Mr. Charles Bourne, who was naturally grieved at seeing his father's property pass out of the family through Mrs. Bourne's second marriage. Mr. White, who had a printing business at Newcastle, transferred it in 1725 to York, and opened a bookseller's shop in Stonegate ; much to the chagrin of Gent, who was not sparing in his allusions to his "barbarous uncle" in various of his elucubrations. In August of the same year, Mr. White issued the first number of "*The York Courant*," which eventually secured the favour of the public, and is the direct ancestor of a paper still published at York ; whilst Gent's venture in journalism came to an end in 1728, after a short existence of three years and eight months.

Gent appears to have been constantly at loggerheads with his neighbours and townsmen; and he certainly never was at any pains to conciliate an opponent, but was always very ready to shower opprobrious epithets on whoever crossed his path. Competition in the printing trade was becoming more keen; several presses were set up within a short time in the city of York; and a new-comer, Mr. Cæsar Ward, who had purchased Mr. White's business, was successful in securing for himself nearly all the better class work, which formerly went to Gent's office. Another circumstance which tended to sour Gent's naturally irritable temper, was the "gross injustice" done to him by the unexpected falling in of the lease of his house in Stonegate, which had been bequeathed by Mr. Charles Bourne to his widow. Mr. Davis thus relates the circumstance:

"Charles Bourne, not long before his death, purchased the house in question, which was held under a lease, granted by a former prebendary of North-Newbald in the cathedral church of York, for three lives, of whom two were then in being. But Bourne was not informed when he made the purchase that, some time previously, a succeeding prebendary had granted a reversionary lease to another person, the effect of which was to deprive Bourne and his successors of the right, which they would otherwise have been entitled to exercise, of renewing the existing lease. Bourne did not discover this fact until after he had paid his money. His widow abstained from imparting it to Gent until after they were married. When Gent ascertained that the house would pass irrecoverably from him and his wife, upon the death of "a weak old gentlewoman," the surviving life in their lease, he was beside himself with rage and disappointment. He fancied that the loss of his property would plunge him into irretrievable ruin. 'With heavy sighs and bitter anguish,' he exclaims, "did I bemoan our tottering condition." Poverty and its gloomy attendants constantly stared him in the face.

He first attempted to prevail upon Mr. Alderman Read,* the lessee in reversion, to afford him some redress, and upon that gentleman's refusal, he poured out upon him all the vials of his wrath. He then applied to the Rev. Mr. Hitch, who had been appointed to the stall of North-Newbald, upon the death of the prebendary by whom the reversionary lease was granted. Mr. Hitch treated Gent with courtesy, but was unable to assist him. At length the dreaded event happened. In January, 1740, 'a heavy stroke of adverse fortune' befel him. The old lady died whose life was the last in the lease, and Gent and his wife had to relinquish possession of the house in Stonegate, which they once hoped would have been a refuge for them when they should have to quit Coffee-Yard, where he was only tenant from year to year."†

Gent could not forbear venting his resentment on every occasion, likely or unlikely; notice, for instance, the suggestive lines—

Worse than absorbing Brutes, who swallow Lands,
Or hinder good Men to renew their Rights

in the "Life of St. Winefred (p. 152 of the present volume); or the highly suggestive and original definition of oppressors in the index to the same work (see "Oppressors" on p. 168 of the present volume).

Of Gent's literary activity it is difficult to speak without admiration: true, some modern literati, Mr. Robert Collyer, of New York, among the number, affect to sneer at Gent's attainments, and have nothing but contempt for the rude woodcuts and vile typography of his later productions. But

* John Read esquire, of Sandhutton near York, Lord Mayor 1719 and 1746.

† During the severe winter of 1739-40 the river Ouse was frozen over, and Gent was glad to gather a few pence by setting up on the ice a *quasi* press, and printing for sale on small broadsides some of his own woodcuts and doggrel verses, to which he added the name of the purchaser. Mr. Hailstone possesses one specimen, and another was in the collection of the late Mr. Summer, of Woodmansey, near Beverley.

Mr. Hunter, whose authority as an historian and antiquary is unquestioned, and who is no mere amateur critic, declares that "Gent's performances were not, like too many modern books of topography, mere bundles of pillage from the works of ingenious and painstaking authors, but contained matter honestly collected, and not, before his time, made public by the press." The extent of his miscellaneous and general information, the result of an indefatigable course of reading and research, was enormous; and his data are correct to an astonishing degree. The editor of the present volume has verified some hundreds of Gent's references to works of the most varied description, and found every one of them strictly accurate.

To draw up a complete bibliography of the works issued from Gent's press, or composed by him, has, at the present day, become impossible; most of his London productions are irrevocably lost. An excellent list of the publications which issued from his York press, is found in Davis' *Memoirs of the York Press*, though the sixty-nine items which it comprises could, without much difficulty, be augmented to near a hundred. The most important of them are: "The Antient and Modern History of the Loyal Town of Rippon;" "The History of the Royal and Beautiful Town of Kingston-upon-Hull," both of which works have been reprinted; a History of York: a History of England, together with a History of Rome; a number of classical works for Mr. Clark, master of the Grammar School at Hull; the Life of St. Winefred; and the History of the Great Eastern Window in York Cathedral. The Life of Afflicted Job (page 231 in the present collection) is the only extant production of Gent's Scarborough Press.

In his History of Hull* he thus speaks of having embarked in a printing establishment at that attractive and already then fashionable watering-place: "I beg leave to mention as a memorial, that a printing-office was first set up

* P. 185, note.

by me in Scarborough about June 16th, 1734, in a house in Mr. Bland's lane, formerly called his cliff; a most pleasant situation, leading to the beautiful sands; and I hope, God willing, some time or other to print the antiquities of that delightful town and castle." In his autobiography, under the date of 1733, he says, "My nephew, Arthur Clark, was sent with materials to furnish a printing-office in Scarborough; from which we had a prospect of the ocean. The gentry from the Spa used to visit us, to have their names, and see the playhouse bills and other work printed."

In 1761, Gent lost his wife (see his elegy on p. 227 of the present volume); after which event his circumstances became gradually more and more embarrassed, so much so that he was at last no longer able to procure the needful supplies of new type and office furniture; the result being seen in the wretchedly poor paper and typography of his later works. His last production, *Judas Iscariot*, had to be printed for him by a brother printer, probably Thomas Mitchelson. Through the influence of some kind friends, among them Mr. Drake, the historian, Gent was elected a pensioner of Allen's Charity, which served to keep him from absolute want. His death took place in his own house in Petergate, on the 19th May, 1778, in the 87th year of his age. He was buried in the parish church of St. Michael-le-Belfry, "where more than fifty years before, he and his wife had wept together over the grave of their infant and only child Charles" (see p. 227).



THE
HOLY LIFE and DEATH of
ST. WINEFRED;
AND OTHER
RELIGIOUS PERSONS.
In FIVE Parts.

Wherein is set forth the Glory of *North-Wales*, thro' the powerful Vertue of *Holy-Well*, in *F'lintshire*; and a just ACCOUNT of *some* of the *many* wonderful CURES that have been perform'd, thro' the Blessing of Heaven, by the salutary Streams of that most sacred Fountain.

With pious ANNOTATIONS from the Holy Scriptures, and Early Writers of the Church, concerning the Judgments and Mercies of Almighty GOD: Who punisheth wicked Oppressors, but preserves the Souls and Bodies of the truly Faithful: Such, of every Denomination, who, following the Prescriptions of most learned Doctors, shall humbly rely on HIS Divine Providence.

Also proper CUTS to distinguish particular Passages relating to the cruel Sufferings of our Blessed SAVIOUR, who died for *Our* Sake; and those precious bleeding Victims of both Sexes sacrificed for their *Love to HIM*: with other mournful and instructive Remarks never published by any writer of the *LIFE* of this noble and celebrated Virgin.

Done into Verse: With an EPITOME in Prose, and a compleat INDEX for the greater Delight and Ease of the Reader.

Qui honorat Martyres, honorat CHRISTUM. S. AUG. de Sanctis.

Dedicated to a DIVINE of the *Establish'd CHURCH.*

Written by THOMAS GENT.

YORK: Printed by the Author in his new-built Office in *PETER-Gate*: And sold by JOHN HOPKINS, in *Preston, Lancashire*; and other Bookfellers in the Country. MDCCXLIII.



MR. JOHN STANDISH.

SIR,

SEVERAL Years have elapsed since I have had the Happiness of enjoying your Company; and since Providence has for a long Time removed me from the *First* City in *England*, to *THIS* which learned Writers agree to be the *Second*; wherein, passing thro' several afflicting Vicissitudes, notwithstanding my sedulous Endeavours, I am at present placed a considerable Distance from you; and likewise approaching towards the Decline of Life; or, what very much resembles it, a State of Sorrow, thro' a sudden Infelicity, common to the best Persons, which I forbear *now* to mention; GOD knows whether I shall ever behold you again. Think it not strange, dear Sir, in me, who was, like You, brought up in the orthodox Faith of the establish'd Church, that I have thus endeavour'd to treat of a Virgin Martyr, renown'd from Antiquity for being esteem'd the *Patroness of WALES*; when I tell you. That, in my Journeys twice thro' that Country, to visit the sincerest and dearest of Friends that ever I had to confide in, I met with such courteous Usage from the kind Inhabitants. heard so many wonderful Things credibly reported of that once most charming LADY, and the surprizing salutary Effects that flow with the Streams of her celebrated Spring; I was resolv'd to shew my Gratitude and Fidelity, as well as my humble

humble Genius or Pen would permit me, whenever Providence allow'd me Time and Opportunity. It has done both very effectually within the Space of about six Months past; but how far prosperously, in relation to serve me and mine, in supplying us with common Necessaries for our Preservation, I humbly submit to the Courtesy of my ingenious Readers; amongst whom I cannot say I have ever been unhappy. You will, I hope, pardon me, that I now reckon You in the Number: For, if I may judge by that innate Sweetness of Temper that crown'd your flourishing Youth, both in the School, and University; and, as I have lately heard from a Relation, by your most affectionate Enquiries after my Station, as tho' (like another Gentleman, now with GOD, whose Life much resembled Your's, and no way unlike You for comely ‡ Personage) nothing could be more agreeable than to save me from falling under the *Frowns* of an inconstant World, made worse by *wicked Artifice*, as You have gloriously establish'd Others from the Dread of the *former*, and Venom of the *latter*; I may more easily imagine, that the following Sheets, which I now dedicate to You, will not prove in the least manner unacceptable.

No doubt I may meet with as kind Usage from Many, what I don't doubt from You, as those pious Authors, who have pleasingly shaded the too great Lustre of their most divine Sentiments behind the beautiful Veil of Parables and Similitudes; thro' which, by the Eye of Faith, the Truth is but partly seen. Thus when I mention the Concourse of Pilgrims that frequently visit the flowing Streams of fair *Holy-Well*, like the Ancients who travell'd to the famous Rivers of the *East*: or as many devout Christians in our Time journey to *Palestine*, to view the Remains of the once famous *Jerusalem* on Earth, in order to be more enamour'd with the happy Expectations of *That* above! Methinks all these inspiring Actions may set us pondering, how we only act like Pilgrims
and

‡ A late Prebendary, and Chaplain to the Prince of *Wales*.

and Strangers on the troublesome Stage of this transitory Life, languishing and thirsting after heavenly Fountains. If these pious Conclusions are allow'd, I think the Offence, that may be given to many curious Persons in this Age, as to the Miracle of a wonderful Conjunction after a cruel Decollation, will, I trust, meet with kind Pardon. None need question that in past Ages there have been artful Tyrants wrapt in Ermin, as well as simple Knaves in Furr: So that, if we believe Mr. *Camden*, we may be fully ascertain'd, that the Lady was as villanously robb'd of her Chastity, as a good Person might be of an Estate. Her Grief might occasion her to wish for Death to ease the bitter Anguish of her Soul! The good Priest might comfort her, by telling her, That GOD, to Whom belonged Vengeance, would never lay any Guilt to her Charge; and that, being re-consecrated, she might proceed, as she had begun, in the Way towards eternal Glory. Such an Interpretation, with proper Additions, I imagine, might be made to soften the severest Censure: But since I design not in the least to disprove the Miracle, or assume a Power over the Judgment of any Person whatever, I humbly leave the Whole to the favourable Determination of my most courteous Readers. 'Tis very probable they may kindly say, That the lovely Subject of my Pen is nothing but what is agreeable to several of my innocent Flights; that something of the *miranda* is necessary to render a Book acceptable; and courteously agree, with a learned *Gentleman, that, "endeavouring to "get a Livelyhood for *my* Family, *I* deserve Commendation "for *my* Industry:" Yet when they come seriously to *READ*—a Villain's brutal Actions, and *THINK*—how much I have justly expos'd that unprince-like *gripping* Wretch in the most horrid dragonical Form, by representing injur'd Innocency in the deepest Distress; when they behold those tender Sentiments of Humanity, Virtue and Piety, which correspond with the most material Parts of the Christian Religion, and
many

* *Mr. D. in the Preface to his Vol. in Folio.*

many excellent Precepts of the most experienc'd Philosophers; when they consider what clear Proofs I bring of the Almighty's wond'rous Power from the purest Fountains of Holy Scriptures, and Ecclesiastical Writings of the most early Times; when they find I endeavour sorrowfully to display the cruel Sufferings of the ever-blessed Son of GOD, and tell of the bleeding Martyrs who triumph'd with amazing Heroism amidst the most horrid Cruelties that the fiercest of crimson Tyrants, or a Conclave of incarnate Dæmons could invent: I say, when my Readers find these Animadversions faithfully exhibited; no doubt but, through divine Assistance, their Kindness and Respect may, at length, be more apparent to *me*, who strives to do my utmost to please Them; at least to *mine*, much dearer than any Enjoyment this sublunary World can afford me.

Whilst I was expatiating on the Beauty of the lovely St. *Winefred*, the sweet Remembrance of your once most amiable Sister * Mrs. ANNE STANDISH, now with GOD, often came into my Thoughts; especially when I consider'd her dutiful Affection to her tender Parents, that charming Symmetry with which Nature had adorn'd her, join'd with a most angelical Disposition of Mind, that, had she flourished in an Age, when Saints were held in greatest Esteem, I believe, for intrinsic Piety, and every beloved Accomplishment, she might justly have found a Place in the Kalendar. Nothing appeared more innocently endearing, than the tender Regard she constantly had for me, whom she used to style her *dear Uncle*; except the Addition of her pleasant and pious Conversation, whilst walking many Summer's Evening in the Garden, which partly her soft white Hands had planted: Nothing more grievous than when I heard of her consuming Illness, which by slow Degrees had wasted the fair Virgin almost to a Shadow,

* Remember'd by me, Pag. viii. of the Index, in my last Vol. publish'd A.D. 1741, amongst the Names of devout Ladies and Gentlewomen, who died in the last and present Century, and are recorded for illustrious Examples in an excellent Work lately set forth by Mr. *J. Wilford*.

Shadow, and prevented her Acceptance of an Invitation into *Wales*; except when I was told of that remarkable Instance of her Love, who on her Death-Bed desired to be supported 'till she had perused my Answer to her last Letter; and, with Tears, expressing her Satisfaction I had not forgot her, she appear'd resigned to the Will of Heaven, and died soon after! — I cannot but commend the Sincerity of that good Gentleman for his elegiac Performance in her deserved Praise; which was printed at the earnest Desire of your tender Parents Mr. *James* and Mrs. *Rebekah Standish*: Yet I cannot help thinking otherwise, but that her Merits deserved little less than an angelick Quill to set them forth in brighter Lustre.—Death, I hear, has lately removed another of your lovely Sisters; † for which sad Loss, in my Spirit, I sincerely condole with You, and All who respected Her.

You will, I hope, pardon this long Dedication. 'Tis the first; and, perhaps, the last Instance I may send You this Way, as it were an humble Offering from a sincere Heart. Think not, dear Sir! that the Remembrance of my Friends can ever cease to revolve in my Soul, whilst the least Spark of Memory shall continue to illuminate my Understanding. With almost infinite Pleasure do I hear, that your Dignity and Ability have but increased your Humility and Beneficence. I need not add much more; since, with those two shining Excellencies, none of the graceful inhærent Virtues can ever be wanting; and that I truly know your innate Modesty is as far reluctant to hear any Adulation, as my ingenuous Temper appears distant from the Use of it. However, nothing shall anticipate this just Prayer, That Heaven, for your munificent Actions, may accumulate Blessings upon you here; as It will, I can rest assured, eternally be your happy Place of Residence hereafter.

Be pleased, Sir, to consider, also, this Work as the Effects of solitary Hours, I might almost say, in a recluse Life, agreeing with

† Mrs. REBEKAH, late Spouse to the Rev. Mr. PAIN.

with that more thoughtful Disposition of Mind, to which for some Time the Winds of an adverse Fortune have driven me. And tho' my Station and Circumstances necessarily require my Invention to labour almost incessantly, in order to support those whom I am obliged in Honour and Conscience, under GOD, to preserve and defend to my utmost Power; yet, I believe this Piece had never thus appear'd in View, but for the unexpected Kindness of an ingenious Gentleman, adorned with excellent Qualifications, who encouraged me to publish it, and proved a generous Subscriber. I have obey'd his Request in the most graceful Manner that my humble Talents would permit me: Which, I hope, will not only oblige *Him*; but Those who are worthy of *His Friendship*. And, I trust, Sir, when You have pass'd by, in Candour, some wandering Thoughts, which in Love you may think fit to pardon; you will be pleas'd to accept this Dedication as the only Token of the tender Respect that I ever had, and ever shall continue to have for You, whilst

YORK,

I am,

PETER-Gate,

REVEREND SIR,

1743.

*Your affectionate Uncle,**and humble Servant,*

T H O M A S G E N T .





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CHAP. XII. *The Nature of St. WINEFRED'S Well. The Opinions of the Learned concerning its sovereign healing Vertues, which indeed are (†) wonderful; and, by several Instances of Cures contain'd in this Book, may be justly attributed to the Divine Power in Heaven, that has highly glorify'd the Saints and Martyrs, by whose amazing Providence the Faithful are comforted in their Afflictions of Mind, Body, or Estate.* Ibid. pag. 131 and Part V.

What follows is a compendious Account of S. Winefred's LIFE in Prose; with an Index to the Poem, directing where the most material Points are exhibited, for the greater Ease and Delight of every courteous READER.

(†) *It may well be said of sacred Springs, as what is mention'd in regard to other Fountains.* "Nam five quantitatem consideres, illa est stupenda; five qualitates, illæ sunt utilissimæ; five motum, ille est admirandus; quæ omnia nos manu ducent ad Dei Opt. Max. admirationem & adorationem, cui soli fit laus in solidum."



British P I E T Y Display'd
 In the GLORIOUS
 LIFE, Suffering, and DEATH
 Of the Blessed
 St. WINEFRED :

A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales* : Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their most dangerous Distempers in past Centuries : The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

*Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.—
 Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt
 Opera Tua, D O M I N E !*

*"DEUS ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excel-
 lentissimas recondit vires salutare, quarum tanta est
 præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remediorum
 generibus sint superiores."*

P A R T *the First.*

YORK : Printed by THOMAS GENT.



*How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!
My Soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the Courts
of the Lord: My Heart and my Flesh cryeth out
for the Living GOD. PSAL. LXXXIV. 1, 2.*

THE PREFACE.

**** Who have treated of a City fair,
 * I * With great Delight that equaliz'd my Pains ;
 **** Spread her Cathedral's Glories far and near,
 'Tis hop'd, to last whilst Time on Earth remains :
 Now do each Muse invoke, whilst I shall sing
 A Virgin's Fame, thro' an amazing Spring.

Who shall peruse, altho' their Faith to believe
 The Miracle be not the same of mine ;
 Yet Virtue's Charms can ne'er our Thoughts deceive,
 But under pleasing Veils will e'er combine,
 To make us (a) fly those Things we ought to shun ;
 And do what Heav'n commandeth to be done.

This happy Isle, which still in Glory shines,
 Has been adorned by Virgin-Martyrs dear ;
 Long fam'd for Goodness, blest'd by great Divines,
 With Kings, who now bright Crowns of Glory wear :
 EDMUND, for one ; high-prais'd by God-like (b) KENN,
 The most feraphic of all mortal Men.

Similitudes and Parables are sweet :
 At once they wound our Souls, as quick they heal :
 Lord (c) Verulam St. Alban thought 'em meet
 Before his Work, which Learning doth reveal :
 And other Writers, to their lasting Fame,
 Yield such Delights beyond my Pen to name.

JUAN,

(a) I. PET. ii. 11. Dearly Beloved, I beseech you, &c.

(b) Bishop of Bath and Wells, in his Epic or Heroick Poem on that truly pious Prince, who was murder'd by the Danes.

(c) In his *Atalantis*, preceding the natural HISTORY, and that excellent Treatise, intitul'd, *Historia vitæ & mortis*.

(d) *JUAN, of Osma, most transcendent writ*
His Philothea, as on Pilgrimage :
Thro' thorny Ways he leads us by his Wit,
And with his Saint helps us to mount the Stage :
That pleasing Summit of true Happiness,
In Lines so soft, as Words can well express.

And (e) Hugo, in his emblematick Strains,
To Souls afflicted mighty Comfort yields ;
Religion breaths to heav'n-lov'd Nymphs and Swains,
Whether he treats of Rivers, Groves, or Fields.
No Place, no Thought, nor Action lies conceal'd,
But has GOD'S Will, or Part of it, reveal'd.

If, with the Honour which I yield the Saint,
The World should prove indulgent to my Pains ;
'Twon'd stop my mournful Pen from sad Complaint,
Since 'tis their Love that proves the Poet's Gains :
My Harp, which on the Willow's lain too long, (f)
In Gratitude, should answer to my Song.

The SPRING, I treat of, thro' the World is fam'd ;
The LADY once was held in high Renown ;
Cures have been done, too num'rous to be nam'd ;
And she was honour'd with a Martyr's Crown.
Let Scruples cease, that this poor Work may take,
If not for mine, yet for fair Anglia's fake.

(d) A Prelate in Castile, under the Archbishop of Toledo.

(e) HERMANNIUS HUGO, who wrote a Book, intituled,

<i>Pia Desideria : Viz.</i>	1. Gemitus	} <i>Anima</i> {	Pænitentis,
	2. Vota		Sanctæ,
	3. Suspiria		Amantis :

So much esteem'd, as to become of use in *England* ; and, being translated by *Edmund Arwaker*, M.A., with some Alterations, was dedicated by that Gentleman to Queen *ANNE*.

(f) Alluding to some Misfortunes the Author has lain under.



The Holy LIFE and DEATH of

S. WINEFRED :

A beautiful Lady in North-Wales ; who, for defending her Chastity, was beheaded by an Heathen Prince, named CARADOC, Son to King ALAN.

C H A P . I .

The Argument of this Chapter.

*Of WINEFRED, whose Birth and Station
Were honour'd thro' her Education.*

LONG after (1) *Merlin* had strange Things foretold,
And *VORTIGERN*, with his beloved Queen,
Were burnt to Ashes in their tow'ry (2) Hold,
A Sight the most lamented to be seen !
When great (3) *AMBROSIOUS* nobly won the Field,
And made some of the proudest *Saxons* yield :
Fair (4) *Cambria* was rever'd, thro' British Kings,
Who bravely did their cruel Foes withstand ;
The Themes of Bards ; the purest, clearest Springs
Of Blood, which ever flow'd within the Land :
From whence *CADWALLIN*, who the Sceptre sway'd,
And, with his Valour, Piety displayed.

'Twas

(1) A Welsh Prophet, who lived in the 5th Century.

(2) A Castle in Herefordshire, mention'd by CAMDEN.

(3) See my compendious History, concerning this King.

(4) Wales, an unconquer'd Country, where the ancient Britons resorted to, on the coming of the Saxons into England ; who for a long time kept their Language and People pure without Mixture. 'Twas anciently divided into several Kingdoms ; but now a Principality belonging to our King's eldest Son.

'Twas in his (5) Reign a Worthy did appear,
 THEWITH, a (6) Lord, enrich'd by Fortune's Hand;
 Who, fill made happier in a Spouse most dear,
 Had ev'ry earthly Pleasure at Command;
 When Heav'n was pleas'd to blefs them with a Child,
 By Nature graceful, lovely, pleasant, mild!

Like to *Aurora*, in the Month of *May*;
 Or blooming Spring, so were her tender Years!
 None view'd, but lov'd; nor lov'd, but what did pray,
 That Heav'n might guard this Object of their Cares!
 And that those native Charms, so fair begun,
 Might spread their Lustre like the glorious Sun.

The candid Robe of Baptism which she wore,
 So far from foiling with one sable Stain;
 Her Innocence did cause its Whiteness more
 To seem like Skies serene, or silver Main;
 Such as the most Infensate strong might charm;
 Desires of Heav'n to raise, of Earth disarm.

Nurs'd by her Lady-Mother, whose fair Trust
 She'd not commit to any Stranger's Care;
 True Virtues were imbred, so fix'd at first
 In her chaste Heart, no Vice could harbour there:
 But when of Years to know the Ways of Youth,
 Bright her (7) Example prov'd to tender Youth!

The

(5) Which lasted fifty Years.

(6) *Trewith*, or TENITHE, mention'd in *Aurea Legenda* to have been Son of *Glyndus* the Senator; who flourish'd about the Middle of the seventh Century.

(7) Longum iter est per præcepta, breve & efficax per exempla,

The Glitt'ring of bright Jewels seem'd as dim,
 When e'er by Faith she view'd her blessed Lord :
 No Sight on Earth appear'd so fair as HIM ;
 Or (8) Those, who preach'd to Her His heav'nly Word.
 Divinely meek, she'd wash poor Pilgrims' Feet ;
 And mingle Tears with melting Accents sweet.

When e'er she see poor Strangers pass the Road,
 If partly naked, she would Garments give ;
 Or, looking hungry, quickly send them Food ;
 And comfort those, who in Distress did grieve.
 None to her Gates did come in woful Tears,
 But for her Kindness sent to Heav'n their Pray'rs.

Angelick-like, she to GOD'S Altar came ;
 There, rev'rently, whilst Myst'ries were reveal'd,
 Her Soul was so inspir'd with holy Flame,
 'Her Ardency could never be conceal'd :
 All saw her Zeal, which did to Heav'n impart
 The sweet Desires of her love-sick Heart.

Lov'd by her Saviour, and the heav'nly Host,
 What Wonder was it Earth should spread her Fame ?
 Or that her Thoughts should center in what most
 Inspir'd her Soul with evangelick Flame ?
 He, who in Heav'n shines with eternal Bloom,
 Could only in this Virgin's Heart find Room.

CHAP.

(8) Quàm decentes sunt super istos montes pedes evangelizantis, pronunciantis pacem, evangelizantis bonum, pronunciantis salutem, dicentis Tzijoni : regnat Deus tuus ! ISA. lii. 7.

C H A P. I I.

The Argument.

*How B'UNO, sprung from princely Train,
The holy Priesthood did obtain ;
When to his pious Care was giv'n
The Virgin, to bring up for Heav'n.*

THERE dwelt a (9) Lord in Western Part of *Wales*,
Who wed a Lady virtuous, rich and fair ;
And GOD, who never yet true Virtue fails,
Gave them a Son they hop'd might prove their Heir :
Yet neither Lands or Houses were his Aim ;
But Heav'n, from whence his blessed Spirit came.

For from the Time that he could learn to read,
And say devoutly Night and Day his Pray'rs ;
Virtues did Virtues constantly succeed ;
Whilst Learning rais'd him for the Church's Cares.
So zealous prov'd, he left his native home ;
Became a Priest, and then abroad did roam.

As distant Altars now he did attend,
From far and near he was encompass'd round :
So when he preach'd upon our latter End,
No Eye was dry, no Heart but felt the Wound.
Weeping he spoke, which shew'd for Souls he wept ;
And like a Shepherd dear his Flocks he kept.

Tho'

(9) Named *Apwg* AP Glinliw, who owned a Territory called *Glewifig*:
He was related to CADOC and KENTIGERN, Bishops of Beneventum in Italy,
and Glasgow in Scotland, canoniz'd Saints ; as also to LANDATUS, Abbot of
Bardsey (or Bardeney) in Lincolnshire.

Tho' poor, the Nobles did Assistance lend,
 To build those Churches which he pleas'd to found;
 There placing Priests GOD'S Worship to attend,
 He still improv'd; and follow'd in this Round
 Of Glory, 'till inspir'd to find a Place,
 Where he with Joy might end his pious Race.

Whilst to Lord THEWITH he did once repair;
 "My Lord, *said he*, I'm come to beg a Boon.
 "For *JESUS*' Sake, do, grant a little Share
 "Of your fair Land to build a Church upon;
 "That I, devoutly, may yield Heav'n its due;
 "And daily pray, my Lord, for your's, and you.

"This Life is short, my Lord; and what you have
 "Can only blefs you whilst this Side the Urn:
 "Now if you grant a Place our Souls to save,
 "Heav'n more than Int'rest will your Soul return.
 "Cælestial Guardians 'till your Death will wait;
 "And Life eternal make your Joys compleat.

O good BUENO, *straight that Lord reply'd*,
 Take what you please, as to your Will seems good,
 I joy to think that near me you'll reside,
 To feed our Souls with sacramental Food, (10)
 My Daughter dear, (11) BRUENA call'd by Name,
 Will much rejoice, when she shall hear the fame.

Forth-

(10) "Quia Tu, ô æterna Veritas, id nobis revelasti, & sacratissimo
 "Tuo ore dixisti, HOC EST CORPUS MEUM."

(11) How her Name was changed, will be hereafter shown.

Forthwith the blooming Damfel did he call,
 Who quickly flood before her Father's Sight!
 Such Innocence, and Modesty withall,
 Did charm the Priest with spirit'al Delight;
 For Nature ne'er produced One more fair,
 Like to an Angel did she bright appear!

Smooth was her Forehead, more than Iv'ry white;
 The Brows, two lovely Arches, seem'd divine:
 Her Eyes like sparkling Di'monds cast a Light;
 Vermilion Blushes in her Cheeks did shine:
 Lips, red as Coral, added still a Grace
 To the enchanting Features of her Face.

Most artless was display'd her flowing Hair,
 With graceful Ringlets nat'rally to deck;
 That, spreading, made her like a Nymph appear,
 With waving Lustres to her milk-white Neck.
 Her Shape throughout was Symetry refin'd;
 But, Oh! what Beauties graced her heavenly Mind!

For whilst to them she did her Words apply,
 Nervous, yet sweet, her Answers did appear:
 The Priest, stirr'd up with holy Rhapsody,
 Did her a Saint most fit for Heav'n declare:
 Inspir'd to pray, "Indulgent Heav'n, *said he*,
 "Preserve this Mirror of Virginity!"

Then, frequently, as he GOD'S Word did teach,
 She at his Feet with due Attention heard.
 Whate'er he of our blessed Lord did preach,
 No Admonition, but she did regard.
 Whole Nights, whilst others slept, she'd pray and weep;
 And in the Church her pious Vigils keep.

One Time she to the holy Priest did say,
 "Dear Sir, beseech my Parents to comply
 "With my Desire; which is, I earnest pray,
 "To live a Maiden, and a Virgin die:
 "That with no earthly Spouse I may combine;
 "But join with CHRIST, all lovely, all divine!"

This World you tell me, and my self well knows,
 Is but a Place of Tryal, and of Sin:
 To shun the latter, I've the former chose;
 And, as I'm young, fain would my Course begin;
 To consecrate my Life to GOD above,
 Since Heav'n I'm sure inspires my Soul to love.

To hear her speak in such pathetick wise,
 Her Tears, like Fountains, springing from the Hills;
 Streams also fell from good *Bueno's* Eyes,
 As trickling Waters from descending Rills.
 O Child for Heav'n! *he said*, I'll haste straightway;
 For sure they will so just a Call obey.

He found them in an Arbour close retir'd,
 Converging of the unseen Joys above;
 And told them what, spontaneous, she desir'd;
 Surpriz'd, they wept, and shew'd parental Love.
 Consent obtain'd, now was her chiefest Care
 To please her Lord with Reverence and Fear.

No more rich sparkling Gems, or gilded Zone,
 The graceful Scarf, or costly Robes, attire:
 And yet beneath an humble Veil is shown,
 Such heav'nly Beauties Angels might admire:
 Within her Parent's House she chose to dwell,
 Because as yet was unprepar'd her Cell.

C H A P. III.

The Argument.

*What good instructions Bu'no gave,
To guide her to the silent Grave;
And, in exhibiting Advice,
Foretold the Way to Paradise.*

THE rev'rend Priest then taught her to prepare
For sacramental Strength her tender Heart;
To 'void Offence; no Envy to appear;
But Hope, and (12) Charity most sweet, impart:
With lowly Reverence to kneel before
GOD'S Altar, where with Faith she should adore.

Seek that high (13) Kingdom, which will never end;
That Prince eternal, 'mongst His shining Train;
Whom (14) Youth unfading decks, whom Joys attend
And in whose Strength our hopes are not in vain!
Pleas'd, He looks down, whilst we to Him aspire;
Nor fails to grant each pious Soul's Desire.

PRAYER, when we rightly wish that Heav'n would grant
Not what (15) we please, but what our Lord thinks fit;
No doubt may find Relief in each Complaint,
When we our Wills to That of His submit:
Like *Jacob's* Ladder, up it mounts to Heav'n;
To CHRIST it seeks, who asks what will be giv'n. (16).

Think,

(12) I. Cor. xiii. 4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind, &c.

(13) Tu regnum quære, cujus regni non erit finis. Rex illius æternus est, æterni incolæ. DREXEL.

(14) Heb. i. 11, &c.—Psal. civ. 31.—Exod. xv. 18.

(15) Tho. à Kemp. De Imitatione CHRISTI.

(16) Mat. vii. 7, &c.—James i. 5 and 17 Ver., &c.

Think, think, *he said*, how little, Child! you be;
 And what you owe to Him, who did create
 Thy Frame from *nothing*! Great His Majesty,
 Who quick can raise, as soon annihilate.
 Since he inspires thy Soul for Grace to pray,
 Bear then thy Cross, and seek to Heav'n the Way. (17).

Two Persons more with this Great GOD admire;
 The Son, sweet JESU! suffered cruel Death:
 And HOLY GHOST, which teaches to desire;
 Yielding that Comfort no where found on Earth.
 Unbounded Love in all the Heav'nly THREE,
 To ease our Yoke from *Adam's* Misery.

Conform to GOD entirely your Will:
 The (18) Burden's light what you for Heav'n endure.
 No Sufferings fear; but dread all doing ill;
 For *Conscience wounded*, hard is found a Cure.
 (19) *Redeem the Time*. (20) Life's Hour-Glass doth run:
 And ev'ry Cause of Sin be sure to shun.

If *Anger* chance to rise within Thy Breast,
 For stern, vile Usage, which thou may'st receive: (21)
Humility will calm that Vice to rest,
 So shall it ne'er absurd Dominion have.
 This will, like (22) Coals of Fire, thy Foes ev'n warm;
 Give Peace within, and all without must charm.

And

(17) *Isaiah xxx. 21.—Jer. vi. 16.—Hebr. x. 20.*

(18) *Fugum meum suave est, & onus meum leve.* MAT. xi. 30.

(19) *Vitum brevem esse, artem longam.* HYP. Icit. Aphor.

(20) *Vita est*

Somnus, bulla, vitrum, glacies, flos, fabula, fœnum;

Umbra, cinis, punctum, vox, sonus, aura, nihil.

(21) See *Psal. lv. 12, 13.* For Relief, read the 22d Verse.

(22) *Rom. xii. 20.* If thine enemy hunger, feed him, &c.

And should you (23) lose your All by Wretches vile,
 In Patience still you shall possess your Soul :
 (24) Base impious Slanders, only at them smile ;
 Thy Innocence shall conquer all Controul.
 Desire not Death, that Sorrows may be ended ;
 Nor pant for Life so much, as b'ing amended.

In harmless Labours take you some delight :
 And whilst embroider'd Work thou shalt prepare,
 With intermingled Gold, and Silver bright,
 In languish'd Thoughts send up a mental Pray'r.
 Children instruct ; for them thy Love must be,
 To learn the Truth, as is my Care for thee.

Thus let thy Eye by Faith be fix'd thereon,
 That no one Blemish may be seen, or wrought :
 Think as if GOD was constant looking down ;
 Who knows, as sure He does, thy ev'ry Thought.
 Think ev'ry Day of Life you draw more nigh
 To the vast Ocean of Eternity.

Since die we must, like (25) *Water spilt on Earth*,
 And in our Habitation (26) *known no more !*
 Let us now strive to shun a second Death :
 For what avails all Pomp and wordly Store
 To any one, who shall in Pleasures roul,
 And lose the precious, dear, immortal Soul ? (27)

Let

(23) *Multe sunt afflictiones justi ; sed ex omnibus illis eripit eum*
JEHOVA. PSAL. xxxiv. 19.

(24) See Psal. xxxi. 11. Ver. 14 and 18.

(25) II. SAM. xiv. 14. *For we must needs die, &c.*

(26) JOB vii. 9, 10.—*Psal.* ciii. 16.

(27) Mat. xvi. 26. *For what is man profited, &c.*

Let the Last Judgement ever be in Mind,
 Since 'tis on that ETERNITY depends.
 O dreadful! pleasing Word! no Years can bind,
 That on the Wicked, on the Just attends!
 (28) Pleasures, ne'er-ceasing, shall the Bles'd obtain;
 The Curs'd, eternal Flames, and endless Pain!

Soon we may (29) chance to bid this World adieu,
 All human Splendor for Heavn's Sake despise:
 But let the Poor (30) be ever dear to you,
 Because that such are precious in its Eyes:
 And as thou hast a Virgin State profess'd,
 O let thy Love for JESUS be express'd.

This, and much more, the holy Priest did say,
 The Parents heark'ning whilst he taught their Child;
 Deep sunk the Doctrine which he did display,
 With Pow'r divine, and yet so soft and mild,
 That WINEFRED resolv'd to (31) seek her Love,
 Both on the Earth, and in the Realms above.

O sweet Desire! that her Soul, when flown,
 By lovely Queens, and *Sion's* Daughter, blefs'd,
 Might be compar'd unto the shining Moon,
 Or as the rising Morn, by them confess'd:
 Haft'ning to meet her dearest Lord at last,
 In springing Joys, when all her Winter's past. (32).

CHAP.

(28) *Aut gaudendum in cælo æternum, aut æternum in tartaro ardens.*
 DREX. de Eter.

(29) *Nescit homo finem suum, EcCL. ix. 12.*
Ut tibi mors felix contingat, vivere disc:
Ut felix possis vivere, disc mori.

(30) II. *Cor. ix. 7.—Mat. vi. 4, and xiii. 12.—Luk. xi.*

(31) *Cantic. iii. 1, 2, 3, 4.—(32) Med. AUG. Cap. 55.*

C H A P . I V.

The Argument.

*How CARADOC, to his great Shame,
Did strive the Virgin to defame ;
Who bravely that bad Prince withstood,
With virtuous Speeches, wife and good.*

ONCE, so it happen'd, on a Sabbath Day,
Sicknefs confin'd this lovely Maid at home ;
And whilst her Parents in the Church did pray,
An Heathen Prince into their Houfe did come.
Struck with Surprize, the Damfel quickly rofe ;
And like a Lady decent Manners shows.

My Lord, *ſhe ſaid*, pray what's your noble Will ?
That I may let my tender Parents know :
They're now at Pray'rs ; and, tho' I'm weak and ill,
For them with nimble-winged Speed I'll go ;
Or, that I may not your good Patience wrong,
Pleaſe, take a Seat ; their Stay may not be long.

Sit down, *he ſaid*. It is not them I want :
My bus'nefs, Virgin ! only is with thee.
With me ! *reply'd ſhe*, in a Voice moſt faint :
What can I do, or wou'd you have with me ?
Much you can do, he ſaid, *ſince from the Grave*
You can your Prince and dying Lover ſave.

'Tis you have rais'd a Fever in my Mind :
Thy Beauty, Charmer, is, like *Pallas*, fair !
Fit for a King, who is to Love inclin'd ;
Such is thy Mein, thy Sweetnefs, and thy Air !
I pain for you, intended Spouſe ! whoſe Dart,
'Twas, gave the Wound ; and you muſt cure the Smart.

With

With that her lovely Colour went and came :

Now pale her Cheeks, which quickly turn'd to red ;
 Whilst he, whom Thoughts of Virtue could not tame,
 Refolv'd to wound her Soul, with Fear o'erspread :
 And left that noifeless Time should him prolong,
 He gave more Vent to his deceitful Tongue.

Lady, *faid he*, you know my royal Blood ;

But can't conceive how much I you adore ;
 Nor can my Words find Utt'rance as they shou'd,
 So much your Sweetness wounds me more and more.
 Let not Disdain cause my warm Heart to change ;
 Or turn my Love to Madnes wild and strange.

My Lord, *she faid*, I'm far beneath your (32) Grace ;

Too young for Wedlock ; and, indeed, unfit
 For me to take an higher LADY's Place,
 By Birth renown'd, and worthy more of it :
 Therefore, great Prince ! your Honour do not stain ;
 But let true Glory mitigate your Pain.

Besides, you see, my Spirits are but faint ;

My Health is wasted, and fair Beauty fled !
 Add not, I pray, to this, my sad Complaint ;
 And when I tell my Lord, that I am wed.
 Yes, yes, O Prince ! I'm join'd to Heav'n above ;
 My Soul ! my All ! for J E S U is my Love !

Talk not of Sicknes, nor of nuptial Toys,

Said CARADOC ; you fet me all a-flame.
 My Heart is fir'd with Love's fermenting Joys ;
 Too hot to bear, too ravishing to name.
 But what has Heav'n to do with Beauties here ?
 Let Gods take Goddeffes ; Men, Ladies fair.

How

How can you think the Pow'rs did e'er create

So fair a Virgin, but to be enjoy'd ?

Or was I born to this my mighty State ;

That my Desires should ufelefs prove, or void ?

I muft enjoy you.—At which Words he fwore,

And frove by Force to throw her on the Floor.

With weeping Eyes, *ſhe ſaid*, (33) Do not begin

To ſtrain a Conqueſt you may bluſh to own.

Be rather Viſtor over carnal Sin,

And with chafte Thoughts beſeech the Heav'nly Throne,

That Satan's fiery Darts you may repell,

Who ſtrives to ſink your precious Soul to Hell.

Talk not of Devil, nor his flaming Dart,

The Wretch did ſay ; for neither do I care.

You, more than Hell's black Pow'rs has ſcorch'd my Heart,

That from your Lips I nothing pleas'd can hear,

Unlefs it be to yield unto my Arms,

To roul in Luſt, and riſle all your Charms.

I thought, *ſaid ſhe*, dear Prince ! in holy Bands

You had deſign'd me for your lawful Wife.

So made, I own, that Grandeur, (†) Riches, Lands,

Might make me happy all the days of Life :

But ſhould my Virgin-Treafure firſt be gone,

Then I may be abandon'd, and undone !

O think, my Lord ! that to be rich and great,

Without true Virtue, there's no Happinefs.

That will our Souls from Earth to Heav'n tranſlate ;

Than beſt of Friends 'tis better to poſſeſs.

'Twill baniſh Dæmons ; Angels good invite ;

Prove Guide by Day, and fure Defence at Night.

Alas,

(33) *Virtus adversus agitata crescit : vulnere vivescit ; inter injurias erigitur ; inter miseras floret.* DREX.

(†) *Divitiæ non malæ, sed earum abusus.*

Alas, my Lord! in Death, thy gilded Tow'rs,
 And spacious Lands, no more can please the Sight.
 No Entertainments, Gold or Jewels your's,
 When call'd to take from this vain World your Flight.
 Think now, O Prince! upon your better Part,
 And let RELIGION center in your Heart.

Renowned Sir! do, let me You beseech,
 By these my Tears, all Vice to set aside:
 Regard a simple Maiden's virtuous Speech;
 Nor be offended, or my Woes deride.
*Simple, indeed, the haughty Wretch did cry,
 Thus to reject so great a Prince as I!*

With that she pray'd: O pity, Heav'n! my Cries!
 Thou, who did'st screen the young Men from the Fire,
 Defend my Virtue from those Hands and Eyes,
 Howe'er it be thy Pleasure I expire.
 O let my Soul, devoted unto Thee,
 Be without Spot, and from all Blemish free!

She tho't she heard: (34) Do thou his Might withstand;
 And if he smites thee, patient bear the Wound:
 Thy precious Blood full Judgment shall demand,
 And as close Cement to the Church be found.
 He can but (35) *kill the Body*, do his worst:
 (36) Fear not, you'll live, when he shall fall accurst.

Again

(34) *Invoca Me in die tribulationis eruum te & honorificabis me*, PSAL. l. 15. Also PSAL. xci. 15. PSAL. cvii. 6, with other Parts of Scripture.

(35) MATT. x. 28. *And fear not them which, &c.*

(36) *Etiam, quum ambularem per vallem lethalis umbræ, non timerem malum quia tu mecum es, &c.*, PSAL. xxiii. 4.—You will find such heavenly Support in other Writings of King DAVID, in JOB, the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and St. James.

Again the Prince did urge : Do but comply,
 And make me not submissive thus to stand :
 But if you will my earnest Suit deny,
 Force shall constrain; and even, out of hand,
 Destroy thy Beauty when I've cropt the Flower :
 For nothing can, or shall, withstand my Power.

The modest Virgin, much distress'd in Mind,
 Silent, fought Heav'n his Wishes to elude.
 O Prince ! *then said*, your Pow'r seems unconfin'd ;
 Nor durst I on your Patience far intrude :
 Yet pray you stay my Parents dear Return ;
 That you, nor I, or them, have Cause to mourn.

I will not wait, *he cry'd* ; nor lose my Time.
 But, ah ! my Lord ! *she answer'd*, I'm undress'd :
 I'll to my Closet, where, like Beauty's Prime,
 I shall array my self to be possess'd :
 Like *Perfia's* (37) Queen, who in bright Robes did shine,
 And with (38) *Cytherea's* Arms may make you mine.

Well, take your Will, *said he* ; but don't be long.
 She went.—Enjoy her now, *he swore*, I must.
 Deceit, I see, must be proclaim'd with Tongue ;
 Or where's the Prince that can fulfil his Lust ?
 That, like a Deluge, human Force pervades,
 And makes a prey of Widows, Wives, and Maids.

Thus, gentle READER, here the Contrast's giv'n ;
 Virtue and Vice ; each striving to excell.
 How fair is One, in Grief imploring Heav'n !
 How foul the other, like the Fiend of Hell ?
 But, Oh ! the diff'rent State that is between,
 By what hereafter follows, may be seen.

C H A P . V .

The Argument.

*How WINEFRED strove to escape
The Prince's base designed Rape.
The Arguments with which a while
She did her cruel Fate beguile ;
'Till, at the length, he gave the Wound,
Which laid her bleeding on the Ground.*

HER Clofet enter'd, fast she lock'd the Door,
And thro' a private Passage took her Flight :
But his sharp Eyes so sudden did explore
Her Motion, that she cou'd not 'scape his Sight.
Quick he pursu'd with dreadful sword in Hand,
And did the Reason of her Flight demand ?

Great Prince, *said she*, I could not do no less
Than shew my Care both for my self, and you.
'Twas Virtue made me fly in this Distress.

O wou'd it had conceal'd me from your View :
But since this bitter Conflict makes me speak,
Hear yet a while ; 'tis chiefly for your Sake.

Shou'd you compel, your Pleasures soon decay ;
But (39) Punishment, without Repentance, never !
Who for a (40) transient Hour, or a Day,
Would risk their Souls for (41) ever, and for ever ?
Besides, you know, to GOD I'm consecrate ;
Which must more horrid make your wretched State.

I told

(39) "*Pœnæ gehennales torquent, non extorquent; puniunt non finiunt corpora.*" PROS.

(40) I. JOH. ii. 17. *And the World passeth, &c.*

(41) JUDE 7. Ver.—*Suffering the Vengeance of ETERNAL Fire !*

I told you once, you might a Princefs find
 More fair than I to blefs you with her Love :
 And fuch Enjoyment, of *Hymenæal* Kind,
 Your Gods, if fuch there be, muft high approve :
 But if you break Heav'n's Laws, the Pow'rs divine
 Will dire revenge this woful Caufe of mine.

Thou flubborn Girl, *faid he*, And doft thou fcorn ?
 So taunt my Fury with your Hopes of Heav'n ?
 Do'ft think that him, who wore a Crown of Thorn,
 Did'ft mean that I of you fhould be bereav'n ?
 What Priest has preach'd to thee this Virgin Pride ?
 And would have others, not himfelf, deny'd ?

O fay not fo, thou wicked Prince ! *faid ſhe* :
 Thy Wrongs repent, and lay your Sword afide.
 Affure thy tyrant Heart, I'll ne'er agree
 To thy Embrace, whatever me betide :
 So both your Smiles and Frowns I now difclaim.
 Slay me you may, but not my Perfon ſhame.

Bafe Wretch, *faid he*, thou might'ft have been my Wife,
 But ſince I'm treated with fuch bitter Scorn,
 Soon ſhalt Thou yield, or quickly loſe thy Life ;
 For fuch Contempt is never to be borne.
 So ſaid, with grafping Hand, he feiz'd her Hair ;
 Yet fpoke, as tho' he had a Mind to ſpare.

And will you not, *he faid*, with me comply,
 But force this Arm thy treach'rous Blood to ſpill ?
 Yes, Prince ! *faid ſhe*, than loſe my Virtue die ;
 Of two Extreems it is the leſſer ill.
 Nay, greater Good : A (42) Martyr I ſhall reign,
 But, by my Fate, pray what muſt you obtain ?

For

(42) *O quàm multas & graves tribulationes paſſi ſunt Apoſtoli, Martyres, Confefſores, Virgines, & reliqui omnes, qui Chriſti veſtigia voluerunt ſequi !*
 Tho. à Kemp. lib. i. cap. 28.

For if you plunge your Blade within my Breast,
 And turn my livid Veins to Springs of Blood;
 When by Death's Seal my dying Eyes are prest,
 Your Wishes too must perish in the Flood!
 But, what's far worse, no more Content you'll find;
 For (42a) NEMESIS will e'er torment your Mind.

Ev'n gentle Zephirs, in their *Western* Breeze,
 Shall prove like (43) *Zenith* in most direful Storms!
 The trembling Sprays, with various Sorts of Trees,
 Will seem as Ghosts in all their dreary Forms!
 And believe GOD'S (44) Prophet, who doth plainly tell,
 No Peace will be, where Wickedness shall dwell.

However, if by Murder I must fall,
 (45) *Faithful* I'll prove until my latest Breath:
 For to consent, I neither will; nor shall
 Be forc'd to Lust by any Prince on Earth.
 And, now you know my Mind; I wish, thro' Heav'n,
 You may abstain, repent, and be forgiv'n.

The juv'nile Tyrant then with Rage did foam;
 Yet loath to strike, supposing she would yield,
 He urg'd in vain; nor did she fear her Doom,
 But as Christ's Champions she kept the Field.
 Mercy, sweet JESU! was the Virgin's Cry:
 Pity me, JESU! for your Sake I die.

Die

(42a) *The Goddess of Punishment, as acknowledg'd by the Heathens; whose Arguments she applied.*

(43) *The Firmament exactly over head, made terrible by strange Phænomena, Thunder, Lightning, &c.*

(44) ISAIAH xlviii. Ver. 22 and lvii. 21.

(45) Agreeable to Rev. cap. ii. v. 10. and cap. iii. 11. *Esto fidelis usque ad mortem, & dabitur tibi corona vitæ. Tene quod habes, ut nemo accipiat coronam tuam.*

See also MARK xiii. 13. *Whosoever shall endure to the End, the same virtuous Soul shall be saved.*

Die then, *quoth he*, thou most obdurate Maid !

Then, as to Heaven most piteously she cry'd, (46)
With such a Force he struck his glitt'ring Blade,

That quickly did her milk-white Neck divide.
Low fell the Body ! down he threw the Head !
Whilst fanguine Streams like trickling Rills did spread.

As by CHRIST'S Suff'rings, tho' supernal Call,

We learn to bear Affliction's bitter Stings ;
So Her EXAMPLE, truly virginal,

Should make us flight all temporary Things :
For if to Heav'n we stedfast prove in Love,
We shall be blest'd on Earth, and crown'd Above. (47)



(46) As tho' she had said, "*Si vis ut moriar, dulcis JESU ! suscipe spiritum meum !*"

(47) *Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum.* MAT. v. 10.

British P I E T Y Display'd

In the GLORIOUS

L I F E, Suffering, and D E A T H

Of the Blessed

St. WINEFRED :

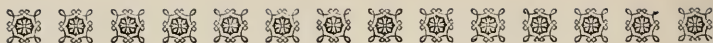
A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales* : Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their most dangerous Distempers in past Centuries : The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

*Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.—
Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt
Opera Tua, D O M I N E !*

*“ D E U S ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excel-
“ lentissimas recondidit vires salutare, quarum tanta est
“ præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remedium
“ generibus sint superiores.”*

P A R T *the Second.*

YORK : Printed by THOMAS GENT.



Quis ascendet in Montem DOMINI, aut quis stabit in loco Sancto Eſ US? Pſal. xxiv. 3.

“Ibi fanctæ MULIERES, quæ voluptates sæculi & fexus “infirmi-
tatem vicerunt.” *Meditat.* AUGUST. *Cap.* xxv.

“*Fælix cæli quæ præſentem Regem cernit anima.*

“*Et ſub fede ſpectat alta orbis volvi machinam.*

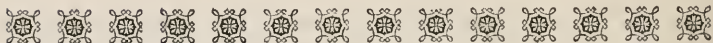
“*Solem, Lunam, & globosa cum planetis ſydera.*

Thrice happy Souls, in ſeeing CHRIST how bleſs'd!
And underneath your Feet this World expreſs'd:
The Sun and Moon, with Stars that bright appear,
Revolving each within their proper Sphere;
And you ſecur'd from any Kind of Fear!

*Quia ibi nulla erit perfecutio, nulla tribulatio, nullus peni-
tentie labor, nullus gemitus, nullus dolor, nulla triſtitia.*

Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniet auxilium mihi.

De ætern. felicitat. Sanct. & Pſal. cxxi. 1.





THE SECOND PART OF
The Holy LIFE and DEATH of
 S. WINEFRED.

CHAP. VI.

The Argument.

*How soon her Death came to be known,
 And what did happen thereupon.*

READER, suppose that, on bright Angel's Wings,
 The Virgin's Spirit soar'd to Heav'n's high Gate;
 But do not think she reach'd the King of Kings
 In Throne (48) empyreal, where the Patriarchs wait.
 And yet imagine in a glorious Place, (49)
 Where nothing dwelt but Harmony and Peace.

Thrice happy Virgin! *said her Guardian dear,*
 What now you see, pays for a World of Pain;
 Yet CHRIST to serve, must not be thought severe,
 That you once more return to Earth again;
 And, after long Example bright, to sever;
 Then live amongst Heav'n's inward Courts for ever.
See,

(48) *Where the Beatifick Vision is beheld; the very Place of GOD'S immediate Presence.*

(49) *Where the Saints shall be as resplendant as the brightest Sun, when, after their earthly Conflicts, they shall mutually triumph in recounting their past Victorys, is thus expressed in the Works of S. AUSTIN.*

Nam & sancti quique velut Sol præclarus rutilant.
 Post triumphum coronati mutuo conjubilant.
 Et prostrati pugnas hostis jam securi numerant.

See, see yon distant Angle how it shines ;
 From thence your Bridegroom casts his piercing Eyes.
 He knows your Soul how inwardly it pines ;
 As he does ev'ry Martyr dear that dies.
 Those radiant Gleams Assurance is to thee,
 You'll live with HIM to all Eternity.

Join'd with Attendants, in their bright Array,
 Unto her Lord all tun'd their melting Voice ;
 And as her Tears by Heav'n were wash'd away,
 In blissful Smiles the VIRGIN did rejoice.
 No Tongue can tell the Joys when ANGELS meet ;
 Raptures divine ! and Melody most sweet !

Leave we a while to their seraphick State,
 And now descend unto the sanguine Earth.
 The dear Remains let us commemorate,
 That gave to this most strange Relation birth ;
 From whence a Church was raised to this Day ;
 Where painted Glafs her Hist'ry doth display.

The precious (49a) Body bleeding did remain ;
 The Hill was colour'd with a crimson Red ;
 And whilst the Murd'rer look'd like curst Cain,
 Rowl'd gently to'ards the Church the lovely Head :
 Pass'd thro' the Porch, reach'd to the fontal Isle ;
 Which shew'd the Prince did her of Life beguile.

Lord

(49a) *Happy we, in the sharpest Tryals, by imitating those who were made strong ; when Women received their Dead raised to Life again ; and others were tortured, not accepting Deliverance, that they might obtain a better Resurrection : Whose Faith follow, considering the End of their Conversation.*
 HEB. ix. 35. and xiii. 7.

Lord! what a Sight was this! nor ghastly made,
 Tho' pale, and thus depriv'd of vital Breath:
 For Heav'n preserv'd her Charms, which did not fade,
 But prov'd their Viç'try over cruel Death.
 The Priest and People wept to see the Sight!
 But most her Parents mourn'd their Hearts Delight.



C H A P. VII.

The Argument.

*The Prince, who could not well repent,
 Meets sudden Death! A sad Event!
 The Miracle, that is display'd,
 By ancient Writers, of this MAID.*

B *U'NO* did then his (50) Eloquence distill,
 To ease sad Grief with which they did abound;
 And with them, mourning, did ascend the Hill,
 Where they the bleeding Virgin's Body found.
 The Tyrant CARADOC was standing by,
 As tho' he scorn'd, or had not Pow'r, to fly.

The holy Priest, who bore the Virgin's Head,
 Told the Spectators all her spir'tual Charms:
 How no Enticements could her Mind mislead
 From the dear Circle of her Saviour's Arms:
 A Martyr true she well esteem'd might be,
 Who had by Death (51) fav'd her Virginity.

But

(50) *So well did he prove a sympathetick Love to be that flos deliciarum to the Afflicted, that it well might be said of him as of ORIGEN, Cujus ex ore non tam verba quam mella profluere videbantur.*

(51) *CAMBDEN says, that she was actually ravish'd, as hereafter will be shewn; tho' it is contrary to the Opinion of most Writers, that mention the Saint.*

But, oh! thou impious Wretch, that here doth stand,
 A Statue like, tho' far from briny Salt,
 As *Lot's* frail Wife, who disobey'd Command,
 Yet ne'er committed such a bloody Fault:
 Does not thy Heart relent, condemn the Deed,
 That thus has made an Heav'n-loved Virgin bleed?

Thou hast prophan'd the sacred Day of Rest;
 Thy Birth obscur'd; and, by the blackest Crime
 Of Murder, made both Heav'n and Men detest
 Thy Memory until the latest Time:
 Better to kneel, beg Mercy of the Lord,
 Than on the Grass to wipe your stained Sword.

To whom the Prince: Thou doating Fool, give o'er.
 'Twas you that caus'd this simple Wretch's Fate;
 Who would have yielded to blind *Cupid's* Pow'r,
 Had you not preach'd her in Religion's State.
 Long might she liv'd, did she not me controul;
 But since she's dead, *Jove* rest her silly Soul.

BUT NO reply'd, O thou unprince-like Youth,
 Since no Compunction from thy Soul proceeds
 Quick shalt thou find confirm'd a woful Truth,
 Just Punishment for thy accursed Deeds.
 Soon as he spoke, the Body like black Clay, (52)
 Fell to the Ground, which Dæmons bore away.

Behold,

(52) Some write, *He fell to the Earth, and immediately expired; tho' they could not otherwise perceive the vindictive Hand of the Almighty in so quick and tremendous an Execution.* Others suppose, that *Body and Soul instantaneously sunk into the Regions of Darkness, and were received by terrible Devils; who, as a very learned AUTHOR writes, are styled seirim, derived from a Word which signifies horrere, because usually tending themselves to View in the most glaring, frightful and horrible Forms.*

Behold, *said* BU'NO, what a fearful Shame
 Has him befall'n, who GOD'S (52a) Laws withstood :
 See from astringent Earth a crystal Stream,
 As intermingles with the Virgin's Blood ! (53)
 Which, trickling to the (54) *Vale* will prove a Well,
 The Fame of which shall distant Ages tell.



CHAP. VIII.

The Argument.

How WINEFRED, to *Life restor'd*,
Again on earth did praise the Lord :
Became an Abbess much rever'd,
And as a Saint most bright appear'd.

BUT tho' the Tyrant cut her Thread of Life,
 And stopt the Progress of that Vow she made ;
 Heav'n can't be mock'd by vain contending Strife
 Of Tyrant's Rage. For her, lamented Shade !
 We'll try, *said* BU'NO, what our GOD will do.
 Come, join with me ; I'll pray for her and you.

What

(52a) *Non patitur lusum fides*, says a great Divine.

(53) An ingenious Author writes, That GOD, (who in the Beginning moved on the Waters, GEN. i. 2) sometimes deliver'd or shew'd to the ancient Priests and Prophets a certain Matter per beata spectacula, and communicated for the Use of His Worshipers. At other seasons the Streams were guarded by a presiding Angel, as mention'd in REV. cap. xvi. ver. 5. Which is more generally affirm'd in JOH. cap. v. ver. 4. that after the divine Messenger had stirred the Pool of Bethesda, whatever diseased Person had Power by a strong Faith, to wash therein, without being thrust away by an invisible Arm, was certainly cured of all Diseases.

(54) Some write, That, for want of a Spring or Rivulet before this Miracle, the Place was called DRY-Vale.—King DAVID, (Psal. cvii. 35.) in praising the Lord, tells us, That HE turneth the dry Ground into Water-Springs ; which agrees with ISAIAH xli. 18. I will open Rivers in high Places, and Fountains in the Midst of Vallies : I will make the Wilderness a Pool of Water, and the dry Land Springs, &c. See also Pl. civ. 10.

What Wonders have not GOD's true Prophets done?

Which none can doubt whoe'er the Scriptures read.

(55) Judgments display'd, and welcome Favours shown

To the (56) Difeas'd; nay, even rais'd the Dead!

And fure Heav'n's Powers, (57) from all Ages past,

Do still exist, and will unto the last.

Did

(55) "*Talis fuit Dathani, & Abironis exitus, quos MOSEN perduelli* " *animo obfirmatos hiatu descendens miserabiliter absorpsit. Talis mors Absalonis,* " *quem majestatis pertinacem reum feralis hasta confixit. Tale quinquaginta* " *satellitum, quos in ELIAM parvæ reverentes cælum flammæ globis armatum* " *devoravit. Tale fuit Hebræi hominis exitium, quem cum infami Madianitide* " *vindex trajecit gladius, & lectulum genialem miscuit cum funebri.*" WHICH WORDS OF DREXELIUS, in his Preparation for Death, &c., I thus endeavour to render: Such was the dreadful End of *Dathan* and *Abiron*, for whom (for departing, thro' their obstinate Temper, from *MOSES*, who proved God in his Creation by Transmutation of his Rod into a Serpent, plaguing *Egypt*, turning the Rivers into Blood, and dividing the Sea, &c.) the Earth open'd, and swallow'd them up, NUMB. xvi. 32. As such appeared the Fate of *Absalon*, who, for rebelling against his royal Father, was pierced through the Heart with a deadly Spear, II. SAM. viii. 14, 15. The Companies of 50 armed Guards, who, with too little Reverence, had summon'd the Prophet *ELIJAH* before their Prince, Heaven destroy'd them with Globes of Fire, II. KINGS, i. 10, &c. (as tho' they were the Arrows mention'd by *David*, Psa. cxliv. 6.) And such was the Catastrophe of the unfortunate *Hebrew*, with the infamous *Midianitess*, NUM. xxv. 8. stabb'd together in their very Crime, by the Avenger of Wickedness, whose Sword mingled the genial Bed with all the mournful Signs of a speedy approaching Mortality.

(56) Resembling what GOD was pleas'd to shew to afflicted *Job*: For when he had humbled himself, as mention'd in *Chap.* xi. 4, 5, we are told, from a Tradition of the Eastern Inhabitants, that, upon the Almighty's purposing to make no farther Tryal of that illustrious Sufferer, he sent the Angel *Gabriel* from Heaven; who, taking him by the Hand, rais'd him on his Feet: And striking the Earth with his Foot, immediately sprung up a clear Fountain; in which Water *Job* having bath'd himself, as also taken some internally, he became as healthful as ever he had been in his juvenile Years.

(57) If we look but in the Writings of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, *Isaiah*, *Habakkuk*, &c., we shall soon be convinc'd of the Almighty Power and Majesty from and to all Eternity.

Did not (58) *Elifha* Iron caufe to fwim,

Without the (59) Load-Stone, paffing Nature's Laws;
And other Wonders are afcrib'd to HIM,

Thro' GOD, who made the World, the fupreme Caufe.
CHRIST from the Cave caus'd *Lazarus* to come;
And after Death rofe from the filent Tomb.

So faid, with Tears, he plac'd the Virgin's Head

Clofe to the Wound by which the Sword did fever;
And then with Decency his Mantle fspread

O'er the fair Corpfe, that now was join'd together.
JESU! faid he, whose Love did chiefly move
This Virgin's Heart to honour Thee above!

Hear now our Pray'rs, which ardently we make;

Your holy Martyr to new Life reftore:
Still, flill to praife Thee for Thy People's Sake,
That fo her Virtues may fhine more and more.
She lov'd you dear; for you her Soul did melt;
And for your Sake the Pains of Death ſhe felt.

Let now your Pow'r to the World appear,

Tho' far unworthy to be bleft again
With fuch a Saint, that from an heav'nly Sphere
We fhould call back to caufe her future Pain:
But as poor Souls are precious in Thy Sight;
Let Her, thro' Thee, prove to the Earth a Light.

Think

(58) II. KINGS vi. 6. *And the Man of God ſaid, Where fell it? And he ſhew'd him the place. And he cut down a ſtick, and caſt it in thither, and the IRON did ſwim.*

(59) Or Magnet, the Verticity of which was diſcover'd about 400 Years ago, by the learned ROGER BACON. It has two Poles, N. and S. diverſely inclin'd towards the Center of the Earth, yet mutual in their Attraction to Iron or Steel. But I refer the Reader to HARRIS'S Lexicon Technicum for a further Account.

Think of Thy Church, and promised Defence,
 (60) 'Gainst Waters Rage, and horrid Flames of Fire;
 And let us know thy great Omnipotence,
 That this thy fallen Servant my respire.
 Pity her Fate, commiserate our Fears;
 Regard our State, and mitigate our Cares.

May sacred Virgins e'er admire her Charms,
 Who constant fought Thee as her chiefest Good;
 And strive to be encircled in thine Arms,
 Altho' vile Mortals seek to shed their Blood:
 And when more perfect made, late may the Urn
 Receive her Mold, her Spirit to Thee return.

Being divine! O grant us our Desire!
 Re-animate this dear, this lifeless Clay!
 (61) Son! with the Father! Holy Ghost! inspire!
 Thou Source of Light! of Truth! the Life! the Way! (62)
 More did he pray, than can recite my Pen:
 To which the People, weeping, cry'd, *Amen.*

Then did the Virgin raise their Hopes forlorn:
 Moving the Veil that cover'd her fair Face:
 And as the Sun-Beams gild the rising Morn,
 Gently she rose from humid Earth's Embrace;
 Saluted all that humbly kneeling were,
 And with them offered up due Thanks in Pray'r.
'Tis

(60) ISAIAH xliii. 2. *When thou passest thro' the Waters I will be with thee; and thro' the Rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest thro' the Fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the Flame kindle upon thee.*

(61) *The bright Morning Star.* REV. xxii. 16.

(62) JOH. xiv. ISA. xxx. 21. *And in many other Places are exhibited the divine Influences of the blessed Trinity.*

'Tis hard to fay what inward Raptures mov'd,
 When they this wond'rous Miracle beheld!
 Such furely were by gracious Heav'n approv'd,
 Which view'd the Tears in ev'ry Eye that well'd:
 For round her neck did feem a Thread of Silk,
 Whiter than Skin, which was as white as Milk. (63)

Some Legends fay, the Circle was of Red;
 Of Scarlet Dye, like Blood which from her flow'd;
 But, to pafs by Reports which might be spread,
 Let us remark how well ſhe ferv'd her GOD.
 No Heart inflam'd could ſhow more Love than ſhe;
 A perfect PATTERN of true PIETY!

For once more BU'NO made her take the Veil
 Of Sanctimony, ſacredly to dwell;
 And then to *Ireland* that Saint did fail,
 Leaving the humble Virgin to her Cell.
 (64) Near to the Church ſeven Years ſhe liv'd profefs'd,
 And as a darling SAINT by all confefs'd.

She had Confefsors: (65) SENAN one by Name;
 A Prielt, whoſe ſacred Knowledge made him ſhine;
 The other, (66) DEIFER, of equal Fame,
 That, like the former, led a Life divine,
 Theſe told her how ſhe might the Church obey,
 And yet her Virtues to the World diſplay.

Nor

(63) *The firſt Syllable of her Name WIN, &c., in the Saxon Tongue, being to win, get, or obtain; and the latter, FRED, or FRID, denoting Peace: But the Britons are ſaid to call it GUINFRID, which is interpreted WHITE, fair, and of a beautiful Aſpect, answering to the lovely Character I have given. Tradition has it, That after her Death, when her Spirit appeared to any of her Votaries, either to comfort them in Sickneſs, or warn them of their approaching Diſſolution, they preſently knew her by the aforeſaid Circle. The Miracle is ſaid to have been perform'd about the Year of Salvation 644.*

(64) *Her Houſe I have ſeen delineated, as tho' the Building, or Part thereof, was yet remaining.*

(65) *He deceaſed in the Year of Incarnation 660.*

(66) *He died A.D. 664, much about the Time of S. WINEFRED'S Death. Both were ſo remarkable in diſcharging the Duties of their Chriſtian Profeſſion, that*

Nor failed to come a (67) noble beauteous Train
 Of DAMSELS, who lived round in Piety :
 The Duties learnt, she taught to them again,
 To love the LORD in pure Virginity;
 And, warn'd by Heav'n near (68) *Denbigh* did reside,
 In which fair Convent VIRGINS did abide.

For in the Middle of the filent Night,
 Good DEIFER was order'd, in a Dream,
 To warn St. WINEFRED to take her Flight,
 And go to Holy SATURN, call'd by Name :
 Whose Head was cover'd o'er with Silver Hairs ;
 And crown'd by Learning, as he was by Years.

Scarce silver-shining *Cynthia* ceas'd to shed
 Her lunar Glory, and the rising Sun
 Had sipp'd the pearly Dews, as from his Bed
 He rose his constant circling Course to run :
 Who with parental Love, and genial Heat,
 Enliven'd where he shone with Joys compleat.

He had but just peep'd o'er the dusky Hills,
 When the fair Saint was at her Morning Pray'rs ;
 Whose weeping Eyes did flow like crystal Rills,
 And as bright Pearls appear'd her falling Tears.
 She took her leave, and hasten'd to that Cell,
 Where Him she fought with Sanctity did dwell.

He

that whilst St. BUENO was enabled by the British Nobility to erect several Churches, he did not forget to have them dedicated to their immortal Honour.

(67) *It is recorded, They were Ladies and Gentlewomen of very great Families, according to the plain Manners and Customs of that Age.*

(68) *By the Britons called KLED-VRYN, signifying the craggy Hill ; formerly the old Town, where the present Church stands. The new one is at the Bottom of the Mount, more conveniently situated.*

He, like (69) ANTONIUS, took most sweet Delight
 In Contemplation of GOD'S Works so fair;
 The (70) Elemental Change of Day and Night,
 With various Seasons of the rolling Year:
 Each Equinox of (71) Spring and (72) Fall he knew;
 The Summer's (73) Solstice, and the (74) Winter's too.

He knew each Seed contain'd a Plant in kind;
 And in that Plant a Seed of Species new;
 In which another Plant did lurk behind,
 And there a Seed of diff'rent Nature grew.
 So without End from what they first arose;
 And all by Moisture, which from *Terra* flows..

This, prefs'd by Air, found Passage to the Roots,
 He knew, was pregnant with Salts, Sulphur, Oyls;
 That subtle Sap, in Sun-shine upward shoots,
 Which Night condenses, ripens as it cools:
 How (75) Insects Eggs in Water, Air or Earth,
 By *Sol's* bright Rays receive their favour'd Birth.

How

(69) *A noble Egyptian Monk and Hermit, that liv'd One Hundred and Five Years, the most part in great Sanctity.*

(70) *Elementa, cælum, ortus & occasus siderum, diurnæ nocturnæque vicissitudines, quadripartita anni varietas, quæ duo æquinoclia vere, & autumnno: ac totidem solstitia æstate & hieme complectitur, quorum decursu herbæ exolescunt & deficiunt, suoque tempore emergunt ac reviviscunt, quum multa indicent ac commonstrent, tum à morte ad vitam reversionem ac reditum, quo suo tempore corpora per resurrectionem restituenda sunt in integrum, documenta præbent.* LEM. de occult. Nat.

O LORD, how manifold are thy Works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, &c. PSAL. civ. 24, &c.

(71) March 10. (72) Sept. 11. *When equal Day and Night.*

(73) Circ. JUN. 11. (74) DEC. 11. *Longest and Shortest.*

(75) *Nihil in natura rerum tam minutum, tamque vile, aut abjectum, quod non aliquid admirationis hominibus adferat.*

How unfeen Fluid, which the Globe furrounds,
 Helpful to Plants, or animalian Life,
 And ev'ry Ufe; as well in forming Sounds,
 That charm the Ear, and footh a World of Strife :
 How agitated, heated, cool'd, congeal'd,
 Comprefs'd, by hidden Caufes, or reveal'd.

Such the (76) Sun's Rays, or fubterraneous Fire ;
 Sulphurs and Salts which here and there do float ;
 Nitre's that fix, and Clouds approaching nigher,
 All which the various Winds we hear promote :
 Hard Storms that hurtful Vapours far dilate ;
 And Breezes foft to cool the fultry Heat.

How Exhalations from the Mines below
 Cauſe Lightning blaze, and Thunder to rebound ;
 Why Dews, with Showers of Rain, and Hail, or Snow,
 Too heavy grown, alternate ſpread the Ground :
 How Ocean's daily Steams, forc'd by the Wind,
 Sink into Mountains 'till a Vent they find.

Theſe Sources form, whence Rivulets proceed,
 Which leſſer Rivers cauſe, as great Ones do ;
 Whoſe flowing Streams encircle as they ſpeed,
 As which ſhould foremoſt yield the Sea its due :
 Whoſe Waters, balanc'd in GOD'S pow'rful Hand,
 Seem but a Drop, the Earth a Grain of Sand.

SATURN did ſtudy what pertain'd to Fate,
 Much like our Bodies to Sepulchres led ;
 Reviv'd in vernal Blooms, which ſhews that State,
 When Lands and Oceans ſhall yield up their Dead :
 Why Darkneſs to reviving Light gives Way,
 And *Phoſphor* uſhers in the coming Day.

Or

(76) This was the Doctrin of *Zoroaſter*, a Philoſopher near the *Persian* Gulph, mention'd in the Travels of *Cyrus*.

Or why *Aurora*, with her darting Gleams,
 Unfolds æthereal Gates that Sol might shine ;
 Or streak the East with his refulgent Beams,
 Like Harbingers sent with a Pow'r divine :
 Why twinkling Stars do seem to quit their Spheres,
 When *Phæbus* with his glorious Face appears.

Why Earthquakes happen, whence the restless Tide,
 That in some Kingdoms drown adjacent Lands ;
 In other Places, failing to preſide,
 Appear arenal and delightful Strands ;
 'Till changing, like ſucceſſive Wind and Rain,
 All peaceful ſeem their former State to gain.

Thro' Nature's Womb he'd ſee moſt hidden Things,
 Why Waters petrify, or Land gives Way ;
 Why flaming Mountains, or ſtrange boiling Springs,
 Whence various Diſports on the Land or Sea :
 Each Min'rals Force in ſubterraneous Streams ;
 And Comet's Power, which the Sky inflames.

Why fruitful Earth, when bleſs'd with timely Show'rs :
 Gives Juice and Verdure both to Herbs and Trees ;
 Beauty to Gardens, grac'd with various Flow'rs,
 And grateful Odours, that our Smelling pleaſe :
 Why genial Heats cauſe Birds and Beaſts to love,
 And piercing Cold our nervous Senſes move.

The Sun's Propenſion to'ards the diſtant (77) Poles,
 His Declination from æſtival Height ;
 Why that revolving Luminary rolls,
 'Till *Hyem's* Signs he doth in Order greet :
 How the bright Moon doth thro' the (78) *Zodiack* ſteer
 Within one Month what takes him up a Year.

What

What Springs the human Body do compose ;
 How interweaving Art'ries, Nerves and Veins,
 Form Bafons, Pumps, Canals ; what Liquid flows
 Throughout the whole ; how moving Solid reigns :
 Why Cartilages, Bones, and Mufcles fine,
 Form Cords and Levers for this nice Machine.

Since Heav'nly Pow'rs created all thefe Things,
 Blefs'd, *he would fay*, thofe who adore GOD'S Name,
 For WHOM great Bifhops, Nobles, Princes, Kings,
 Have Structures rais'd, to their moft pious Fame ;
 Where faithful Souls cœleftial Doctrines hear,
 With filial Love and reverential Fear.

Tho' well he knew, as learn'd St. PAUL did tell, (79)
 GOD did not *dwell in Temples made with Hands* ;
 His Omniprefence he would yet reveal,
 Beyond Circumference of Seas or Lands :
 For as fam'd (80) *Lucan* owns, look where you will,
 Th' Almighty Being will be prefent fill.

In HIM was All, beyond all Nature's Laws ;
 The primal Caufe ; THIS, SATURN had allur'd ;
 Made him flight Riches, covet no Applaufe ;
 Altho' not like an Anchoret immur'd :
 But to all Comers open was his Cell,
 That all might witnefs how the Saint did dwell.

'Twas

(77) The Points, from North to South, on which the Axis of the World is by the Learned faid to turn round.

(78) A Circle of greateft Magnitude on the material Sphere, which equally feparates the Æquinoctial, or Equator. In the Middle is the Ecliptic, beneath which the Sun moveth.

(79) *Acts* xvii. 24. *GOD made the World, &c.*

(80) *JUPITER est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.*

'Twas situated on a fair Ascent,

Within a Rock, whence he the Ocean view'd :

Here, with much Labour, gaining sweet Content,

He added Rooms to what old Hermits hew'd ;

Incrusted round with Shells like shining Ore,

Which had been gather'd from the neighb'ring Shore

More inward was a Chapel, small, but neat ;

Where, by removal of a Stone, the Light

From the bright East, an Altar most compleat,

Cut in the Rock, charm'd the Spectators Sight !

For whom he pray'd in Tears, since well he knew

Those melting Signs would set them weeping too. (81)

Before the outward Door, there was a Green,

By Flowers enamel'd, where a Spring did run :

On either Side embow'ring Trees were seen,

To screen from Wind, or shade from Heat of Sun.

Here warbling Birds, which often hither came,

Did join with SATURN, and the purling Stream.

Tall was his Person, of majestic Air ;

His Beard to Girdle reach'd, his Robe to Feet ;

Sanguine his Cheeks, his Forehead high and bare,

With Eyes quick-piercing, and a Voice most sweet.

Humble and courteous, as the Scriptures tell,

Like Blest JESUS, at *Samaria's* Well. (82)

This was the Man, so much by Heav'n lov'd,

Fit to make known what GOD would not conceal ;

An Angel's Theme unto a Priest approv'd,

That should, like (83) ANANIAS, Truth reveal ;

Tell to the lovely VIRGIN how to trace

Her weary Steps, and find a resting Place.

None

(81) ————— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 TELEPHE! — HOR. (82) JOH. iv.

(83) Acts ix. 17. *And Ananias went his way, &c.*

None but an Angel let him understand,
 That She, whom CHRIST did love, was on the Road.
 This caus'd the holy Hermit, out of hand,
 Place All in order in His sweet Abode :
 Which shews, that Cleanlinefs, how poor we be,
 Agrees with true religious Piety.

And as descending to'ards the flow'ry Plain,
 He saw how nimbly she her Steps did trace
 More fleet and fair than Nymphs, whom Poets feign,
 Because adorn'd with Angel's Mein and Grace :
 Fast as his Feet could move, he strove to meet ;
 And then, as Words could flow, with Kindness greet.

The Cell attain'd, both on their bended Knees,
 Most humble Thanks did offer up to Heav'n ;
 Which done, what Food he had wherewith to please,
 With Pleasure to the holy Maid was giv'n :
 Her Drink was Water, clear as Crystal fine ;
 More sweet to her, than any sparkling Wine.

Refreshment o'er, the Hill on t'other Side,
 With the fair VIRGIN, he did slow descend ;
 As tho' that Time too fast away did slide
 To part him from so dear a heav'n-lov'd Friend :
 And, as he went, the Ways he easier made,
 Removing Brakes that she might softer tread.

Where ends my Travel? *cry'd the Virgin chaste.*
 Daughter, *said he*, thou well-belov'd of Heav'n,
 To fair (84) *Clutina's* Vale, I pray you, haste ;
 Where further Knowledge will to thee be giv'n.
 You soon will meet a dear and heav'nly Friend,
 Who knows your coming, and can tell your End.

See

(84) So called from the pleasant River *Chyd*, which separates the Province of *Flint* from that of *Denbigh*.

See yonder Rocks and Precipices dire,
 That seem conjoin'd, and as (85) embattel'd rife;
 Proceed that Way, in Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,
 The more you view those Mountains touch the Skies.
 Admire the Hand of GOD in all his Ways;
 For Nature's Works declare her Maker's Praise.

But lest Night shadows e'er you reach the Vale,
 As 'twill, I believe, before I can my Cell;
 Keep the right Hand towards the flow'ry Dale,
 And by Sun-set you'll find an House to dwell:
 For o'er the Door is written: PILGRIMS, *dear!*
Enter, you'll find kind Entertainment here.

And when To-morrow near those Hills you come,
 You'll see they part, and soon will greet your Eyes
 The lovely (86) Valley in its spangling Bloom,
 With Sweets and Odours, to your pleas'd Surprise.
 Fair Groves and Meadows charm on ev'ry Side,
 And in the Middle crystal Streams do glide.

Daughter, if I may call you so, farewell!
 Happy, since CHRIST enjoys your tender Heart:
 My Pray'rs shall be for you within my Cell,
 Heav'n to receive you, when from Earth you part.
Thank you, Good Father; but I pray bestow
Your Benediction on me e'er I go.

His

(85) *Mira enim naturæ solertia montium horum juga munium pinnae mentiuntur.* THAT IS, For such is the admirable Workmanship of Nature that the Tops of the *Eastern* Mountains resemble the Battlements of strong Walls, &c.

(86) CAMDEN, also writing of *Denbighshire*, says, The Vale (which is about 17 Miles long from N. to S. and 5 broad towards the Sea) is adorn'd with green Meadows, yellow Corn-Fields, many fair Houses, and beautiful Churches. The Eye must needs be charm'd with such a fair and lovely Prospect.

His Blessing giv'n, quick she trod the Ground,
 And by Sun-set approach'd a lovely Field;
 When a (87) White-House near to a Church she found,
 With Gates and Doors that did a Splendor yield:
 The same wherein she was to lodge that Night;
 Where Peace did dwell, and Virtue shined bright.

The Damsels, who this Hospital did keep,
 With Emulation strove most to attend,
 Until their lovely Guest inclin'd to sleep;
 Then to GOD'S Safety her they recommend.
 All early rose, and setting forward soon,
 Sweetly they journey'd 'till it was high Noon.

When, having rested, to take some Repast,
 Which they had brought, beneath an Oaken Tree;
 With Love endearing they did part at last,
 In mutual Kindness and Sincerity:
 Some Steps they trod, look'd back, and bid farewell!
 Then shook their Hands, with Sighs no Words can tell.

And now she hastens, then a while she rests;
 Her Eyes, to Heav'n up-lifted, flow in Tears;
 Her lilly Hands, near to her rising Breasts
 Infolded, show her Zeal in fervent Pray'rs.
 The Pow'r unseen, who every Action knows,
 Protects the charming Virgin as she goes.

Or else, kind Reader, think how Angels bright
 Hover'd around her with their shielding Wings:
 For when a Sinner turns, with great Delight
 'Tis known in Heav'n; the Tyding quickly rings:
 And as great Joy doth fill the higher Sphere, (88)
 Saints do not want their kind Protection here.

The

(87) *Called Tyguyn by the ancient BRITONS.*

(88) LUKE xv. 7. *I say unto you that likewise joy, &c.*

The Virgin pass'd thro' sev'ral pleafant Vill; ;
 Beheld the Beauties of the charming Vale;
 View'd Churches, Houfes, Fountains, Brooks and Rills;
 Whatever Art or Nature did reveal:
 Fair Nymphs and Swains, for Charms and Strength renown'd;
 Fine Flocks and Herds, with which they did abound.

But while thefe Things revolved in her Mind,
 What Blessings Heav'n did to the Earth impart;
 Soon she perceiv'd how glitt'ring Turrets shin'd,
 Which rais'd Ejaculations from her Heart.
 She wept for Joy to find a Place on Earth,
 To live to die; and die an happy Death.

The Convent met her in their Habits meet;
 Tears in their Eyes, they bid her welcome home;
 Each Virgin kifs'd her; fome did wash her Feet;
 And All were pleas'd the Saint to them was come.
 Thrice happy shall we be, each Lady said;
 Blefs'd is the Place, where lives fo dear a Maid.

Wytheriacus was the Building call'd; (89)
 Part govern'd by THEONYE, Abbefs fam'd;
 And where, contiguous, very strongly wall'd,
 Were Monks, taught by her Son, (90) *Elerius* nam'd;
 Soon after which in CHRIST she did expire,
 Whilst he was Priest to all the Virgin Choir. (91)

Soon

(89) *Commonly called Guitherine, in North-Wales, within the Province of Denbigh; which is a most healthful Country.*

(90) It was this Gentleman that erected the Monastery; who, by conjoining the Exercifes of eremitical and monastical Conversation, had fundry Disciples of religious Gentlemen and Ladies under one Roof, tho' in different Apartments.

(91) *However, 'tis said, that he was Confessor to S. Winefred; and is very much commended for his Piety and Learning.*

Soon to the lovely Saint, as One divine,
 He urg'd the Office, as most fit to rule;
 And make the House still more and more to shine,
 Thro' her Improvements in Religion's School.
 For who more fit than she to be obey'd,
 That had such glorious Chastity display'd?

Humility now lovely did appear
 In her, whose Charity was unconstrain'd:
 To various Wants she did her Bounties share,
 With Words so soft that due Attention gain'd.
 Labour enjoin'd, when she thought fit and meet,
 Were to the Virgins easy, pleasant, sweet.

Some spun raw Wool; nor others did disdain
 To twirl the Spindle with their Fingers small.
 To 'tend the Sick, and keep the Chambers clean,
 Seem'd no Dishonour to the Best of All:
 Alternately such Offices they shar'd;
 And who prov'd humblest was the most rever'd.

The pretty Birds that thro' the Air do skim;
 Beasts of all Kinds which on the Earth abide;
 The shining Fishes, that in Oceans swim,
 Or what in crystal Rivers swiftly glide:
 These pious Ladies clearly did impart,
 Thro' Strength of Thought, with curious Needle's Art.

The SPRING, as rising in its Infant-State,
 With *Flora's* fair Diversity of Blooms;
 Not scorch'd as yet by too fermenting Heat;
 But, like fair *Tempe's* Airs, sheds sweet Perfumes:
 And SUMMER too, with all its Charms o'er-spread,
 In lovely Manner were by Them display'd.

Summits,

Summits, like *Ida's* Pines, which reach the Clouds ;
 Around subfiding Fountains, Groves and Fields ;
 Plains, grac'd with Avenues, like blefs'd Abodes ;
 And ev'ry counter Walk that Pleasure yields :
 With ev'ry Plant King SOLOMON could tell,
 Thofe Ladies Fingers wrought exceeding well.

Cities they wrought near undulating Streams,
 Which by Reflection two-fold did appear ;
 Like Mirror Lakes, when Nature downward feems,
 With Earths conjoin'd, and feparated Air :
 As tho' by Shades of Swans, or Ships, or Trees,
 So near we view'd far-off *Antipodes*.

AUTUMN refembled much our Lives Decay,
 By falling Leaves, when Melancholly reigns ;
 And Death-like WINTER, fhort'ning more the Day,
 Transform'd the Waters into gelid Plains.
 Thus did the Virgins trace the Seafons round,
 And fhew'd the Works of Heav'n to be profound.

At Meals Inſtructions moſt divine were giv'n ;
 Or Lives of Saints read of fair *Anglia's* Line :
 Such who were judg'd for Virtue blefs'd in Heav'n,
 And who on Earth would never ceafe to ſhine.
 Whilſt thus to active Piety inclin'd,
 A ſure Defence was placed o'er the Mind.

In Painting ſome would draw the Martyrs dear,
 How rack'd, and ſcourg'd, ſuſpended, burnt to death :
 Yet in their Torments fhew'd no Signs of Fear,
 But rather Courage, 'till their laſteſt Breath :
 Whom Tyrants Threats nor Promiſes could move
 To ſave their Lives, ſuch was to CHRIST their Love !

Others



Others again describ'd immortal Joys,
 Like *Nectar's* Streams distill'd o'er pearly Sand :
 How blisful Torrents, with harmonious Noife,
 Adorn the Meadows of that heav'nly Land ;
 Where smiling Banks are crown'd with fadeless Flow'rs,
 And martyr'd Virgin's blest'd in sacred Bow'rs.

The END of the Second PART.



British P I E T Y Display'd
 In the GLORIOUS
 LIFE, Suffering, and DEATH
 Of the Blessed
 St. WINEFRED :

A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales* : Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their most dangerous Distempers in past Centuries : The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

*Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.—
 Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt
 Opera Tua, D O M I N E !*

*“D E U S ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excellentissimas recondidit vires salutare, quarum tanta est
 “præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remediorum
 “generibus sint superiores.”* That is, *The Most Glorious and Omnipotent God has conceal'd the greatest and most excellent salubrious Efficacy in the Waters ; which have so prevalent a Power, that they are far superior to all other Kinds of Remedies.*

P A R T *the Third.*

YORK: Printed and Sold by the Author THO. GENT,
 in *Petervgate*, Anno Dom. MDCCXLII.



I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the LORD.

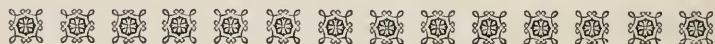
Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. *Pfal.* cxxii.

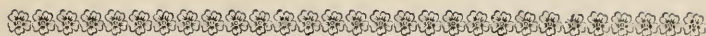
Venerationis locus in templo est.

By Faith Abraham when he was tried offered up his Son Isaac, HEB. xi. 17. — GOD so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Joh. iii.

Many are my persecutors, and mine enemies: yet I do not decline from thy testimonies. *Pfal.* cxix. 157.

I will wash mine Hands in Innocency: so will I compass Thine Altar, O LORD! PSAL. xxvi. 6.





THE THIRD PART OF
The Holy LIFE and DEATH of
 S. WINEFRED.

Continuation of the Eighth CHAPTER.

SOME Virgins, in embroider'd Work employ'd,
 With Silk and Silver curiously inlaid,
 Adorn'd the Rooms, in which appear'd no Void,
 But Art industrious seem'd most fair array'd.
 But whilst some Scarlet spun; which Ladies wore;
 Others made Garments for the needy Poor.

The Chapel was adorn'd with Di'monds bright;
 The Hyacinth, the (92) Em'rald, and (93) Sapphire:
 Deep Sardins black, and Golden Chrysolite;
 Opal and Iris; Rubies seem'd like Fire.
 Fine precious Stones, and Pearls for Diadems,
 With Life of CHRIST inlaid amidst the Gems.

The (94) Parent-Colours here were plainly seen;
 The tawney Orange, and the flaming Red;
 The fainting Vi'let, and refreshing Green,
 And diff'rent Blues that in the Skies are spread:
 With Lilly white, that Nature seem'd to glow,
 Exhibiting both Scenes of Joy and Woe.

As

(92) Its Vertue is said to expel the fatal Effects of Poyson.

(93) *Pliny* writes, that it's of a fine blue, or azure Colour.

(94) "*Perfecta pulchritudo sita est in suavitate coloris, & harmonia
 membrorum.* PLATO,

As of CHRIST'S wond'rous Birth, and Sense divine;
 The (95) Miracles which he stupendous wrought;
 Endearing Meekness, that so bright did shine,
 Surpassing ev'ry human Act or Thought:
 And as he nearer to his Passion drew,
 Attracting Sights did offer to his View.

For as amidst the Twelve he seem'd to sit,
 Shewing his Fate, in breaking of the Bread;
 JUDAS did seem to be in fullen Fit,
 And PETER tho' of Fear he had no Dread.
 Alas! their Weakness our Redeemer knew,
 And prophecy'd what soon became too true.

Ent'ring the (96) Garden, there he was display'd,
 With Sadness fill'd, by his Apostles seen:
 And, whilst they slept, most fervently he pray'd,
 Kneeling in Sorrow on the verdant Green:
 Whilst Drops of Sweat increased like a Flood
 Of intermingled Water with his Blood.

Next Scene discover'd CHRIST as Captive led
 To CAIPHAS, and of his own deny'd; (97)
 Accus'd, as having much Distraction bred,
 To PILATE; and to HEROD sent in Pride.
 Scoff'd at, brought back, and stript unto the Skin,
 To wound his precious Body for our Sin.

O cruel

(95) I refer the Reader for a short Account of them to a little Book in Verse, set forth by me; which I carefully extracted from the Evangelical and Ecclesiastical Writers, in an easy, chronological Manner, for my better understanding.

(96) *In the 26th Chapter of St. Matthew, Ver. 30, &c.*

(97) *But he deny'd before them all saying, &c. Ver. 70.*

O cruel Liſtors ! worſe than Heathen *Rome* !

To bind our dear Redeemer's ſacred Hands !
His Body ſcourge, 'till precious Blood did come !

Where but from Hell had you ſuch dire Commands ?
PILATE did waſh his Hands ; but, graceleſs, you
Compell'd the Judge to what he would not do.

Nor this enough, you thought : A ſcarlet Robe
Cloſe to His wounded Body girt with Zone ;
A Crown of Thorns, as tho' his Head you'd probe,
With num'rous Wounds ; theſe you with Scorn put on :
You pull'd the Garment off to cauſe more Pain ; (98)
And let the tort'ring Diadem remain.

Women beholding ſeem'd for to deplore ;
Bearing his Croſs, which ſcarcely could be borne ;
And as he fell, with Clubs they bruiz'd moſt fore
That ſacred Fleſh their Rods and Whips had torne.
Well might he ſay Words melting and divine,
Were ever Sorrows like to theſe of mine !

Thus did the Virgins paint the (99) Lamb of God,
Fair without (100) Blemiſh, brighter far than Gold ;
That Lamb, which is the (101) Light of Heav'n's Abode,
Of Whom the (102) noble Prophet had foretold ;
The Croſs, the Altar, with the Sacrifice ;
And mournful Angels hov'ring in the Skies.

What

(98) *It is aſtoniſhing to think of their unheard-of Cruelty ; that, whiſt they mock'd our Blessed LORD, they ſhould invent Torments anſwerable to their malicious Contempt. The Robe, which they had fixed cloſe to his Body, became cemented with his precious Blood ; ſo that when they tore it off by Violence, it no doubt cauſed great Miſcry. The Thorns occaſion'd 72 Wounds, ſaith Oroſius.*

(99) *Joh. i. 29.—(100) I. Pet. i. 19.—(101) Rev. xxi. 23.*

(102) *Iſa. liii. 7.*

What Sorrow did the Virgin MARY feel,
 An Evangelick Quill doth plain impart ; (103)
 Such as more piercing prov'd than deadly Steel,
 A Sword of Grief to wound her tender Heart !
 Well may she be in future Ages blest'd,
 As by her Son's dear Church she is confest'd.

Thus having shewn him in the Pains of Death,
 And lifeless like an harmless Lamb that's slain ;
 His Brightness quickly pierc'd the solid Earth,
 And caus'd the Gates of Hell to burst in twain :
 A joyful Time to Those who were detain'd,
 When they at length their blessed Freedom gain'd.

For when that NICODEMUS, Ruler bright,
 With pious JOSEPH, did the Corpse obtain ;
 Embalm'd with Spices, wrapt in Linnen white,
 Had laid it in a Monument most clean :
 The Pow'rs of Hell and Earth became afraid,
 When Strength divine had rais'd him from the Dead.

But his Disciples best of all could tell,
 When to their wond'rous Sight he did appear ;
 What Sweetness to their Souls he did reveal,
 As likewise to his tender Mother dear ;
 'Till forty Days b'ing past, he did ascend
 To Heav'n's high Kingdom, which will never end.

From thence he sent to them the HOLY GHOST,
 Which his Disciples did so high inspire,
 That those who heard them seem'd in Raptures lost,
 Whilst o'er their Heads appeared Tongues like Fire.
 And as an Emblem of celestial * Love,
 There hover'd in the Midst an heav'nly Dove.

Then

Then all the Saints, in proper Order plac'd,
 Seem'd to display the high supernal Court;
 Each Nitch was with a comely Image grac'd,
 And all the Pillars of majestic Sort.
 The Windows glorious, lofty ev'ry Spire,
 That charm'd the Sight, and did the Mind inspire.

St. CHRISTOPHER, who bore the heav'nly Child,
 Seem'd to wade deeper in the swelling River;
 Whilst on his Shoulders the sweet Infant smil'd,
 Pleas'd that his Weight had made the strong Man quiver.
 Thrice happy Those, to whom our Lord appears,
 And strikes their Souls with holy Joys or Fears!

The Pulpit most stupendous did appear,
 With glitt'ring Angels; Figures of pure Gold;
 Seraphs and Cherubs; all the Orders were,
 As tho' alive, so nat'ral to behold:
 The TABERNACLE in exalted Place,
 And every Thing that could GOD'S Altar grace.

The Tombs of Pastors, Lords, or Hero's great,
 Were here and there in decent Manner rais'd;
 Fair Ladies who had rais'd the Church's State,
 Here found Sepulchres, and were solemn prais'd:
 And thus next Heav'n their Oratory seem'd;
 Or *Noah's* Ark, a Place of Safety deem'd.

For here the Sick were cured by her Prayers;
 Deep Wounded Spirits met Soul-saving Health:
 Whilst the Oppress'd were eas'd of their Cares,
 And Poor supply'd with best of well-spar'd Wealth.
 None to the Gates that came to beg or pray,
 For JESU'S Sake, were empty sent away.

O what

O what a lovely SANCTUARY this!

Bless'd *Afylum* to those who were oppress'd!
Instead of Sorrow, here to meet with Bliss!

Or yokeful Labours, find refreshing Rest!
Such as make easy Life's hard Pilgrimage,
And help them over this terrestrial Stage.

For when the Sick were on their Death-Beds laid,

There wanted not with them who did condole;
But, what was more, due Preparation made,

Whereby to save each dear immortal Soul;
And, when the fleeting Ghosts this Earth did leave,
Took Care to lay their Bodies in the Grave.

CHAP.



C H A P. IX.

The Argument.

*Virgins S. WINEFRED furround,
Whilst ſhe declares her Thoughts profound;
From Reaſon and from Scripture tells
What's Happineſs, and where it dwells.*

Y^E ſacred Virgins, innocent and fair,
Who now are (104) veil'd, to ſerve the Lord of Heav'n,
O let the Words, which I ſhall here declare,
Deep in your tender Hearts be ſo engrav'n;
That, leaving Parents, *People*, All, thro' Duty,
The King may have great Pleaſure in your Beauty. (105)

Think of (106) *Obedience*, which you have profeſs'd,
Let Chafity and Patience ſtill be found;
Free from the World, now ſet your Souls to reſt,
That Perſeverance may at length be crown'd.
Look on this Place, as 'tis, Religion's School;
Where, tho' I govern, thro' kind Heav'n I rule.

'Twas for your Sake I did Submiſſion learn,
As you, no doubt, will do the ſame for mine:
And then the Pow'rs, which all our Acts diſcern,
Will knit the Union, make us ſo combine,
As to find Favour in their bleſſed Sight,
Since to (107) fear GOD in Wiſdom we unite.

RELIGION

(104) About 25 Years old was the uſual time; but now they are accepted much younger, according to Judgment.

(105) *Pſal. xlv. 10, 11. Hearken, O Daughter, &c.*

(106) *I. Pet. v. 5. Likewise ye younger, ſubmit yourſelves, &c. Multo tutius eſt, ſtare in ſubjectione, quam in prælatura. KEM.*

(107) *Initium enim ſapientiæ timor DOMINI.*

RELIGION, truly, makes us all to find

What 'tis we are, and lefs our felves elate;
The Body's Illnefs oft brings Health of Mind, (108)
And That renews us to a better State.
It makes us think, and caft (109) on God our Care,
Who is our (110) Shepherd, and whose Voice we hear. (111)

Whilst fome for Gain explore the raging Flood,
And others Towns and Cities fet on Fire;
Whilst vile Oppreffors do enfnare the Good,
'Till in destructive Lufts themfelves expire: (112)
Whilst griping (113) Mifers, glutting in their Store,
Exult, thro' Joy, in feeing others poor.

Whilst fome in Waters perifh, fome in Flame,
Or thro' the Force of fharp avenging Steel;
Or in damp Prifons, fill'd with Care and Shame,
The greateft Pains and Cruelties do feel:
Perhaps are fallen from an high Eftate,
Which make their Lives of Miferies replete.

Whilst Reafon feems extinct, and Paflions glow;
When Anger roars more fierce than stormy Winds:
Whilst Envy's pointed Stings no Limits know,
'Till (114) Death at length its filly Owner binds;
Happy are we fecur'd from all thofe Thralls,
No Harms will come within our peaceful Walls.

For

(108) *Corporis morbus animi falus.* DREXEL.

(109) See for Comfort in Psalm lxxiii. Verfe 23, &c. And in the fifth Chapter of the First of St. Peter, Ver. 6, 7.

(110) I. Pet. ii. 25. *Pfal.* xxv. 1. (111) *Joh.* x. 3.

(112) I. Tim. vi. 9. 10. (113) *Non qui parum habet, fed qui plus cupit pauper eft.—Quam difficulter qui pecunias habent, introibunt in regnum DEI.* Luke xviii. 24. (114) *Job* v. ii.

For here no Thoughts impure can wound the Heart;
 Nor yet deluding, or deluded Man,
 Thro' Sin's Propension, work our bitter Smart,
 Tho' they attempt to do the worst they can.
 No, never shall vain Youth attain their Ends,
 To make us lose GOD'S Favour, and our Friends.

'Tis true, we do the nuptial State decline,
 But not condemn what is approv'd by Heav'n.
 Where Love connubial reigns, 'tis sure divine;
 And as a fruitful Blessing THAT is giv'n.
 If virtuous Spouses righteous Laws pursue,
 They may love CHRIST, and one another too.

But when that true Affection is not found,
 Expos'd they float as on a boist'rous Sea;
 'Till almost lost in Cares, in Troubles drown'd,
 Each drives to Ruin in a diff'rent Way:
 And what a gloomy dreadful State is this,
 To fly those Paths that lead to Bow'rs of Bliss!

Love comes from Heav'n: 'Tis there they sing and love.

When Virtue shines in Youth and harmless Maids,
 Descending Joys will shade them from above,
 Whilst nothing here their Happiness invades.
 May mutual Comforts bless them whilst on Earth,
 And Love eternal crown them after Death!

Nor let our State, we voluntary chose,
 Be less esteem'd, because more set apart
 To *follow the bright Lamb where-e'er he goes*, (115)
 For which he yields to us his precious Heart:
 Dearer than Children doth his Love proclaim;
 As promis'd to us, with a better Name. (116)

Then,

(115) *Rev. xiv. 4.* (116) *Even unto them will I give a better place
 in mine house, and within my walls, a place and a name better than sons and
 daughters,*

Then, happy Virgins! if, with pure Desire,
 You long to imitate your Saviour dear;
 Faith's (117) Author, unto Whom we should aspire,
 Who fends us (118) Comforts to dispel our Fear;
 Which, like (119) soft Showers, lovingly descends;
 And proves Him kindest, dearest, best of Friends.

With Food and Raiment let us be content; (120)
 For what we have our grateful Love exprefs.
 Expect not always Blessings to be sent,
 As tho' no Sorrows grac'd our dear Recess.
 We must be (121) try'd, as Gold is purg'd by Fire.
 No Place on Earth from Grief is quite entire. (122)

Alas! the Defert did not wholly shield
 The blessed JESUS in his Solitude;
 For Satan, like a Champion of the Field,
 Attack'd his Lord whilst fasting in the Wood.
 But tho' the Tempter rages near at hand,
 He none can hurt without divine Command.

The Prophets, persecuted, Heav'n rever'd;
 So did K. *David*, by his Son brought low: (123)
 And *Hezekiah's* Complaints were kindly heard
 By Him, who did his deep Affliction know:
 Who bids us call, will hear us when we cry;
 And, whilst we trust in Him, will raise us high. (124)

Whoe'er's

daughters. Isa. lvi. 5., i.e. Nomen conjugis dabo eis. *Non enim falso canit Ecclesia de sanctis virginibus, Venis ponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus præparavit in æternum.* BELLAR. de ætern. felicit. sanctorum.

(117) HEB. xii. 2. (118) See Psal. iv. xxvii. xxxviii. cxxi. &c.
 (119) Deut. xxxii. 2. (120) I. Tim. vi. 8. Phil. iv. 6. (121) II. Tim.
 iii. 12. Job vii. 18. (122) Ubi namque tribulatio, ibi & consolatio; ubi
 consolatio ibi & gratia est. Drexel. (123) Psal. cxix. 71. (124) Isa. xl. 31.

Whoe'er's (125) unlearn't sad Sufferings to bear,
 Impatient proves beneath the heav'nly Rod;
 Displeasing Him, we know, who (126) *loves us dear*,
 And is no less than our Almighty GOD!
 To be reject'd, we should always fear;
 Not any Pains that can attend us here. (127)

Now what will make us lov'd in *JESU'S* Sight,
 Is CHARITY, (128) fair *Virtue's* comely Queen;
 Sweet Union's Stamp, clear as cœlestial Light;
 That Love, which loves what's holy to be seen:
 Entire (129) Submission to the Will of Heav'n,
 In whatfoe'er State we shall be driv'n.

Let (130) Contemplation restless Passions calm;
 And wing'd with Love to full Perfection gain:
 'Twill prove as unto painful Wounds a Balm;
 When we, by Labour, that high Mount attain:
 Where, like (131) *Olympus'* Top, is constant Rest,
 And Heav'n's bright Prospect plainer is express't.

S. *Paul*, who well those endless Mansions knew, (132)
 Recounts the Acts by which we may aspire. (133)
 Like David's Sounds, from which the Dæmon flew, (134)
 Else Meditation's like a silent Lyre; (135)
 Whereby Temptations might so bear us down,
 As to make void our glorious promis'd Crown. (136)
Avoid

(125) *Tanto quisque minus est doctus, quanto minus castigationis patiens.*

(126) *Quem enim diligit Dominus, castigat, &c.* Heb. xii. 6.
Psal. xciv. 12.

(127) *Ne timeas flagellari, sed timeas exheredari.*

(128) *Radix omnium bonorum est caritas. Quid suave fecit jugum paupertatis, & continentiae, & obedientiae tot milibus religiosorum & sanctimonialium, nisi oleum caritatis?* Bellar.

(129) *Divinae voluntatis regula sine omni exceptione est. Bonum est tibi humiliari sub potenti manu Dei.* Drexel.

(130) *Contemplationis pluma nos sublevat, atque inde divina dulcedine ad caelum erigimur.* BONAVENT. (131) *Olympi cacumen semper quietum.*

(132) II. *Cor.* xii. 2, &c.

(133) *Rom.* xii. &c. (134) I. *Sam.* xvi. 23. (135) *Meditatio sine exertio similis est lyrae taciturnae.* (136) *Jam.* i. 12.

Avoid Prefumption, equal as Despair; (137)

Two dang'rous Rocks, on which so many split :
Without GOD'S Help, alas! most weak we are;

But (138) strong to act, if He shall think us fit.
In awful Silence, ancient ev'n as time, (139)
Think most of Him in Thoughts the most sublime.

But if to speak at any Time requir'd,

Let your Discourse be short and reverent.
Speech is the Gift of Heav'n, so much admir'd,
The Mind's fair Index, Nature's Ornament !
How melts the Heart, whilst it persuasive reigns;
And, like sweet Musick, trickleth thro' the Veins.

True in your Words, like Hours to the Sun;

Just in your Actions; all exact agree :
No Injuries do, but rather bear what's done,
In Imitation of DIVINITY :
Pray for your Foes; for Vengeance doth belong
To GOD, who knows when to revenge our Wrong.

Thrice happy They, altho' on Earth oppress'd,

Whom Heav'n to visit kindly condescends !
Unknown to Men, by Angels are carefs'd,
Whose Love exceeds That of the proudest Friends.
Bless'd Comforters, whom God is pleas'd to send;
And dear Conductors when all Sorrows end! (140)

Nor think like *Bablon's* Streams this Life appears,

Where (†) Floods do threaten, and high Billows foam; (‡)
Nor strive to add to these our streaming Tears,
Too apt to show'r as Sicknefs calls us home!

Since

(137) *Rarissimè vicit, qui victoriam ante pugnam desperavit.*

(138) *Psal.* cvi. 2. and cviii. 13. *Isa.* xl. 29, 31. *Phil.* iv. 13.
Joh. viii. 12. *Rom.* viii. 31. *Si Deus pro nobis, quid contra nos?*

(139) Thought cœval with Eternity, before Nature began.

(140) *Job.* iii. 17. *Psal.* xci. 11. *Luke* xvi. 22.

(†) *Psal.* lxix. 2. (‡) Or like troubled sea, saith ISAIAH lvii. 20.

Since Heav'n's Phyfician then can beft avail, (141)
When fkilful Doct'ors round our Beds do fail.

Then, whilft amidft the gloomy Shades of Death,
With Confcience pure, we need not be afraid; (142)
But in the Lord (143) moft precious yield our Breath,
When Angels bright our hov'ring Souls fhall lead,
With heav'nly Mufick, borne upon their Wings, (144)
To meet our lovely Spoufe, the King of Kings.

Holy of Holies! Oh! that wond'rous Place! (145)

There dwells the Prince of Angels we revere!
With Saints furrounded in his Throne of Grace,
Refulgent Brightnefs fills the glorious Sphere!
Whilft Joys exprefslefs thro' Heav'n's Choir abounds,
And Harmony in ev'ry (146) Manfion founds.

Tho' diff'rent Glories moft refplendent fhine,
Yet equal Pleafures charm the Ever-Bleft: (147)
For there the Love of (148) GOD in All combine,
That tends to mutual Charity and Ref:
Where Saints inceffant praife, and never tire;
But fill'd with Raptures ever do afpire. (149)

This, I pray GOD, we may at laft obtain,
For which let one another Heav'n befceech.
So faid, ſhe blefs'd her lovely Virgin Train,
Who wept in Love to hear her melting Speech.
With ſtedfaſt Faith and mutual Joys inspir'd,
All took their Leave, and to their Cells retir'd.

C H A P.

(141) *Et licet morientis lectum peritiſſimi medicorum cingant, nullus juvare poteſt, niſi medicus è cælo.* Drexel.

Et abſterſurus eſt Deus omnem lacrymam ab oculis eorum, Rev. xxi. 4.

(142) *Pſal. xxiii. 4.* (143) *I. Pet. i. 9. II. Tim. iv. 7, 8.*

(144) *Ezek. i. 8.* (145) *O regnum beatitudinis ſempiternæ, ubi tu Domine ſpes es ſanctorum, & diadema gloriæ, facie ad faciem videris à ſanctis; letificans eos undique in pace tua, quæ exuperat omnem ſenſum.* (146) *Novus ſemper harmonias vox meloda concrepat.*

(147) *Diſpar eſt gloria ſingulorum, ſed communis eſt lætitia omnium.*

(148) *Omne opus eorum laus Dei ſine fine, ſine defectione, ſine labore.* Meditat. & Sol. S. AUG. (149) *II. Cor. iv. 17. I. Pet. v. 4.*

C H A P . X .

The Argument.

*The Acts of BU'NO here is prais'd,
Who many Churches fair had rais'd ;
To whom great Honour had been giv'n,
Before he dy'd, and went to HEAV'N.*

AFTER St. WIN'FRID was to Life restor'd,
BU'NO became a Priest of mighty Fame :
And being call'd in Spirit by the LORD,
His Will in distant Places to proclaim,
He for her Parents dear did fervent pray,
And unto them these pious Words did say.

“As you for CHRIST'S dear Sake a Church has giv'n,
“At *Finhon*, where the Faithful GOD implore ;
“So are you now rewarded by kind Heav'n,
“And will be blest'd therein for evermore.
“An holy Man shall in my Place preside ;
“And let your Daughter's Virtues be your Guide.

“And you, fair WIN'FRED ! strive to run the Race,
“As I have taught you with true Pains and Care :
“Virgins select, and be your Dwelling-Place
“Round the said Temple, in true Order there :
“And when for sev'n Years thus you have obey'd,
“You will depart from thence, my heav'nly Maid !

“For Strangers will from foreign Countries come,
“To be instructed in Religious Rules ;
“Your Piety will found thro' *Christendom*,
“And your Example shine in all their Schools.
“Weep not, fair Daughter ! tender Parents dear !
“Dry up those Tears that on your Cheeks appear.”

This

This said, he led them to the crystal Fount,

And, having pray'd a while, he thus begun :

Virgin, behold ! GOD'S Power will surmount !

See you those Stones o'er which the Waters run ?

'Twas from your Blood that they the Tincture gain'd,

When you the Crown of Martyrdom obtain'd.

Their sanguine Spots can ne'er be wash'd away : (150)

And whosoever three times journeys here,

With Souls devout, tho' Sickness them decay,

Will find a gracious Answer to their Pray'r.

As near the Ocean I intend my Cell,

There's one Thing more that I to you must tell.

If once a Year you are dispos'd to send

A Token, lay it in this limpid Stream :

Ne'er fear but Providence will me befriend,

Whereby I surely shall receive the fame.

And now farewell ; but tho' I bid you go,

Still I shall pray for you, where e'er I go.

So said, they parted, and that Life she led

As he desir'd ; and when e'er she sent

A Parcel wrapt, 'twas at the Fountain's Head

She laid the fame, and swiftly on it went

Until it came towar'd the welcome Strand,

Which driven close to Shore, came to his Hand.

As

(150) *There is at Whitby headless serpentine Stones, of which Camden thus writes. HILDÆ autem precibus adscribit credulitas, tanquam illa commutasset quæ primitiva Saxonum ecclesia, sacerdotum tonsuræ, & Paschalis juxta Romanum ritum celebrationi pro viribus obsistebat, synodo his de rebus anno 664 habita in monasterio suo, quod hoc in loco posuerat, & cui ipsa prima præfuit.*

As CHRIST well knew, that in a Fifth's Mouth
 There might be found a Piece of Silver laid;
 And order'd (151) *Peter* for to prove the Truth,
 Whereby that *Cæsar's* Tribute might be paid:
 So did he say to his Apostles true,
 They might thro' Faith do what they saw him do. (152)

Thus faithful BU'NO, and St. WIN'FRID fair,
 As one directed, t'other did obey:
 And Both in Sight of Heav'n was held so dear,
 As made obsequious prove the roaring Sea.
 The Æstuary is by *BRITONS* fam'd,
 And the fair Creek *Port of the Vestment* nam'd. (153)

So great the Virgin's Fame abroad had spread,
 That Lords and Bishops came to *Guitherine*:
 For that a Martyr dear should lose her Head,
 And live! did seem most wond'rous and divine:
 But when the Fact before their Eyes was seen,
 They more admir'd than did fair *Sheba's* Queen. (154)

Tho' importun'd, she car'd not to reveal
 Her *Pure White Circle* round her Iv'ry Neck;
 Until her Virgins Suit did more prevail,
 Whose dear Desires she thought not fit to check:
 But when she threw her fable Veil aside,
 None could behold the same, but wept and cry'd.

Ah!

(151) *Mat. xvii. 27.* (152) *JOH. xiv. 12. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.*

(153) In Welsh *Porth y Cassul*. The first Present was a fine wrought Vestment, which St. *Bucno* placed in the Vestry of the Parish Church of *Clynnog*, situated near the inlet from the Sea.

(154) *II. Chron. ix. from beginning to Ver. 12.*

Ah! wicked Prince, *they said*, what flinty Heart,
 But your's, could act so infamous a Crime?
 Thus for to make so good a Creature smart;
 So innocent a Maid, yet so sublime!
 But yet she lives to prove when Martyrs bleed,
 Their precious Blood becomes the Church's Seed. (155)

Then from their Cheeks the Tears would trickle down,
 As tho' they saw her circled in sad Fears;
 Or sympathiz'd with her in ev'ry Moan,
 And Sigh she vented, when immerg'd in Cares:
 Which made her weep, and also them console,
 With Praise to Heav'n, that thus had made her whole.

And is it You, *they said*, that lovely Star,
 Which to your heav'nly Spouse appears so fair?
 Whose Light has led us spangling from a-far,
 And brought us where true Virtues shining are?
 That in our holy Churches do resound!
 And shall we say, that you at length we've found?

You, whom St. BU'NO did so dear esteem,
 And told your moving from fair *Holy-Well*?
 At whose Decease, just Heav'n did wisely deem
 That Eight Miles you should travel to the Cell
 Of DEIFER! and then to *Henthlant* neat,
 Where venerable SATURN keep his Seat?

O what extatic Joys your Mind must fill,
 Blefs'd Virgin! when he did direct you here:
 Where Bloody Tyrants have no Pow'r to kill,
 And nothing more prevails than heav'nly Pray'r:
 Where GOD'S true Word to Sin becomes a Sword;
 Who, pleas'd, looks down to see Himself ador'd.

What

What lovely Things of you can we now say,
 Fair Patroness, and Glory of our Land !
 Since we're assur'd for us you'll ever pray,
 And Blessings draw from the Almighty's Hand :
 Long live, dear Creature ! live till hence you soar,
 On Angels Wings, to live for evermore.

The modest Virgin blush'd to hear such Praise,
 Which more increas'd their high Esteem and Love :
 She bore the fame, because she'd not displease ;
 But gave the Glory to the Pow'r above :
 And in Return she had such Favours giv'n,
 That each Beholder judg'd Her fit for Heav'n.

For several Years, whilst WIN'FRED was rever'd
 At *Finhon's* Dwelling, BU'NO was employ'd
 In founding Churches, whilst the People heard
 Sweet Preaching, that their Souls were overjoy'd :
 And many Converts came, from distant Lands,
 To seek for Baptism at his sacred Hands.

Thus did his Life and Miracles accord,
 In whom was kindled such an holy Flame,
 He travell'd far to serve his blessed Lord ;
 And when so done, again to *Cambria* came,
 No Labour spar'd he precious Souls to bring,
 By Heav'nly Knowledge, to the Heav'nly KING.

King CADVAN much esteem'd this holy Priest,
 Who at one Time appear'd before his Throne ;
 And found such Goodness in his royal Breast,
 As rais'd his Spirits more to beg a Boon.
 Which he design'd ; a Monastery to build :
 To which Request the pious Prince did yield.

British P I E T Y Display'd
 In the GLORIOUS
 LIFE, Suffering, and DEATH
 Of the Blessed
 St. WINEFRED :

A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales*: Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their miserable Distempers in past Centuries: The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.— Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt Opera Tua, D O M I N E !

“*DEUS ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excellentissimas recondit vires salubres, quarum tanta est præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remedium generibus sint superiores.*” That is, *The Most Glorious and Omnipotent God has conceal'd the greatest and most excellent salubrious Efficacy in the Waters; which have so prevalent a Power, that they are far superior to all other Kinds of Remedies.*

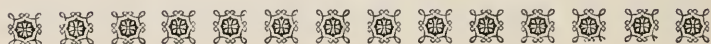
P A R T the Fourth.

YORK: Printed and Sold by the Author THO. GENT,
 in Petergate, Anno Dom. MDCCXLII.



As CHRIST, when young, was clasp'd within the Arms
 Of Heav'n's blest Virgin, and secur'd from Harms ;
 So oft it happens, that the Just protect
 The Innocent, and not their Cause neglect :
 Speak in Defence to Magistrates of Towns ;
 And for Truth's Sake disvalue Smiles or Frowns.
 Thus BU'NO acted with religious Heart,
 As you will find perusing of this Part :
 Which I have strove, with no small Pains, to make
 The Reading pleafant for the Reader's Sake :
 And hope 'twill laft for Ages yet to come,
 Since to ferve Others I my Life confume.

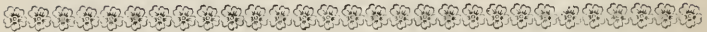
“ Aliis ferviens meipfum contero.”







THE FOURTH PART OF
The Holy LIFE and DEATH of
 S. WINEFRED.



Continuation of the Tenth CHAPTER.

Containing a further ACCOUNT of St. *Buno's* Piety.

THE King's fair Son, CADWALLON, did bestow
 Some (156) Lands likewise the Structure to enlarge.
 Whilst the Foundations laying were below,
 A Gentlewoman did the work discharge.
 A little Child was clasp'd within her Arms;
 When with these Words she thus the Saint alarms:

BUNO, *she said*, the Land is none of your's;
 But this sweet Infant's, by Inheritance.
 He answer'd, Lady, He that Wrong procures,
 Deserves no Good from Men, or Heav'n's Defence.
 Come to the Palace, where your Eyes may see
 The royal Prince, who sign'd this Gift to me.

So

So at (157) *Caermarthen* on a Day they met,
 The young Man sitting near his Father's Throne.
 'Twas wrong, *faid* BU'NO, me, alas! to treat,
 In granting Lands, which were not, Sir, your own.
 Return the homag'd Scepter, which I gave
 To hold with greater Right than what I have.

Vex'd was the Prince, and fir'd at the Heart :
 Nor would give back what BU'NO had requir'd.
 The Priest, thus griev'd, did excommunicate
 The royal Youth, and from the Court retir'd.
 The noble (158) *Gwiddant*, hearing the Complaint,
 Call'd for his Steed, and overtook the Saint.

Stay, holy Man! he *faid*, your Words recall,
 And for our aged King, his Son, and me,
 Offer your Pray'rs: Accept what now I shall
 Out of my own Estate free grant to thee :
 A Township fair, to build, and there implore
 Blessings from Heav'n, ne'er to be troubled more.

The Saint thus soften'd at the Noble's Speech,
 Bles'd him as *David* did fair (159) *Abigail* ;
 Pleading for *Nabal*, that most furly Leech,
 By Riches curs'd, and like by them to fail :
 Your Offer, Sir, *faid* BU'NO, I receive :
 May Heav'n reward, and add to what you have !

Then

(157) Or Caernarvon, called *Cear Seiont*, and by the Roman Emperor ANTONINUS Segontium; where a Church was dedicated in Honour of St. SIMPLICIUS.

(158) He was Cousin German to Prince CADWELLON, or CADWALLON, &c. St. Bu'no also came of royal Extract, in Montgomeryshire, at the Fall of the River Rhyw, that runs into Severn, and thence called Aberhyw. St. Gundeleyus was his Grandfather, and St. Dangelus his Tutor. His Father Binf descended from Cadel Prince of Glesfiwig; his Mother from Anna, Queen of the Picts, Sister to the great K. Arthur.

(159) I. SAM. xxv. 32, 33, &c. And blessed be thou, &c.

Then did he (160) build a Church most neat and fair,
 The Isles cros-ways, and stately to behold;
 With lofty Turrets foaring in the Air,
 Whose Spires did glitter like to burnish'd Gold:
 And soon he rais'd a Monastery of Fame,
 Which to his Praise was called by his Name.

Here with the Clergy, sweetly spending Time,
 Did them assist in serving of the Poor.
 The Comfortless he cheer'd with Thoughts sublime,
 And mov'd the Rich to give some of their Store;
 Since CHRIST would largely balance such a Sum,
 When he in Glory as their Judge did come.

Thus having lived to a good old Age,
 A bright Example to the Just around;
 And Death at length had mov'd him from Earth's Stage,
 A noble (161) Sepulchre his Body found:
 Whilst his Remembrance do's with Honour last, (162)
 Which Time thro' rolling Ages ne'er could blast.

C H A P .

(160) *Some disagree when it was erected; but from the MONASTICON, 'tis certain the Place was called Clunok Vaus, or Vaur, or Klynog-Vaur, in Caernarvonshire, almost as large as St. DAVID'S Cathedral. A new Church was erected contiguous to it.*

(161) *He dy'd in 660. His Memory in the English MARTYROLOGY is celebrated on the 14th of January.*

(162) *In memoria aeterna erit justus.* His Body was bury'd in the Parish Church, near *Porth y Cassul*, or the Port of the Vestment, by reason of the Token sent from *S. WINEFRED*, where the Sea runs up as an Inlet. His Tomb is said to be remaining; and her History was most curiously painted in the Glass Windows thereof.

C H A P . X I.

The Argument.

*How WINEFRED did yield her Breath,
With her Translation after Death ;
And from far distant Parts did come
Pilgrims, who visited her Tomb.*

THE lovely Virgin, more and more renown'd,
For those bright Virtues which adorn'd her Mind ;
In ev'ry Duty like the rest was found,
And doing Good to *All* she knew inclin'd ;
Those who were tempted quickly she'd perceive ;
And, thro' GOD'S Help, most ghosly Councils gave.

More by Intreaty, than by harsh Command,
She over all did sweet Obedience gain ;
To hear her Praises she would never stand,
But rather Pray'rs from Pilgrims poor obtain.
For nothing that superfluous appear'd,
But what was only necessary, car'd.

Patience with Perseverance crown'd her Mind,
And frequent Invocations grac'd her Tongue ;
Her Extasies and Raptures were refin'd,
Her Voice like Angel's when sweet *Hymns* she sung :
Her Love to JESUS did all Hearts inflame ;
She always sigh'd, when e'er she heard his Name.

And as *GOD'S* wonderful in all his Saints,
Mirac'lous Cures she often did perform ;
Sick People eas'd of all their sad Complaints,
And even those who did thro' Madness storm.
Nay, her Discourse did Malefactors turn,
And make them for their great Offences mourn.

As

As late one Night St. WIN'FRED (164) kneel'd at Pray'rs :
 She seem'd encircled as with Rays of Light ;
 When to her wond'rous Joy, there, lo ! appears
 (165) Her LORD she thought, thro' Faith, before her Sight :
 Who signify'd that Death was drawing near,
 And bid her for her latter End prepare.

" *Thy Will be done,*" my dearest LORD ! said she,
 Your Sight's delightful to my longing Mind :
 Pleas'd at Release from Captivity,
 Now my Desire I firmly hope to find.
 " *Thy Kingdom come*" ! Who can thy blest'd Words say,
 Yet wish for Earth's Enjoyments, here to stay ? (166)

Alas ! sweet LORD ! dire Sins strive to furround,
 And from Temptations none are scarcely free ! (167)
 Thy Number, soon, accomplished, be found !
 'Mongst whom, I trust, thou hast selected me !
 Thy precious Arms will thine in Safety clofe :
 O let my Soul with thee find blest'd Repose.

Fear

(164) *Beati servi illi, quos cum venerit Dominus, invenerit vigilantes.*

(165) Thus did our Blessed Saviour appear unto St. PAUL in Jerusalem, Acts xxii. ver. 18 to 21. And another time, when he gave Encouragement to bear Witness of Him in Rome, Cap. xxiii. 11. Besides, Church History tells us of that *Miracle of Grace, and Nature's Beauty, the fair Saint Potamiana, (martyr'd about the Year 205, along with the Virgin Herhais) who appeared the third Night after Execution to Basilides the Soldier, who with Tears had been obliged to conduct her to the Flames ; when, holding a starry Diadem over his head, she inspired him to Christianity, by which he obtain'd the Crown of Martyrdom. About the same time S. Perpetua had a Vision a little before she suffer'd, of a narrow golden Ladder edg'd with Knives, &c. And Zoe, who had been hung by the Hair, and suffocated, the succeeding Night encouraged S. Sebastian ; who was cruelly wounded with Arrows, and most barbarously whipt to Death.*

(166) *Quid rogamus & petimus, ut adveniat regnum cœlorum, si captivitas terrena delectat ?*

(167) *Nemo tam beatus vivit, quin plurimis obnoxius vivat periculis : & raro periculum sine periculo vitatur.* DREX.

Fear not, faid CHRIST; I ne'er forsake my own,
 But come to ferve them in their greatest Need;
 Angels shall guide thee to my Father's Throne;
 A second Time thou shalt not for me bleed.
 Watch for the Hour of Death, to waft thee o'er
 Where (168) Safety dwells, ne'er to be ship-wreck'd more.

My Lord, *faid she*, my Father! All in All!
 Sweet are the Words that from my Spouse I hear.
 I'll wait, obey the only happy'ft Call,
 That can translate me to an higher Sphere! (169)
 Tho' Nature mourns, for Change of Joy it weeps;
 And each alternate Passion Vigil keeps.

That I may enter in Heav'n's furthest Gate, (170)
 Where doubtful Spirits can't my Soul turmoil; (171)
 Both Day and Night I shall my Bridegroom wait,
 My Lamp supply with constant flowing Oil.
 O happy Moment! when from hence I fever,
 Once more, thro' Death, to live with Thee for ever! (172)

To St. ELERIUS she her Vision told,
 And some time after to her Virgins dear!
 The News so damp't them, like a shiv'ring Cold,
 That for a while they could not shed a Tear.
 But when that Grief was settled in its Throne,
 Then Show'rs and Streams did from their Eyes run down.
Weep

(168) *Felix litus! securus portus! in quo nemo, nisi volens, naufragatur.*

(169) *Finis calamitatum, transitus ad immortalitatem.*

(170) PSAL. LV. 6. and LXIII. also PSAL. LXXXIV.

(171) HEB. XI. 25.

(172) *Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum, ita desiderat anima mea ad te, Deus! Cupio dissolvi & esse cum Christo. Vid. Psal. xlii. 1. and Phil. i. 23.*

Weep not, *said she*, 'tis my Creator's Will,
 To follow dear THEONIA to Rest;
 Nor think but what I shall be useful still;
 My Pray'rs for you shall be amongst the Blest.
 Unto my heav'nly Spouse I am to go;
 Then joy with me, since He will have it so.

O good ELERIUS, dear Confessor! come,
 The Sacrament let me with Hope receive;
 Since 'tis the only fure *Viaticum*,
 To guide my better Part beyond the Grave.
 Virgins, be mindful; think of what has past,
 That you and I may meet in Heav'n at last.

O let my Body near THEONIA lye
 Close as you may to that blest *Matron's* Side.
 So said, she look'd around with tender Eye,
 Bless'd them once more, then clos'd her Lids, and dy'd.
 Peaceful, she breath'd her last within their Arms:
 And as she liv'd, so dy'd with Angel's Charms. (173)

Whilst doleful Sounds came from the Passing-Bell,
 An (174) ancient Custom calling all to Pray'rs;
 And *Requiem*s sing, as good Historians tell,
 When precious Souls are eas'd from their Cares:
 So nothing was there wanting to reveal
 The piercing Grief that ev'ry one did feel.

No

(173) *Mr. GAUTHER writes, That she deceased Anno CHRISTI 664, on the 4th Day before the Nones of November. (The Nones, or 6th Day, after the Kalends: Which latter is the 1st Day after the Months of March, May, June, and October; in the rest the 4th.) Others place her Death much later.*

(174) *Quod cum illa audisset, suscitavit cunctas sorores & in ecclesiam convocatas, orationibus & psalmis pro anima matris operam dare monuit."*
 BED. Ven.

For such a Saint, who had so high excell'd,
 Most moving Accents thro' the Buildings rung;
 No piteous Eye but what with Waters well'd,
 No Praise was wanting from each grateful Tongue.
 She's gone! they cry'd, where Heav'nly Joy's in Store;
 But gone from us, alas! for evermore!

The good ELERIUS said the Fun'ral Pray'rs,
 And others sung the Dirge sweet and divine;
 The (†) Grave, all humid with their falling Tears,
 Became illustrious thro' the Virgin's Shrine:
 For Miracles, most evident display'd,
 Did raise the Glory of this virtuous Maid.

The Priest, as (175) One asserts, did then retire
 Into a Defart; Others (176) write, to *France*:
 There, near a (177) River, but a Fountain nigher,
 A (178) Chapel to GOD'S Honour did advance.
 But, willing for to lay his Bones in *Wales*
 Amongst the Saints, he to fair *Cambria* fails.

Not long, methinks, he after this did live (179)
 On Earth, but went to meet the Saint in Heav'n;
 Where his blest'd Soul did certainly receive
 Those just Rewards that to the Saints are giv'n:
 Whilst in the Church his Memory did bloom,
 For Wonders wrought to Pilgrims at his Tomb. (180)

Long

(†) *It was near to that of Theonia, where former Saints were interred. Amongst 'em were S. Chæbeus of Anglesea, and S. Senan; one at her Head, the other at her Side, both famous for Miracles.*

(175) PITS in ELER. (176) MALBRANQUE, &c.

(177) Lifaine. *This and the Fountain (says CRESSY) in ancient times afforded great Benefit and Help to the Inhabitants of the adjacent Places and Strangers. But (179) the same Gentleman does not, through Obscurity of Writers, ascertain the exact time of his Death.* (178) Luxueil.

(180) *In a Church erected to his Name and Memory.*

Long lay S. *WIN' FRED'S* Corpse in *Guitherine*,
 To which all Sorts of Pilgrims did resort :
 Amongst them Nobles visited her Shrine,
 To seek for Blessings from the heav'nly Court.
 And as her Well was honour'd ; so her Tomb,
 For Wonders done, appeared fresh in Bloom.

For as a Lab'rer struck an ancient Oak,
 Near to the Church, where Pilgrims often pray'd,
 His Hand and Ax were fasten'd with the Stroke,
 That might have spoilt the beauty of the Shade :
 But as in Tears, projected from the Ground,
 He begg'd Remittance, so he Mercy found.

The very Thieves, when they had Mischiefs done,
 Were terrify'd with horrid gloomy Thoughts ;
 Brought to confess before the Altar Stone,
 And there detest their sacrilegious Fau'ts :
 Or else deep Vengeance, thro' tormenting Pains,
 Enwrap their Bodies, like to burning Chains.

A certain (181) Priest, in First King *William's* Reign,
 Had such Distempers none could truly tell,
 Until two Brethren, sent to ease his Pain,
 Went to the Chapel of fair *Holy-Well* ;
 Where saying Pray'rs, as order'd in a Dream,
 From that blest'd Hour he most found became.

A Carpenter, who had a Daughter dear,
 Born blind, and us'd to mourn her Loss of Sight ;
 When Fame had touch'd the Organs of her Ear,
 The Cures there done, beyond dim Reason's Light ;
 She begg'd her Sire to lead her to the Place,
 And then as unto Heav'n she told her Case.

O pity

(181) *Belonging to a famous Monastery begun A.D. 1087, by Earl ROGER of Montgomery, (to whom the Conqueror had given Shropshire) and his pious Lady, at Shrewsbury, near Severn.*

O pity me, she said, a Virgin poor !

*That can't thy Wonders view ; but yet conceive,
By what I've heard, dear God ! thy wondrous Pow'r
To faithful Mortals, very near their Grave.*

So said, she in the Stream did bathe her Head,
And after that was to the Chapel led.



Most of that Night she pray'd, for *Win'frid's* Sake,
That GOD her seal'd-up Eye-lids would unclofe :
And that her grateful Soul would Off'rings make,
When, lo ! soft Slumber gave her sweet Repose ;
And, whilst awaking from angelick Dreams, (182)
She view'd, what oft she'd felt, *Sol's* radiant Beams. (183)
'Twas

(182) *And upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit, JOEL ii. Part of Ver. 29. And in 32 Ver. Whosoever shall call on the Name of the LORD, shall be delivered, &c.*

(183) The Miracles, related by St. AUG. *de Civit. Dei*, Lib. xxii. Cap. 8, are very surprizing ; and the more, because he says he was a
Witness

'Twas in the * Year 'Lev'n Hundred Thirty Eight,
 The Abbot (184) HERBERT sent 7 Monks to *Wales*;
 They went to *Bangor's* See, where DANIEL sat
 Of old as Bishop, and their Suit reveals
 To mitred DAVID, who most courteous sent
 Them to a Lord, to further their Intent.

That Nobleman did think their Errand good,
 Thus the blest'd Virgin's Relicks to desire;
 But seem'd afraid the People Umbrage shou'd
 Take in their Hearts, if Heav'n did not inspire.
 So with his Words they joyful did appear;
 And yet immediate fell in sudden Fear.

Nor

Witness to some of them: A blind Man and Woman receiving Sight; the wonderful Cures of *Innocentius* and *Innocentia*; of a converted Physician; paralytick Persons eased; Places and Dæmoniacs dispossessed; the Oppressed wonderfully relieved in extreme Penury, Sicknefs, &c. All these by visiting the revealed Graves or Shrines of Saints, with Acts agreeable to their Conversion and Faith, by holy Baptism, Prayer, and Charity. And, writing of the miraculous Cure (at *Uzali*, near *Utica*) of the noble Lady *Petronia*, who was much devoted to St. *Stephen*, and living in this Father's Time, he has these remarkable Words: *Non credunt hoc, qui etiam Dominum JESUM per integra virginalia matris enixum, & ad discipulos ostiis clausis ingressum fuisse non credunt. Sed hoc certè quærant, & si verum invenerint, illa credant. Clarissima femina est, nobiliter nata, nobiliter nupta, Carthagine habitat: ampla civitas, ampla persona, rem quærentes latere non sinunt. Martyr certè ipse, quo impetrante illa sanata est, in filium permanentis virginis credidit, in eum qui ostiis clausis ad discipulos ingressus est, credidit. Postremò, propter quod omnia ista dicuntur à nobis, in eum qui ascendit in cælum cum carne, in qua resurrexerat, credidit: & ideo per eum tanta fiunt, quia pro ista fide animam posuit. Fiunt ergo etiam nunc multa miracula: eodem Deo faciente per quos vult, & quemadmodum vult, &c.*

(*) 1138.

(184) Who presided over the aforefaid Monastery.

Nor without Cause : For many flood against

The Messengers, 'till (185) Visions made it known,
That Heav'n, who's honour'd, glorifies the Saints,

And which on this Translation set them on :
So when allow'd to enter Holy Isle,
With great Devotion there they pass'd a while.

They saw the healing Oyl flow from her Tomb,

Which, like (186) *Glyceria's*, wond'rous Cures perform'd :
They smelt the Odours sweet that did perfume ;

And, struck with Wonder, seem'd like Men transform'd.
Now they rejoic'd, then sigh'd, or vented Moans ;
And kiss'd, with Love and Reverence, the Stones.

In finest Linnen they her Bones infold,

And, whilst returning Home, did Wonders do ;
Then in St. *Giles's* Church, fair to behold,

They on the Altar plac'd to publick View.
One Night a poor sick Youth, who did invoke, (187)
Slumb'ring nigh Morn, was heal'd when he awoke.

When

(185) St. Cyprian, lib. iv. says, *That the Vision of the LORD foretold the eighth Persecution. Theodorus, when in extreme Torture, was comforted by an Angel in Form of a blooming Youth. Remarkable was that Vision to King Edwin, written in the History of York ; of that to the noble Virgin Cæcilia ; the Apparitions to S. Sebastian, Lucina, and several others ; particularly of the Martyr Thecla to the Emperor Zeno, as written by the noble Evagrius Scholasticus, lib. iii. c. 8. An extraordinary Vision (resembling our Saviour's to S. Paul, Acts ix. 3, &c.) was that to Genesius, a Comedian, in the reign of Dioclesian, whilst ridiculing the Sacrament of Baptism : Which converting him from a wicked Player to a glorious Martyr, he suffered the greatest Torments, and made his last Exit from the Theatre of this Life with the Applause of the celestial Inhabitants.—Most of these STARS shewing that this World was but like Mount Calvary, which would present 'em with nothing but Crosses and Spectacles of Misery ; encouraging them to suffer Death to gain Heaven, which Kingdom cannot be shaken.*

(186) A Virgin, martyr'd at Heraclea ; from whose Body a Medicinal Oyl proceeding, that perform'd miraculous Cures, occasioned the Emperor Mauritius to visit her Church in that City, and to repair what had been destroy'd by the cruel Barbarians.

(187) The young Man was, it seems, almost bent double ; and having been long time in that miserable Condition, his sudden Relaxation and Recovery became wonderful to the People.

When in Proceſſion theſe dear Relicks were
 Removing to Earl *Roger's* Monaſtry;
 When e'er they paſt, the Streets were dry and clear,
 Whilſt Rains bedew'd the reſt of *Shrewsbury* :
 And in the Church of PETER and St. PAUL,
 On the high Altar, to be ſeen by All,

They plac'd the Saint's Remains, in ſplendid Shrine,
 Where People viſited with tender Love ;
 And as their Faith, ſo Miracles divine
 Did very often to their Comforts prove :
 Both Souls and Bodies found ſweet Solace here,
 Who came with Hearts devout, and Minds ſincere.

Archbiſhop (188) HENRY, who rul'd *Cantium's* See,
 Was ſo much moved when he heard her Fame,
 That in a learn'd conventual Synod, he
 A Feaſt did on *November* Third proclaim.
 In Fourteen Hundred Twenty it was done,
 The annual Time when ſhe her Race had run.

In * Sixteen Hundred Six, a famous Knight,
 Sir ROGER BODENHAM, of *Bath* ſo fair,
 Thro' Quartan Ague, became ſo ſtrange a Sight,
 No Leper foul could worſe than him appear.
 His (189) Doctör learn'd, a choice and ſkilful Man,
 Did all that Mortal¹ cou'd, or ever can.

Sienna

* 1606.

(188) *Henry Chickley*, the 63d from *St. Augustine*, a great Benefactor. He erected part of the South Steeple; founded a Collegiate Church at *Higham-Ferrars*, where he was born; two *Universities* at *Oxon*, &c. dy'd *An.* 1443, and lies in a ſtately Monument on the N. Side of the Cathedral in *Canterbury*.

Sienna boasted where he was profefs'd :

Padua for Practice, and in divers Parts
Of *Italy*, and *England*, was carrefs'd ;

For all that knew him lov'd him in their Hearts.
He to *Augusta's* College, where he'd been, (190)
Sent the Knight's Cafe, and what was done therein.

That learned Train return'd an answer straight,

Nothing in Nature could afford a Cure !
Whilst he, distress'd ! seem'd only Death to wait ;
His Friends Advice true Comfort did procure :
Good Sir ! *said they*, pray bathe in WIN'FRED'S Well.
Remember (191) N A M A A N : Heav'n can Men excell.

'Tis very true, *said he* ; and I'll try there.

So said, his trusty Servants did attend ;
And, whilst he wash'd him in the Waters clear,
Upon a sudden found himself to mend !
How great the Joys that center'd in his Heart,
To find the Cure that was unknown to Art ! (192)

His Family GOD'S wond'rous Goodness prais'd ;
Others, who held the lep'rous Knight in Scorn,
Were at themselves for such a Sin displeas'd,
Since now his Flesh, like to a Child new-born,
All Clean and sweet, appear'd before their Eyes !
Whilst grateful Sounds like Arrows pierc'd the Skies.

'Twas

(189) *John David Rhos*, born in *Wales*, of worthy Parents.

(190) In the College of Physicians, *London*, where he had been Reader to most of that learned and illustrious Body.

(191) II. *Kings* v. 14. *Then went he down, and dipped, &c.*

(192) The Witnesses of this Cure were Sir *Roger's* Lady ; Mrs. *Mary Bodenham*, his Daughter-in-Law ; *William Green*, and his Spouse ; *Richard Bray*, *John Henley*, and other Attendants ; particularly Mr. *Thomas Beale*, Steward, who carry'd the Report of the Knight's Cafe to the College of Physicians.

'Twas * Sixteen Hundred Thirty, when a Wretch
 The Saint derided, and her Pilgrims dear;
 As if the Devil did his Soul bewitch,
 Whilst to his End he was approaching near!
 For the next Day the Jury found him dead, (193)
 And Verdict gave, GOD'S *Judgment on him laid.*

Some, † sev'n Years after, who had much defac'd
 The Virgin's Image; and the Iron Beams
 Had took away, which pious People plac'd
 That Pilgrims might support them in the Streams;
 Their sacrilegious Deeds did Heav'n offend,
 As made them hapless at their latter End.

About that Time a Wonder did commence;
 Mrs. JANE WAKEMAN, with a Cancer griev'd;
 When Doctors gave Opinion to this Sense,
 By Amputation she should be reliev'd;
 Or else must wait a loathsome, ling'ring Death,
 And in a nauseous Stench resign her Breath:

To cut it off she car'd not to agree;
 But, in *June* Sixteen Hundred Thirty Eight,
 Left *London* City, and down hasten'd she
 To *Winfred's* Well, to gain a better State.
 And as the flowing Streams she enter'd in,
 To cease from running did her Sores begin.

The

* 1630.

† 1637.

(193) So did a Judgment fall on two Brothers of the Name of *Styles*, mention'd in the Appendix, *Pag.* 28. of my Second Volume of Antiquities, concerning the Abbey of *Kirkstall*.

The third Time did the Gentlewoman heal
 To the Surprize of her beloved Spoufe, (194)
 Joyful to see what GOD did so reveal,
 That both to Heav'n might offer up their Vows!
 Three Children afterwards to him she bore;
 Then quitted Life to live for evermore.

And some * Years after this divine Relief,
 Once Mrs. CLEC a Pilgrimage did take
 On Foot from *Worcester*, to ease her Grief,
 That many Years did her uneasy make:
 At *Kidderminster* call'd on Cousin COOK,
 And told the Reason she her Journey took.

A Bed-rid Woman, kept on Parish-Pay,
 Heard what she said in an adjoining Room;
 And calling, as departing on her Way,
 The pious Pilgrim back again did come:
 To whom the Woman said, *This Penny take,*
And give it some poor Creature for my Sake.

But tell such in the Holy-Well to go,
And pray sincere that I my Limbs may gain:
My Faith does tell me Heav'n will grant it so,
And that I shall be eased of my Pain,
If 'tis but done, as I cou'd wish to do;
And this dear Mistress! I beseech of you.

'Twas done, and instantaneous was the seen
 Perfect and well by all who dwelt around;
 Which Mr. BRIDGES, who'd High-Sheriff been,
 Recorded as a Miracle profound;
 And Mrs. CLEC, returning, was amaz'd,
 As she on the late Bed-rid Woman gaz'd.

Mifs

* 1647.

(194) Mr. John Wakeman, in Roughley, of Horsham Parish. He saw the dead Wretch, who had abused the Pilgrims.

Miss MARY NUMAN, when but five Years old,
 Thro' Ague and Fever all her Limbs did lose.
 Of her sad Pains the reigning King was told,
 And his Physicians utmost Skill did use:
 Touch'd by the Monarch; then to *Bath* she went,
 And unto *Scotia's* fairest Springs was sent.

She fail'd to *France*; in second Grape-Prefs put;
 Touch'd by that Country's King to ease her Pain;
 Did visit *Sichem*; Places most devout;
 Amongst the rest was at fair *Aquifgrane*:
 In *Belgia* too, where an *Italian* Prince
 Advice did give, but not her Cure evince.

In * *Lusitanian* Baths she oft did lave;
 But still a Cripple prov'd as at the first;
 And twice St. *Winifred's* Well did her receive,
 Which made her think her Case to be the worst;
 'Till calling to her Mind what BU'NO said,
 "THREE VISITS *should unto the Well be made*":

'Twas Sixteen Hundred Sixty Six, in *June*,
 She came again; and, as a tender Child,
 Was put therein; when, bathing, very soon
 Found that her faithful Heart was not beguil'd.
 Sore Pains she felt; but then they were not vain;
 For ev'ry Joint mov'd to its Place again.

No dislocated Bones sad Forms display:
 But on her Feet with comely Gesture stood!
 And, when she had been led a little Way,
 Walk'd of herself within the streaming Flood.
 She wept for Joy, thank'd Heav'n for being heal'd,
 And soon to fair *Hibernia's* Isle she fail'd.

HUGH

* *Portugal.*

HUGH WILLIAMS, but a lad of nine Years old,
 Try'd once to leap quite o'er the limpid Well;
 But, as tho' punish'd for a Crime too bold,
 He prov'd too weak, and in the Water fell:
 All gave him o'er for drown'd; or, yet as ill,
 Thought kill'd beneath the Pavement and the Mill.

There were about two Inches Space between,
 And yet escap'd thro' Means none certain knew:
 For by a Youth a fishing he was seen
 Creep from a Ditch, with only los of Shoe!
 Except a little Skin from Ankle torn,
 An Indication what he might have borne!

CORNELIUS NICH'LAS, aged seventeen Years,
 Struck by a Blast, liv'd in corroding Pain;
 'Till, in a Barrow plac'd, to ease his Cares,
 The tender-hearted *Well* drove him amain
 To the fair Well; when, bathing in the Stream,
 His Strength return'd, and he most sound became.

So ROGER WHETSTONE, sixty Years of Age,
 Much indispos'd, repaired to the Well;*
 To wash with others car'd not to engage,
 But drank the Water, and asleep he fell.
 When he awoke, his Crutches threw aside,
 And thus in joyful Raptures out he cry'd:

Thrice happy Streams, that thus have set me free!
 How shall I tell the Joys that fill my Heart?
 Blest Tongue that hither has directed me!
 To raise my Soul, and ease my Body's Smart!
 Delightful Spring! Comfort of the Oppress'd,
 O may thy Streams for evermore be blest!

Long

Long have have I liv'd in *Sidmore*, many Years,
 And most industrious earn'd my daily Bread,
 Until that Sicknefs fill'd me full of Cares;
 And then my Hands could scarce support my Head!
 When, being much reduc'd, I grew so poor,
 That I was forc'd to beg from Door to Door.

Ten Days I have been coming to this Place;
 And if Ten Hundred, sure 'tis worth my Pains:
 For what is Life depriv'd of Health, or Grace?
 Or can Wealth equal happy Pilgrims Gains?
 Oh! that mine Eyes may still be running o're,
 Thro' Gratitude, 'till I can weep no more!

Tremendous Being! who rules over all,
 And whom the holy Virgin did obey;
 My Soul of thy most wond'rous Mercy shall
 Give Testimony to my dying Day:
 That ev'ry People may draw near to THEE,
 And praise Thy Name by what they see of me,

Then, with exploring Eyes, when he espy'd
 The sanguine Stones, he beat his aged Heart:
 His flowing Tears did with the Waters glide:
 He knew not how to stay, or well depart:
 The People joy'd to find his Strength renew'd;
 And yet they wept to see his Cheeks bedew'd.

Thus mighty Wonders can th'ALMIGHTY work
 Unto the Lame, the Dumb, the Deaf, or Blind:
 He cures Distempers, which in Bodies lurk;
 And to his faithful Creatures is most kind.
 Above the World's Philosophy He knows;
 And to the Humblest greatest Pity shows.

Now

Now let us love CHRIST'S Church with all our Hearts,
 'Tis orthodox, most faithful, and divine!
 And let our Pray'rs ascend like quiv'ring Darts;
 That, as in Suff'rings did Her Martyrs shine;
 So may She triumph in the Realms above,
 Where all is Peace, and Harmony, and Love.



Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini Tuo da gloriam.

PSAL. cxv. 1.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

The Argument.

*St. WINEFRED'S furpassing Well, (195)
 Of which the learned Doctors tell :
 Diseases run to vast Extreame,
 That still are cured by the Streams.
 Judgments from either mundane Cause,
 Or Miracle, 'bove Nature's Laws :
 How GOD, who is Omnipotence,
 Oft acts beyond all human Sense.*

WITHIN a little Church, near which the Saint
 Was decollated by the Heathen Prince ;
 Most curious Artists did her Hist'ry paint,
 Fair on the Glasse, the World for to convince :
 At least display Tradition from an old,
 Deliver'd down by Pen, in Words oft told.

Clofe

(195) 'Tis in *Flintshire*, not far from *Desert Castle*, supposed to be so called from its Solitude. And here I cannot omit the very Words of CAMDEN : *Sub hoc Haliwell, i.e. fons sacer, WENEFRIÐÆ virginis memoria quæ stuprum per vim oblatum ibi morte luit, & musco gratissimi odoris longè est celeberrimus, ex quo emanat fluviolus statim eximius, pârque molæ agendæ, tanto impetu prouit.* Several have expatiated, with Enlargements in their Translations ; of which I shall quote only that of the Bp. of London, viz. *Under this Place I view'd Holy-Well, a small Town, where there's a Well much celebrated for the Memory of Win'fred, a Christian Virgin, ravish'd here, and beheaded by a Tyrant ; as also for the Moss it yields of a very sweet Scent. Out of the Well a small Brook flows (or rather breaks forth thro' the Stones, on which are seen I know not what kind of Blood-Spots) and runs with such a violent Course, that immediately it's able to turn about a Mill. But a later Writer asserts, That the said SPRING in VIEW turns THREE Mills in Breast ; and several Mills below them that never wanted Water.*

Cloſe to the ſame a pretty Chapel ſtands, (196)
 Of curious Stone, well wrought, as Authors tell;
 Or from a Rock, which choice laborious Hands
 Had hewn exactly, ſhading o'er the Well:
 Whoſe lovely Waters beautifully do ſhine,
 Tranſlucent, like to (197) *living* Streams divine. (198)

Here Pilgrims from remoteſt Parts reſort,
 And ſhivering in the Streams do mingle Tears;
 When looking up towards the heav'nly Court,
 They pierce the Heav'ns with moſt pathetick Pray'rs:
 When, lo! the Heat of bleſſ'd ſupernal Love,
 Superior to the piercing Cold do's prove.

Courageouſly they ſink beneath the Streams,
 With Vows alacrious in tranſporting wiſe,
 That Heav'n might help them in their worſt Extreame,
 And fend down Bleſſings from the arched Skies:
 Not only make their Bodies clean and found,
 But deck their Souls with piety profound.

Now

(196) Dedicated to the Memory of St. WINEFRED: Her Life was written firſt by St. *Elerius* aforeſaid; from him *Robertus Salopiensis*, (in *Latin*) who added her Tranſlation, dedicated to another *Benedictine* Prior GUARINUS of *Worceſter*, and approved by *Baronius*, *Pitts*, *Possevinus*, and *Surius*. The learned Mr. *John Flood*, Mr. *Cressy*, and ſome others, have treated of this bleſſed Virgin; and I hope what I have done with a pious Intent will not be unacceptable to my kind Readers.

(197) *Joh.* iv. 10, 11, 14. and Chap. vii. Ver. 38.

(198) *Rev.* vii. 17, and Chapter xxii. 1. Verſe 17.

Now more they see than once they only heard,
A Spring in Wales had done unnumber'd Cures ;
 FAITH here is strengthen'd ; REASON undebar'd,
 In finding what the Pow'r divine procures.
 CHRIST to His CHURCH will *Ever* prove a Friend,
 Since promis'd to be with them *to the End.* (199)



(199) *Mat. xxviii. 20. I am with you alway, &c.*

The END of the Fourth PART.

British P I E T Y Display'd
 In the GLORIOUS
 LIFE, Suffering, and DEATH
 Of the Blessed
 St. WINEFRED :

A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales* : Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their miserable Distempers in past Centuries : The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.— Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt Opera Tua, D O M I N E !

“*DEUS ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excellentissimas recondit vires salutare, quarum tanta est præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remediorum generibus sint superiores.*” That is, *The Most Glorious and Omnipotent God has conceal'd the greatest and most excellent salubrious Efficacy in the Waters ; which have so prevalent a Power, that they are far superior to all other Kinds of Remedies.*

P A R T the Fifth.

YORK: Printed and Sold by the Author THO. GENT,
 in Petergate, Anno Dom. MDCCXLII.



THE FIFTH PART OF
The Holy LIFE and DEATH of
 S. WINEFRED.

Continuation of the Twelfth CHAPTER.

THO' to St. *Win'frid's* Streams the Sick do come,
 Where late lame Persons Crutches leave behind;
 Tho' Weak find Strength so as to travel Home; (200)
 And precious Sight is given to the Blind:
 Most leprous Persons cleans'd, and so renew'd,
 As once more blest'd with new-born Flesh and Blood:

Yet Men will think some subterraneous Stream,
 By Miners turned from its ancient Course,
 Was the first Cause; thro' Rains less clear became;
 Or bluish Colour, still made worse and worse:
 As tho' some Mines of Lead lay in its Way; (201)
 Or else proceeded from an harden'd Clay.

That learn'd (202) GIRALDUS never heard its Praise;
 And, consequently, was not in his Time:
 Who liv'd Five Hundred Years since *Bu'no's* Days,
 When He and *Win'frid* flourish'd in their Prime:
 Nor view'd he any Pilgrims in their Weeds,
 Who gave Account of such amazing Deeds.

But

(200) Especially those newly recover'd of the *Small Pox*.

(201) "The subterraneous Family of Minerals is a coagulable (or "congealed") fat Humidity; a Mixture of Fire, Air, and pure Earth over-cast with Water." *So writes a Gentleman.*

(202) *Cambrensis*, so call'd for his being a Native of *Wales*. His Christian Name was *Sylvester*. That this *Man* could adore both the falling and rising Sun, by the Death of *K. Henry II.* and Succession of King *Richard I.*, this is ascrib'd unto him:

But others fay, That AUTHOR did but dream,
 When writing of the (203) Silver Veins below ;
 Or had no Mind to fspread the Virgin's Fame,
 Like (204) One concealing what he well might know :
 Nor could the Monks fo ftrange a wonder tell,
 If GOD'S great Power had not caus'd her Well. (205)

This fubtle, fluid FORCE appears divine,
 They fay; and is a Miracle indeed :
 Will not allow the Story of the Mine ;
 Or that it fhould from any Caufe proceed,
 But HIM, who Nature and its Laws did make, (206)
 That fhew'd this Wonder for His Martyr's Sake.

Thus

Miro cano, sol occubuit, nox nulla sequuta.

The former Prince, whose Life he wrote, had call'd him from his Travels to be his Secretary ; and fent him as Tutor to his Son *John in Ireland*. He not only exhibited the Actions of his Pupil, but alfo the History of that Nation with great Applaufe. The like Praise he obtain'd by his *Itinerarium of Wales and Britain*, with a Chronicle of English Tranfactions, &c.

(203) *Propè hunc locum, Giraldi atate, erat ut ipse scribit, "dives "vena, fructuosumque argenti scrutinium, ubi pecuniam scrutando itum est "in viscera terræ."* THAT IS, *Near unto this Place in the Time of Giraldus,— There was a rich and profitable Vein of Silver ; in searching after which more diligently, no Pains were spared to enter into the very Bowels of the Earth.*

(204) *Tho' the learned Works of Venerable BEDE, an English Saxon, are highly approved of by several Authors ; yet they do not seem well pleased that he confined himself to treat only of his Country Saints ; quite omitting those of the ancient Britons, (and of Ireland, except St. FURSIUS, who built a Monastery in Suffolk near the Sea, thro' the Favour of King SIGHBERT) amongst whom I find to have been many pious and illustrious Personages, such as S. Urfula, S. David, St. Dubricius, St. Patricius, S. Kentigern, Bishop of St. Afaph, S. Sampfon, S. Theliau, S. Justinian, &c.*

(205) *Et dixit DEUS, cujus nomen sanctificetur , Fecimus ex Aqua omnem rem.*
Ex Lib. sacro.

(206) "The ALMIGHTY, on account of His dominion, is called "Lord God, pantocrator, or Universal Ruler. [Du, an Arabic Word, (in "the oblique case di) signifies only Lord, from which a learned "Gentleman has derived *Deus*.] He is Eternal, Infinite, Omnipotent, "Omniscient, &c.

Thus, hon'ring HER, HIS Goodness *still* is shown.

Fresh Wonders cause his Power more to shine;
And that to all devoted Hearts is known,

Whereby to Pray'rs and Praises they incline;
When, for her Sake, each wounded Soul implores;
And, with strong Faith, revisits Seas and Shores.

As grateful Patients, long thro' Pains oppress'd,
Recall to Mind THOSE who have giv'n Relief;
And hon'ring Them, like Guardian Angels blest'd,
With moving Words, express their former Grief:
So when heal'd Pilgrims think of *Win'frid's* Well,
They weep thro' Love, and of her Virtues tell.

Tokens most dear! For as learn'd Doctors melt
In Love to those who love Them and their Art:
So Heav'n has often for our Suff'rings felt
Grief sympathetick, like a tender Heart:
For mutual Joys will evermore abound,
Where due respect or Adoration's found.

Far be (207) *Lucretius'* Thoughts, like rocky Shelves,
That GOD of Human Nature takes no Care;
Or that supernal Powers, of Themselves,
Live undisturb'd, or sprung at first from *Fear*, (208)
Which proves, if ‡ *Nature nothing doth in vain*.
As *Fear* in *All*, so GOD on Earth will reign.

Did

‡ Arist.

(207) TITUS LUCRETIVS CARUS, a Roman, who taught the Doctrine of EPICURUS, a temperate Man, that placed the *summum bonum* in mental Felicity, but unhappily deny'd divine Providence. "Tully corrected his Writings. VIRGIL eagerly studied them, as Macrobius and Gellius witness; the latter, like Ovid, calling him *Poetam ingenio & facundia præcellentem*; and Cornelius Nepos hath placed him *inter elegantissimos Poetas*." M. Gravina, who lately at Rome published a Book concerning Poetry, does not approve these Words of Quintilian: Nam Macer & Lucretius legendi quidem, sed non ut phrasin, id est corpus eloquentiæ faciant

Did not TIBERIUS, that *wife* Emp'ror dread

The Stings of Conscience which did often wound? (209)

So *poor* CALIG'LA crept beneath the Bed,

When Lightning blaz'd, and Thunder did refound?

And WOLSEY, near his Death, betray'd sad Fears,

As if that *GOD* forfook him in gray Hairs! (210)

But that there is Reward and Punishment, (211)

Throughout the Scriptures, Instances are found:

To Hell great, *learned*, wicked Souls were sent;

And those, less *knowing*, in bright Glory crown'd: (212)

Judgments and Mercies in the World have been;

As have been *heard, felt, understood, and seen.*

What

faciant: Elegantes in sua quisque materia, sed alter humilis, alter difficilis.—On the contrary, *Gravina* says, he was a very great Poet; of surprizing Facility, and full of Majesty mix'd with Sweetness, considering the intricate Subjects he wrote upon. And tho' some persons have styled him what I care not to repeat after them: Yet Archbishop Tillotson, who has most learnedly preach'd and wrote against Atheism; while he professes him to have been but a bad Maker and Contriver of the World, however admires his Composition. His *fortuitous* Beginning of the Universe, tho' absurd, that great Divine says is very elegantly expressed;

Sed quibus ille modis conjectus, &c. Lib. 5. Pag. 142.

Englisht by the Rev. Mr. Creech, pag. 153. Edit. 5. of *Epicurean* Philosophy; to both, or either of which, I refer my Reader.

(208) *Primum in orbe Deos fecit Timor.*

(209) *C. Sueton. Tranq. TIBER. Cap. 63.* And tho' he had small regard to Religion; yet he was exceedingly afraid of Thunder. "Tonitrua tamen præter modum expavescibat." So it's less to be wonder'd in the Tyrant his Successor.

(210) Upon the account of that great Cardinal, see my Octavo History of York, pag. 80. But this, and the two former Instances, are *pertinently* mention'd by the afore said Archbishop against the Opinions of such who may think Religion invented by Politicians, and a Juggle of State to cozen the poor ignorant People into Obedience.

(211) Archbishop Dawes has fully written of a future State, sufficient to convince a *corrupt* and *treacherous* generation, almost ruin'd thro' Party Feud and Animosity.

(212) *Surgunt indocti, & cælum rapiunt, &c.* AUG.

What GOD designs, Earth's Power can't put by;
 And, when he pleases, Blessings can withdraw:
 Both give, and take; grant Favours, and deny;
 Please, or afflict; His Will must be our Law.
 When Mortals finn'd; or if repenting were,
 His Gifts withdrew, or did His Bounties share.

† Thus when LYSIMACHUS, did, at *Epire*, (213)
 An Impost raise on the *Tragafæan* Salt;
 Heav'n was displeas'd at such a base Desire,
 And made it vanish for the Taxer's Fault:
 But when he did the publick Right restore,
 It came as freely as it did before.

The Gardens of (214) CENOTRIA, most fair,
 Where best *Calabria's* Manna did descend;
 When by the King of *Naples* clos'd were,
 That People might be tax'd to serve his End:
 GOD took away the Blessings he had giv'n,
 And till the Tribute ceas'd, none came from Heav'n.

So when (215) ANTIGONUS upon the Sick,
 Who came to drink at fair *Edepsum's* Spring,
 A Rate did lay; the royal Miser's Trick,
 Heav'n did repent as an unkingly Thing:
 The new-sprung healthful Waters fled amain,
 And instantaneous perish'd all his Gain.

Thus

† Those three Examples, following the above Mark, I have selected from an excellent Book, intituled, *Holy Living and Dying*, Pag. 171, written by JEREMY TAYLOR, a learned Bishop.

(213) A Country in Greece, bounded E. by Achaia; on the N. by Macedonia; has the Mountains Acroceraunii on the W. and the Ionian Sea on the S.—*Tragafæa* is a Region belonging to Epire.

(214) The Name of Italy, from CENOTRIUS, King of the Sabines.—*Calabria* is an Island that lies on the upper Part, and so very plentiful as to bring forth choice Fruit twice every Year.

(215) Several Kings of Syria were of this royal Name.

Thus as a Friend can't see a Friend oppress'd;
 Or like a Parent who defends his Child:
 So neither Heav'n will flight us when distress'd,
 But yield Protection, when by Foes *beguil'd*!
 Foes most *deceitful*, (like to *crooked* Reeds)
 Who Villains *live*, and *perish* thro' their Deeds.

And as poor honest Pris'ners in a Jayl,
 By vile Betrayers barbarously thrown,
 When some kind Providence affordeth Bayl,
 From which *Timonean* Harpyes long were flown!
 And now exult with Joy that they can see
 That precious Thing once more, call'd LIBERTY:

So, in a mystick Sense, the Wonders wrought, (216)
 With Sighs for heav'nly Streams the Just inspire; (217)
 And strike the Soul, from *Satan* freed, with Thought
 Of grateful Love, and *what* we shou'd desire! (218)
 Just as a Bird escap'd eludes the Snare;
 Takes the right Way, and sings that ail may hear.

Or as a Person soon restor'd to Sight,
 Looks round, amaz'd, and thinks he sweetly dreams;
 Surpris'd with Raptures at bright *Phæbus'* Light,
 Skies, Meadows, Groves, Plains, Mountains, Vales, and Streams!
 So oft' to Mental Sight Heav'n's Views appear,
 Strange and portentive like what *Joseph's* were. (219)

Why

(216) *The springs of water were seen, and the foundations of the world were discover'd at thy chiding, O Lord. Psal. xviii. 15.*

(217) Now "to the pleasing Springs above I'll go;
 "The Springs that in the heav'nly Canaan flow."

(218) "*Quo sitiens igitur peterem de flumine lympham,*
Cum meo tam varium viscera virus edit?
Ah! nisi Te nullo sitis hæc placatur ab haustu,
Tu potes hanc solus fonte domare sitim.
Scis etenim, mea lux, quam te, meus ardor anheles
Cervus ut irrigui fontis anhelat aquas." HER.

(219) *And Joseph dreamed a dream, &c. GEN. xxxviii. 5.*

Why do we wonder (219) GOD has Wonders shewn?

What can't He do, who is Omnipotence?

Did not his Servant MOSES force hard Stone (220)

Even to stream for *Israel's* Life's Defence?

Nay, (221) Oyl and Honey flinty Rocks did yield,

That He might His selected People shield!

Did not ELISHA give the * *Shunnamite*,

When unexpected, a most lovely Son?

And, when † cold Death had took her Heart's Delight,

|| Recall'd swift Life, a longer Race to run!

So PETER *Tabitha* did § wondrous raise;

And *Eutychus*, thro' PAUL, † liv'd Heav'n to praise.

Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs; shining Men!

What have not they perform'd thro' steadfast Faith?

That Virtue, so high-prais'd by sacred Pen,

Mountains to move, as plain the Scripture faith; (222)

Slain ev'n with Breath such who would Ill maintain, ††

Which shew'd their Pow'r, thro' GOD, was not in vain.

When CHRIST was dying, *Sol* did lose its Light:

The Temple rent, Graves open'd, Dead arose!

Earth groan'd and trembl'd, as in horrid Fright;

And Heav'n itself did fearful Signs disclose:

Who then can doubt, by what good Writers tell, ††

But that that the DEITY can form a *Well*?

Did

* II. *Kings* iv. 17. † 20. || 35. § *Acts* ix. 40. † xx. 10.

(219) *ISA.* xl. 12. *Who hath measured the Waters, &c.*

(220) *Rock Horeb*, *Exod.* xvii. 6. (221) *Deut.* xxxii. 13.

(222) *Mat.* xvii. 20. †† *Acts* v. 5th and 10th Verses.

†† For One, see *Dorotheus* of the Prophets, who is commended by *Eusebius*. He lived in the Time of *Diocletian*, &c. He was Minister of the Church of *Antioch*. By Reason his Work was so compendious, he intitl'd it *Synopsis*.

Did *Jewish* Doctors learn'd ISAIAH praise, (223)

That GOD, thro' him, had wrought *Siloam's* Stream?
And to that Martyr dear a Tomb did raise, (224)

That, by his Pray'rs, they might enjoy the fame?
Sure faithful *Britons* to their Praise may own
As *clear* a Spring, and Saint of fair Renown.

Whilst WIN'FRED liv'd on Earth, there many came;
And, by their Pray'rs, with Her's, were speedy cur'd:
Nay, after Death, such, who had heard her Fame,
But unto painful Travels not innur'd;
Or too far distant throughout *Christendom*,
And had not Strength, or Wealth, nor Pow'r to come:

Her Spirit would in Vision oft appear;
Tell for those lovely red-spot Stones to send;
Which, being thrown in Cups of Waters clear,
And drank thereof, would their Distempers mend:
Such, mindful of these visionary Dreams,
Were certain cur'd, when in the worst Extrems.

†CHRIST'S Apparition first converted *Saul*,
But 'twas a * Vision *Ananias* sent:
A Vision too, behold! had *praying* PAUL, ‡
And with *new Light* the || *Holy Ghost* was sent.
So to St. *Peter*, and *Cornelius*, dear §
To Heav'n above, Heav'n's Angels did appear.

Dreams

(223) He was fawn afunder in the Reign of *Manasses*.

(224) His Monument is near those of the Kings of *Jerusalem*.

† *Acts* ix. 3. * 10. ‡ 12. || 17, 18. § *Acts* x. 3, 11, &c.

Dreams often warn us; such when Guardians wait,
 For whom we pray they *may furround our Bed*; (225)
 These, under GOD, preserve our happy State;
 By them to certain Glory we are led:
 'Tis they, they chiefly, evil Spirits chase;
 Fore-arm our Thoughts, or let them rest in Peace.

Thus when Light's streaky Rays o'er Darknefs peep,
 And *Chanticleer's* shrill Notes ill Spirits fright; (226)
 The Innocent, in waking from their Sleep,
 In blissful Hopes find spirit'al Delight:
 The dear remember'd Visions, whilst they pray,
 Rise as the Sun, and flourish with the Day.

Where is the Harm, (ye pious, learn'd Divines!)
 To think, in awful Silence of the Night,
 A fair ingliding Virgin kneeling shines,
 'Midst Rays, more bright than Gold, before our Sight!
 And shews us Streams and Chapels where to find
 Cures for the wounded Body, or the Mind?

To

(225) *Let thy holy Angels pitch their Tents about my Bed, &c. (or our Beds). See the Companion to the Altar, Page 74.*

(226) *See in my Octavo History of York, Page 145, concerning this Tradition, begun in the 4th Century, about afflicted or ill Spirits being frightened away at the Crowing of the Cock: However, it was a good Angel that delivered PETER out of Prison in the Night, Acts xii. 9. And undoubtedly an holy One, even GOD, that wrestled with JACOB; who said, Let me go, for the day breaketh, Gen. xxxii. 26. Good Angels appear both Day and Night. In the Even Two were entertained by Lot; who, in the Morning, set him without the City, Gen. xix. 1. to 16. Those were Spectres of the Night that appeared to trembling Job, valiant Brutus, religions Anthony, and other eminent Personages mentioned by LAVATOR in his Book de Spectris. Whilst some assert, That our departing Souls, thro' a particular Judgment, will immediately enter into an intermediate State 'till the general Tribunal, when their final Sentences are to be pronounced for or against them: Others allow not only from Ethnick Antiquity, but frequently since the Promulgation of the Gospel, even in latter Ages, that known Apparitions have been seen; of which they have given some Instances. But whether they properly appear'd, or that other Spirits supply'd their Places, I humbly leave my kind Readers to determine.*

To pray no Harms againſt us may prevail;
 Or Friendſhip turn to Hatred moſt unjuſt:
 No cruel Hands our kindeſt Hearts affail,
 Nor faithleſs Kindred to betray their Truſt:
 And when forſaken, languiſhing thro' Grief,
 To point the Way wherein to ſeek Relief!

To think bleſs'd Angels bid us weep no more;
 But for a better State in Heav'n prepare;
 Think how they ſmile and beckon as they ſoar,
 And unſeen Choirs of Saints melodious hear!
 Are theſe infomnial Airs? Or rather Gleams
 Of Lights from Heav'n, tho' ſhaded in our Dreams?

When Miracles have ſo long lain obſcure,
 Why now reviv'd, *few* Friends have I to tell;
 But that true Virtue urg'd me on, I'm ſure,
 Like when I wrote of YORK, 'tis known full well.
 O may this WORK with its kind PEOPLE take,
 As well as Others, for St. WIN' FRED'S Sake!

Hail, *publick* FRIEND! lov'd by fair *B—rl—gton*,
 Since I muſt call You by no other Name;
 Behold St. *Win'frid's* Life, which, when begun,
 Kind, You approv'd!—that ſet my Soul a-flame!
 May Your's, when Death in Swan-like Strains you ſing,
 'Mid'ſt Joys expreſſeſs, mount on Angel's Wing!

May bleſs'd *ELIZA*, Comfort of your Breaſt
 When living, meet you with St. *Win'fred's* Ghoſt;
 And never part until YE all find Reſt,
 Thro' Seas of Air, upon the heav'nly Coaſt;
 Unleſs it be, thro' GOD'S Command to do
 A Guardian's Part, as Angels do for You.

Let

Let not my wand'ring Thoughts the least offend,
 Since to learn'd Judgments I shall e'er give Place.
 The *Soul's* Extension blifsful Hopes attend,
 Swift, as on Turtle's Wings, that fly to Peace.
 Err, fure *mine* may; like thofe who rove thro' Dark,
 'Till, with Faith's Branch, it finds Religion's Ark.



Return, O Muse, from dear St. *Win'frid's* Ghost,
 To close my darling Subject of her Spring:
 An endless Theme! Joy to fair *Flintia's* Coast;
 Where faithful Patients her high Praises sing:
 Humbly mount Heav'n thro' Extasies and Pray'rs;
 Which GOD, that sees, thro' CHRIST, in Mercy, hears.

O *Scarborough*

O *Scarborough* ! did thy Waters first proceed
 From such a Virgin, thro' divine Command,
 Thy pendent Cliffs might not have done ill Deed
 To thy fair Town, and smoothly-moving Sand :
 But since thy Springs are found, and cleans'd thy Shore,
 Be kind to All, and Heav'n's great Pow'r adore.*

Some learn'd Physicians have been heard declare,
 That no Place can exceed St. *Winfred's* Well :
 Not *Jordan's* Streams, nor various Spaws that are ;
 Nor the hot *am'rous* BATHS of *la Chapelle*. (227)
 I will not say *compare* ; tho', since divine,
 Fair *Holy-Well* above the *most* may shine,

For

* GENT alludes in this Verse to a curious Event which happened a short Time before the publication of the Life of S. WINEFRED. In the Month of December, 1737, the Staith or Sea-Wall of the Spa at Scarborough, composed of a large Body of Stone bound by Timber, gave way in an extraordinary Manner. A great Mass of the Cliff, containing nearly an Acre of pasture Land, with the Cattle grazing upon it, sank perpendicularly several Yards ; whilst the Earth and Sand beneath the Cliff rose North and South of the Staith for a Length of above one hundred Yards to a Height of 6-7 Yards above its former Level. The Spa Well rose at first with the Mass of Earth, but soon ceased to flow, and it was only in 1740 that the Mineral Spring was again discovered and the Spa re-opened. (*Note by the Editor.*)

(227) *Aix la Chapelle, Aquisgranum, or Aachen*, a City in *Westphalia*, belonging to *Germany*. See some Account at the End of the first Volume of my *History of England*, amongst the Additions treating of an Emperor, Pag. 257. The hot mineral Waters, on which account it is much frequented, are convey'd by Pipes into 28 Baths, where Persons find Relief in all *chronical*, or *inveterate*, *slow*, and almost *immovable* Distempers ; and are of very great Service to Posterity, if we may believe the following Epigram made of its procreative Vertues.

" Vedit *Aquisgranum*, terras dum lustrat & urbes,
 " Alma *Venus* ; geniumque loci mirata lacusque,
 " Hoc, dixit, locus est haud dignior ullus amore.
 " Jam valeant arcus, ignitaque spicula. Posthac
 " Unda cupidineis incendet pectora flammis.
 " Sic fatur, natumque vocans, jubet ire natatum,
 " Cæruleaque ardentem deferre in balnea tædam.
 " Exequitur mandata puer : cum lampade in undas

" Infilit,

For Here not only *Hearing* to the Ears,
 And *Fruitfulness* is given to the Womb : (228)
 Not only pleasant *Sight*, and *Speech* that cheers ; (229)
 Dear unto *Those* born, hapless, *deaf*, and *dumb* !
 But, thro' *these* Streams convulsive Pangs depart ;
 And Dæmons fly each *Sin's* possessed Heart. (230)

If this we ponder, less we've Cause to own
 Some Things in Nature, tho' they curious seem :
 For if not useful, little Vertue's known ;
 If hurtful, why should they deserve Esteem :
 Unless it be, thro' Contrast, to declare
 What Men may use, and what they should forbear.

One Fountain carries Death within the Stream, (231)
 Another, if but touch'd, the Country drowns ; (232)
 A Third ingenders *Evils*, most extreme, (233)
 A Fourth makes wife Folk drunk as foolish Clowns. (234)
 A sterile Fifth destroys the fruitful Womb, (235)
 And a blind Sixth proves like *Cimmeria's* Gloom. (236) So

"Inflit, & niveæ sparguntur gurgite pennæ.

"Dum natat, argentes cecidit scintilla per undas,

"Incaluitque vadum. Liquidæ contagia flammæ

"Sensit posteritas. Quicunque hic lavit, amavit."

(228) "DEUS DAT INCREMENTUM."

(229) "Sanctorum patrocinis terra lætatur."

(230) "Martyrum orationibus propitiatur DEUS populi peccatis."
Confess. S. AUGUST, de Sanctis.

(231) *In Islandiâ est fons, qui rem quamlibet injectum in lapidem transmutat : & alius, qui gustatus MORTEM adfert.*

(232) *In Hybernâ est fons, cujus aqua pilis aspersa illos canos reddit. Est & alius, quo si quis abluitur, non canescit. Est & alius qui, tactus ab homine, statim totam provinciam inundat. These Wonders Giraldus acknowledges to have heard in his Time.*

(233) *Amongst the Alps, that certainly gives the King's Evil.*

(234) *In Paphlagoniâ est fons vini saporis, qui potantes facit temulentos.*

(235) *In Siciliâ est fons acetosus, quo indigenæ utuntur pro aceto. Ibidem sunt duo fontes, quorum unus fecundat sterilem, alter fecundam facit sterilem.*

(236) *In Italy. But in Sardinia are different Fountains that cause and cure Blindness.*

So *Ethiopia's* red-stream'd Fountain makes

The thirsty Stranger turn directly mad: (237)

Much like *Avernus* or *Tartarean* Lakes,

Where nothing reigns but Grief, or Torments sad!

But let us tell the Vertues of what Springs

Seem to promote the Happiness of Things.

What tho' one Well an unctious Surface grace, (238)

Or from another useful Waters flow; (239)

Or *Lybia's* Fountain freezing in hot Days, (240)

And in hard Nights like boiling Liquids glow;

Or *Egypt's*, which extinguish and cause Fire;

Or cold *Illyria's* burn, that all admire!

What tho' fair *Carlsbad* Streams o'er *flinty* Stones,

In fair *Bohemia*, pleasantly do run;

Whose Virgin-nitrous Salt each Patient owns

Has gentle Powers that *some* Cures have done;

For which they're styled Baths of *CAROLINE*, (241)

As dear to them, and held in part divine.

What tho' a Fountain of fam'd *Palestine*,

Bless'd *Idumæa's* call'd, Three Months appears

Like raging Waves; then, turning red, combine

The other Three to strike the Mind with Fears:

For Three Months more do show a lovely Green,

And the last Three like clearest Crystal seen:

What

(237) *In Æthiopiâ est fons ruber, è quo bibit, fit lymphaticus.*

(238) *In Scotiâ, &c.*

(239) *In Sicily, as aforesaid.*

(240) *In Lybiâ est fons, qui Sole orto & occaso est tepidus, in meridie frigidus, media nocte calidissimus. Dicitur fons Solis.—Apud Garamantes fons est tam algens interdum, ut bibi non queat, tam calidus nocte, ut ferri non possit ipsius caliditas.* Vid. Alsted. *Cursus Philosophici*, Pag. 1422, &c.

(241) *In Bohemia commendabiles sunt Thermæ CAROLINÆ. A Dissertation upon those hot acid mineral Waters, which had their Original from Mines abounding with Pyrites, or Flint Stones, was A.D. 1708. published at Wolfenbittel, &c. by a dignify'd Physician, under the following Title: Sacre Majestati Regis AUGUSTI dicata de Thermis CAROLINIS Commentatio, qua omnium Origo Fontium calidorum itemque acidorum ex Pyrite ostenditur. Auctore Joanne Gothofredo Bergero, Archiatro Regio & Professore Medico. (In 4to. Pag. 157.)*

What tho' *Mount-Falcon's* Spring doth petrify,
 Whence stoney Rinds proceed, and Boughs with Leaves;
 And from hot Baths, which do contiguous lie,

The sickly Patient long'd-for Health receives:
 Tho' Medicinal Herbs do blefs the Land,
 Where stout *Venetia's* Sons bear just Command:

Yet All these can't compare with *Win'fred's* Well:

Their Streams but partly heal; but Her's the *whole*.
 Heav'n, for her Sake, who did all Vice repell,
 Cures *ev'ry* Pilgrim, comforts *ev'ry* Soul!
 To *Flintia*, then, may Those distress'd repair,
 And seek true Health, since they may find it there.

The Catholicks, unshaken in their Belief,
 With flowing Tears for tender Mercy cry:
 They think the Saint, who gives to All Relief,
 Will pray for *Them* to the Bless'd TRINITY.
 The *LITANIES*, (241a) exhibited, reveal
 That *Love* and *Pow'r*, they own, to *pray*, and *heal*.

And,



(241a.) LORD, have Mercy upon us.
 Christ, have Mercy upon us.

Lord, have Mercy upon us.
 God, the Father of Heaven, have Mercy upon us.
 God, the Son, Redeemer of Mankind, have mercy upon us.
 God, the Holy Ghost, have Mercy upon us.
 Holy Trinity, One God, have Mercy upon us.
 Holy *Mary*,
 Holy Mother of God,
 Holy Virgin of Virgins,
 O Blessed St. *Wenefride*,
 O Humble and Mild Virgin,
 O Glorious Spouse of Christ,
 O Devout and Charitable Virgin,
 O Sweet Comforter of the Afflicted,
 O Singular Example of Chastity,

O Radiant

Pray for us.

And, sure, whatever Happiness can be

In Heav'n or Earth, All wish for to acquire.

We are like Pilgrims to Eternity,

And might be lost, or in our Journey tire,
Thro' Sin's foul Burden, if we fought not Aid
From Christ, as they do by this shining Maid.

'Tis

O Radiant Star,

O Fairest Flower of the British Nation,

O Admirable and Elected Vessel,

O Mirror of Chastity,

O Mirror of Devotion,

O Mirror of Piety,

O Bright Lamb of Sanctity,

O Golden Image of Angelical Purity,

O Hope and Safety of distressed Pilgrims,

That we may be deliver'd from all Disorder'd Passions of the
Mind,

That we may be delivered from the Deceits of the World, Flesh
and Devil,

That we may be deliver'd from all Occasions of Sin,

That we may be delivered from Plague, Famine and War,

That we may be delivered from the Wrath of God, and Eternal
Damnation.

That we and all Sinners may have true Contrition, and full
Remission of our Sins,

That all Schismatics, Hereticks, and Infidels may be Converted
to the Holy Catholick and Apostolical Faith,

That we may always hate Sin, and overcome all Temptations,

That we may despise all worldly Vanities and Delights,

* That we all may ever fear God, and fulfil his Holy Will,

That we may have both Spiritual and Corporal Health,

That we may devoutly affect Chastity and Purity of Life,

That we may fervently love Humility and Mildness,

That we may delight in pious Prayer, Fasting and Charitable
Alms,

That we may discreetly and fervently continue in the Exercise of
Godliness,

That we may cheerfully and constantly suffer for the Love of
Christ,

Pray for us.

O Holy Virgin, and Martyr, Pray for us.

That

'Tis scarce deny'd, that Heav'n hears ev'ry Pray'r,
 And Hymn that's offer'd, tho' it be to Saints:
 So we may learn, from Signs and Tokens clear,
 By sudden Cures in many sad Complaints!
 And may not Joy, like *good* Enthusiasm, range
 O'er boundless Scenes for such a rapturous Change?

And if we can but gain an happy End;
 If GOD is with our Off'rings satisfy'd:
 What matters much, how, or by whom, we send;
 Since Pray'rs conjoin'd thro' CHRIST are not deny'd?
 For when strong Faith and Love in Woes appear,
 No Sigh's unheard, nor drops in vain one Tear.

But

That the Souls in Purgatory, and all Afflicted Persons, may
 obtain heavenly Consolations,
 That our Benefactors, and all that labour to save Souls, may be
 blessed with abundance of Grace and everlasting Life,
 That we may enjoy true Peace, and endless Felicity,
 That God of His abundant Mercy will vouchsafe to bless this
 our Pilgrimage,
 That by thy pious Intercession it may be to the perfect Health
 of our Souls and Bodies,
 That thou wilt vouchsafe to grant our Requests,
 O Blessed *Winefride*!

Holy Virgin and Martyr, pray for us.

LET US PRAY.

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting God, who hast adorned *St. Winefride*,
 with the Reward of Virginity: Grant, we beseech thee, by her Pious
 Intercession to set aside the Delights of the World, and obtain with her the
 Throne of Everlasting Glory. Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who with
 Thee liveth and reigneth in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, for ever. Amen.

Another Prayer.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we humbly beseech thee, that
 blessed *S. Winefride* may obtain for us such Spiritual and
 Temporal Benefits as are expedient for Thy Holy Service, and our
 eternal Salvation. Through our Lord *Jesus Christ*, thy Son, who with
 thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth ever one God, World
 without end. Amen.

But should our Pray'rs for Months or Years seem vain,

Let not Impatience give to Heav'n Offence :

Tho' Angels fly us, think it not Disdain ;

Nor blame an over-ruling Providence.

Powers divine, when they think fit will give

Those proper Virtues how to die, or live.

As when from various Ports poor Passengers

Send up their ardent Pray'rs for wish'd-for Gales ;

GOD, tho' He ev'ry craving Mortal hears,

Yet at one Time not ev'ry Pray'r prevails :

But if they to His Will divine agree,

At last He sends All where they wish to be :

Ev'n

The Hymn of S. Wenefride.

AS fragrant Rose in pleasant Spring,
To God's own Son a Spouse most dear,

And Martyr rare of Christ our King,

Saint *Wenefride* did flourish here.

Descended well of *BRITISH RACE*,

In Faith was firm, in Hope secure ;

With Holy Works and Soul in Grace,

From Worldly Filth preserved pure.

Cradock this Sacred Maid did kill,

And him Hell swallowed presently,

Where Tears in vain do run down still,

'Mongst burning Flames incessantly.

A Token sure of this strange Thing,

Bespotted all with Bloody Red,

A Well by God's Command doth spring,

Where Tyrant's Sword cut off her Head.

Here Wonders great God's Hand doth work :

The Blind doth see, the Dumb doth speak ;

Diseases, which in Bodies lurk,

Are cured where Faith is not weak.

O glorious Virgin *Wenefride*,

To us the raging Sea appease,

And free us so from Satan's dread,

That he on us may never seize. *Amen.*

Ev'n fo 'tis here : Tho' All would Health attain,
 And ev'ry Soul desires to find Relief :
 Heav'n firſt will ſearch their Faith before their Pain,
 And eaſe the Humbleſt of their ſharpeſt Grief :
 At length give Joy to All who weep and mourn,
 And to their Homes with Guſts of Blifs return.

Two Hundred Forty Tons S. *Win'fred's* Well
 And comely (242) Ciſtern, do together hold ;
 But, when diſcharg'd, as worthy Perſons tell,
 Two Minutes do reſtore the Number told :
 Scarce Alteration of the Weather taints it ;
 And to the Eye moſt clear Heav'n's Power paints it.

More than one Hundred Tons the Spring doth riſe,
 In ev'ry Minute 'twixt the cloſe-laid Stones ; (243)
 Which with their ſanguine Spots do ſtrike the Eyes,
 And wound the Heart with ſympathetick Moans :

For

A Prayer to S. Wenefride.

O BLESSED S. *Wenefride*, O Glorious Virgin and Martyr, who haſt admirably beautified with the Purple of thy Blood the rare Purity of thy Innocent Life, whom God has ſo ſpecially choſen, ſo highly privileged, and ſo wonderfully reſtored to Life again, gracing thee with the Honour of a living Martyr, cauſing a Fountain miraculoſly to ſpring bearing a perpetual Memory of thy name, for the Relief of all diſeaſed and diſtreſſed Pilgrims, who ſhall devoutly beg thy powerful Interceſſion : O Blessed S. *Wenefride*, hear the Prayers, and receive the humble Supplications, of thy poor devoted Pilgrims ; and obtain, that, by thy pious Interceſſion, God of his infinite Mercy will be pleaſed to grant us a full Pardon and Remiſſion of our Sins, and a Bleſſing to this our Pilgrimage ; and that we may increaſe and perſevere in God's Grace, and enjoy Him eternally in Heaven. This we beg of thee, O bleſſed Virgin and Martyr for *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord and Saviour's Sake. *Amen.*

(242) Or Baſon, being 4 Feet in depth. The Water ſeems to boil, as tho' in an extraordinary hot Caldron.

(243) The Experiment was made A.D. 1731, before the Reverend Miniſter, ſeveral learned Perſonages, and others.

For here no other Argument's allow'd,
But that the Red came from the Virgin's Blood.

Some Blood-Stones, of a reddish Iron Hue, (244)

In *Germany* and *Britain's* Isle are seen :

A diff'rent Sort, but of kind Nature too, (245)

Shews fanguine Veins streak'd in a dusky Green :
But Her's, for wond'rous Beauty, in clear Streams,
None can excell from *Tyber* unto *Thames*.

Each bleeding Stone, with downy Mofs embrac'd,

Like Incense smells ; as Wall-lov'd Ivy seems ;
And since all are in lovely Order plac'd,

United Beauties gild the crystal Streams.
Like flow'ry Pots some look, in *Flora's* Prime,
When Meadows, Groves, and Gardens look sublime.

And tho' the Streams with dimpling Eddies play,

Not far they run, but in Mæanders twine :
But where 'tis deeper, smother make their Way,
And like bright Crystal do the Waters shine. (246)
So quick the Vase emits, so fast it fills,
As to supply seven large and useful Mills.

And thus it has obtain'd so great Renown,

That, as to *Bath*, great Quality resort ;
So from a Village to a Market-Town,
Is *Holy-Well*, or rather like a Court :
Where kind Assistance to the Poor is giv'n,
Who pray for Blessings to descend from Heav'n.

Hail,

(244) See Dr. *Quincy's* Dispensatory, Edit. 8. pag. 111. under *Lapis Hæmatites* ; good in *Hæmorrhages*, or *Bloody Eruptions*.

(245) The *Heliotropium*, the true Blood-Stone of the Ancients. It is so called, because it changeth the Sun-Beams by Reflexion, if cast into Water ; if out of it, like a Burning-Glass, we may see the Sun's Eclipse, and Motion of the Moon.

(246) The Water is so transparent, that the smallest Piece of Money, or even a Pin's Head, may be seen at the Bottom ; and the Fragrancy of the circling Mofs is look'd upon as a divine Effusion, in respect of the Saint's angelical Virtues.

Hail, PATRONESS, divine ! blefs'd Saint renown'd !
 May blooming Youth and Virgins fair attend,
 Whilst Hymns of Praise, with Musick's Charms, resound
 Thy Life, harmonious, and thy precious End ;
 Thy Angel's State ; thy Country fam'd thro' Thee ;
 Esteem'd by *All*, and lov'd most dear by *Me*. (247)

St GEORGE within our fair Cathedral stands, (248)
 As tho' he with a bloody *Dragon* fights ;
 Worfe than absorbing *Brutes*, who swallow Lands,
 Or hinder good Men to renew their Rights :
 And thus his Image, which Time long has spar'd,
 For fair *Sabrina's* Sake, shews him rever'd.

If not *Britannia's* Guardian dear confest,
 How comes that Saint's Resemblance to be seen,
 In shining Armour, glitt'ring on the Breast
 Of every valiant KING, and lovely QUEEN ?
 Long may He be rever'd, whilst Truth prevails ;
 And fight for *England*, whilst She prays for *Wales*.

(247) *In my juvenile Years, being driven by Storms into Douglas, in the Isle of Man, I met with such kind Usage from the Family of Mr. Corris, Mr. Kendale, and other Inhabitants, that on a lofty prominent Rock near the Place I was, as it were, inspired to write some Stanza's in their deserved Praise ; And, afterwards, forc'd, thro' contrary Winds, towards the extremest Promontory or Westerly Corner in the most Northerly Part of North-Wales, in the Isle of Mona, or Anglesey ; I was obliged to land at a Place (famous of old thro' St. KIBY, a pious Hermit) called Holy-Head. In my tiresome Journey from thence to West Chester, I must needs own, what thro' false Report I did not expect in this Manner to observe, That I never found a more hospitable and good-natur'd People to distressed Pilgrims, or Strangers.*

(248) For a compendious Account of this Guardian Champion of *England*, I refer my kind Reader to my History of *York*, Pag. 31. where I treat of its magnificent Cathedral, justly so call'd, thro' the extraordinary Care of a most illustrious DEAN, and other worthy Dignitaries of the Church.



British PIETY Display'd
 In the GLORIOUS
 LIFE, Suffering, and DEATH
 Of the Blessed
 St. WINEFRED :

A Noble VIRGIN, martyr'd for her renowned Chastity, in *Wales* : Where, at Her Celebrated FOUNTAIN, called HOLY-WELL, many afflicted Persons have been happily freed from their miserable Distempers in past Centuries : The salutiferous Quality of which Water, continuing in the present Age, occasions its FAME to be spread in far-distant Kingdoms.

Ecclesia nunquam florentior, quam cum afflictior inter cruces & gladios suorum martyrum pugnas & victorias spectavit.— Natura rerum ad Deum nos erigit. Quam magnifica sunt Opera Tua, D O M I N E !

“*DEUS ter Optimus Maximus in aquis summas excellentissimas recondit vires salutare, quarum tanta est præstantia ut longè multumque omnibus aliis remediorum generibus sint superiores.*” That is, *The Most Glorious and Omnipotent God has conceal'd the greatest and most excellent salubrious Efficacy in the Waters ; which have so prevalent a Power, that they are far superior to all other Kinds of Remedies.*

YORK: Printed and Sold by the Author THO. GENT,
 in Petergate, Anno Dom. MDCCXLII.



I thought it convenient to add the following Epitome, in order to oblige some Readers; who either may think it more easy to be understood, or assist them the better to peruse what has been piously written concerning the Holy Life of this celebrated Virgin.

ST. WINEFRED, the Daughter of Lord THEWITH and Lady WENLO, was born in the troublefome Reign of King CADWALLOWN. As ſhe grew up, ſhe appear'd a perfect Beauty; and no Care was wanting in her Education. After the King dy'd, he was quickly ſucceeded by ELUITH, the Second of that Name. Then flouriſh'd a very religious Priest, called BUENO, who ſprung from noble Parentage. Whiſt he was paying a Viſit to his Relations in *Flintſhire*, in a particular manner he ſhew'd his Reſpect to the aforeſaid Lord *Thewith*, his Brother-in-Law, whoſe Spouſe was his Siſter. In a long Diſcourſe with him, he beſought a Piece of Ground, that he might erect a Church upon for the Good of Souls in general; and to pray for the Happineſs of the Family in particular. The good Lord quickly condeſcended to the pious Requeſt. Nay, he gave him the Manor he then liv'd in; making Choice of a fit Dwelling upon an Hill, not far from the Place: And beſought the Saint to educate his fair Daughter. The Building immediately was promoted, and the Nobleman carry'd Baskets with Materials to encourage others to follow on the Work. When it was finiſhed, there appear'd in all a conſtant Harmony in Devotion. The Child was much taken with St. BUENO's Preaching; and, by his Perſuaſions, having won her to embrace a Life of Virginity, the Conſent of her tender Parents was obtain'd, altho' they had deſign'd to have given her in Marriage to ſome worthy Perſonage in that Country. After this, no Creature could be more devout than the young Virgin. She became inflam'd with the Love of JESUS. Prayers iſſued from her Heart. She wept with
thoſe

those that mourn'd, was liberal in her Alms to the Poor; and never a Word proceeded from her Lips but what was angelically divine.

One Sunday, while the Family was at Church, her being not well occasion'd her to stay at home. She was suddenly surpriz'd at the unseasonable Visit of Prince *Caradoc*. When she modestly asked him, What his Pleasure was? He begun to boast of his being Son to King *ALAN*; and of his vast Riches, which should be at her Service, if she would but conform to his Embraces. Struck to the Quick with just Anger and Disdain, she blush'd, and held down her Head: But, recovering her fainting Spirits, she told him, That he might espouse a far more noble Lady than she was; and that, undoubtedly, he was able to perform those great Endowments he had promised, in Case he did her the Honour of mutually entering into a connubial State: Yet besought him to wait the Return of her dear Parents, which would be to all their Satisfaction, when Things were acted in a lawful Manner. But the haughty Prince, accounting his Will to be a Law, supposed himself like another *CALIGULA*, who was accusom'd to use this infamous Expression: *Memento omnia mihi, & in omnes licere*. So, said he, *Remember, that 'tis lawful for me to use all WOMEN, in Love-Affairs, just as I please*; and now, fair Lady, I will enjoy you. Thus the Villain, burning with Lust, and impatient of Delay, began to be violently rude; so that she was oblig'd to have Regard to a pious Strategem. She wept, and conjur'd him, by all the Tyes of Honour and Generosity; by his Veneration to the Heathen Gods, if he had no Regard to the blessed *JESUS*, to whom she was espoused in the Spirit, through her Vow of perpetual Virginity; that he would not further attempt to violate her Chastity, which was dearer to her than Life itself. But the wicked Prince, who was deaf to all pious Intreaty, and, like an untam'd Brute, prosecuting his falacious Intention; she then seem'd to comply with his Desires; but besought him,

since

since he appear'd unwilling to tarry for the coming home of her dear Parents, that, at least, he would permit her to enter into her Closet, the better to adorn herself for his princely Enjoyment ; and that she would make all the haste possible to answer his desired and fervent Expectations.

No sooner was she parted, but as it were a Gleam of Lightning she softly attain'd to a private Portal ; out of which, as fast as her tender Feet would permit her, she ran towards the Church : But the Prince, fearing her Delay might frustrate his Design, quickly burst open the Door of her Chamber, which he thought a more proper Place for his Fruition. Finding her gone, the Fire of Indignation became added to that of his Lust. Has she deceiv'd me ? Never will I forgive this Affront ! cry'd the foolish, vain Prince ; and, like a Coward, who would assault an innocent Lady, he drew his Sword, as he espy'd her from the Window. Down the Stairs he leapt with Fury ; and, as a Wolf of Prey, with greater Strength and Speed than the harmless Virgin was endow'd with, he overtook the weeping Lady just as she was descending the Hill. Then, brandishing his Weapon like a simple Tragedian, and as such using the most illiterate Expressions, as tho' Life and Reputation were in his wilful Power, or to be adjudg'd safe and unstrain'd according to the ridiculous Sentence of a most arbitrary Villain, he thus foolishly roar'd out : Dost thou scorn me, false and deceitful Creature ! thus vainly to fly from the superlative Happiness of being embraced in my princely Arms ! What dost thou deserve for this most heinous Contempt of my Person, honoured by every charming Lady, excepting thee ? Be obsequiously quick, thou treacherous Damfel, in yielding to my Desires ; or, by *Jupiter*, (who enjoy'd his beloved *Io*, the charming Princess *Alcmena*, and other terrestrial Beauties) I'll soon prevent thy second running from me, by separating thy deceitful Head from off thy fair Shoulders ? Don't you see my Dagger is unsheath'd for the same Purpose ? Be wise, therefore, while you may ; and
do

do not thro' Perverfenefs, give me any further troublefome Provocation. But the noble Virgin, wiping off her pearly Tears, prefently appear'd as if ſhe was in no manner intimidated, altho' the Blade almoſt touched her milk-white Neck, which he held there by way of Terror. " Prince, *ſaid ſhe*, I moſt humbly beſeech your Pardon that I cannot pretend to accept you as my Husband ; which, perhaps, with other Uſage I might have done, had I not, as I told you before, been conſecrated, by way of Eſpouſal, entirely to be devoted to the ſupernal Embraces of my Bleſſed Saviour. From my Infancy, as ſoon as I had the leaſt Senſe to diſcern how amiable He was ; and with what Meekneſs he ſuffer'd his moſt precious Blood to be ſhed for my Salvation ; which He has alſo done for You, my Lord, if you pleaſe but to repent, and be converted ; indeed, I became ſo enamour'd with his divine Sweetneſs, (for who could be otherwiſe that truly conſiders the wonderful Series of his heav'nly Life, in which he was often deny'd a Place even to lay down his ſacred Head with Safety!) that I was eaſily perſuaded to enter into that Contraſt, which, in my ſerious Opinion, no Power upon Earth can, or at leaſt ought, to diſſolve. Did you but know what a Comfort He has been to my languiſhing Soul, how He has preſerved me from the Snares of Temptation, ſupported me under the moſt grievous Pains thro' Indispoſitions I am ſometimes ſubjeſt to, and even now raiſes my Soul, tho' perhaps you think I may tremble under your heavy Diſpleaſure ; ſure I am, you would be of my Mind in placing your Love on Him alſo, who would lead you by the right Hand, keep your Feet from falling, dry up your penitential Tears, and conduct you to Glory. O may theſe pious Arguments of mine, moſt noble Prince ! have far greater Power over you to embrace a Life of Chaſtity, than your ſad Threatnings to affright me from my profeſſed Virtue ! But if Heaven, to try my Conſtancy, thinks not fit to grant me this Petition for your Converſion ; and that, as I
fear

“fear by your Countenance, your Heart, like *Pharoah's*, will
 “prove so harden'd as to have no Regard to the Laws of
 “Heaven, or the Innocency of a distressed Maiden, which every
 “worthy Knight is obliged, by their soverign Order, instead of
 “violating, to defend; here, behold, I stand as a prepared
 “Victim, willing to be sacrificed at your Pleasure, rather
 “than, by Menaces, be compell'd to hazard, indeed, both
 “our Salvation. Believe me, O Prince! the Loss of Life
 “is of very little Value to that of my Virginity. I neither
 “can, or will, forfeit my Title to the Love of my dearest
 “Saviour: And if I presently am to exist no more on Earth
 “through the Effects of your cruel Passion here; I know
 “that my Redeemer liveth, who has promised again to
 “raise me with his Saints, and will be a most merciful
 “Judge, and kind Lord, to my precious happy Soul here-
 “after.”

What a pious and heroic Example is here recorded
 to establish the Constancy of blooming innocent Virgins to
 future Ages, as long as this World shall endure!

The cruel Youth by her pathetick Speech was quite
 prevented from making any Reply to the injur'd Lady.
 She guess'd his fatal Resolution; and, in resigned Humility
 to GOD, sunk gently on her tender Knees, with her small
 white Fingers prettily infolded; the Tears gliding down her
 beautiful Cheeks; whilst her soft melodious Voice, in the
 most moving Accents, was imploring Heaven to look upon
 her!—What Tyrant could have beheld such an affecting
 Sight, and not have relented? But raging Pride had got
 an absolute Dominion over all the tender Emotions that
 are susceptible to human Nature. For a while he trembled,
 and vainly urged her to comply; but she did not regard
 him: And whilst she was repeating, *JESU! have Mercy—*
 the merciless villain struck her so forcibly on her beautiful
 Neck, that separated her lovely Head from her well-shap'd
 Body:

Body: Which, tho' they mutually fell bleeding to the Ground; yet quickly became, for a while, as it were by a particular Providence, a considerable Way, parted afunder!

Whilst the horrid Prince was wiping his Sword on the Grafs, he found the late glittering Steel had receiv'd fuch a fanguinary Tincture as was out of his Power to remove. Immediately, while the Blood furrounded him in circling Streamlets, as tho' confining him to a certain Space 'till condign Punifhment fhould be inflicted on him, he loft all Motion to go off undiscover'd: And when he had leapt over the fanguine Rivulet, he could move not much farther than the Margin thereof. Then, as if the Earth wept at the Horror of the Aétion, a Spring burft forth as it were from its opening Veins; the mingling Streams of which, flowing down the Hill, never appear'd a more beautiful Conjunction! In the mean while, the Head, no way unlovely thro' the ufual ghafly Form of Death, rowl'd gently on the defcending Glebe 'till it reached the very Church Door, and fo proceeded to the Font, as if to declare, that It was now baptiz'd with Blood as well as by Water. The People were ftruck with Amazement! The holy Priest, defcending from the Altar, took up the precious Head, and accompany'd the mournful Parents with Tears. After which, they afcended the Hill, and found the princely Murderer fanding fome little diftance from the holy Virgin's bleeding Body, as tho' without Power, or Concern. Villain! faid Bu'no, could neither thy Birth, her Innocency, or the fear of Judgment, keep thee from this nefandous Crime. Haft thou polluted the Sabbath, and offended thy Maker, without fhewing the leaft Sign of Repentance? I pray GOD immediately to punifh with Vengeance thy great Cruelty, moft deteftable to Heaven and Earth. He had fcarce faid thefe Words, but the Wretch fell down, quickly difappeared, and was fnatch'd away into a woful Eternity.

The

The holy Priest, taking Notice of the miraculous Fountain, placed the Head near to the Body; and, covering both with his Mantle, return'd into the Church, to end divine Service. This done, they all went again to the Place where she lay: And after he had told them of her angelical Virtues, he earnestly besought Heav'n to restore her to Life. Accordingly, GOD was pleas'd to work a Miracle, by a wonderful Re-union: She arose on her Feet, and saluted the weeping Spectators; who observing a white Circle round her Neck, they chang'd her Name from BRUENA to WINEFRED.

Her Well became in great Estimation for most wonderful Cures: The Stones at the Bottom were tinctur'd with her Blood; from which a pretty cemented Moss emitted a charming Smell like Incense, or sweetest Perfume.

After her Resuscitation from Death, she took upon her a religious Habit; and her Parents, thro' St. *Bueno's* Advice, building fair Habitations round the Church, they soon became the Dwellings of young, noble and religious Virgins, who submitted themselves to the easy Yoke of CHRIST, under the Directions of their pious Daughter, whose Fame was spread to distant Nations.

In the meantime BUENO had founded a Monastery near the Sea Shore; and dy'd about the seventh Year of her being Abbess near *Finhon*. The Priest, DEIFER, who was her Confessor, had a Vision that commanded him to tell WINEFRED to go to an holy Hermit, named SATURN, who should direct her where to reside. She having a fore-knowledge of what was reveal'd, anticipated the good Man's Journey by travelling to his Cell, 8 Miles from *Holy Well*; and accordingly, as he told her, she hasted to holy SATURN. That Hermit, having met her with great Respect, conducted her to his Chapel, and then accompany'd her some Part of the Way to the Valley of *Clutina*. At parting, he told her of the famous
Abbey

Abbey built by St. ELERIUS, who would place her over pious Virgins, among whom she should spend the Remainder of her Days. Thither she bent her Course; and was in Procession met by the Saint, conducted to the Convent, and on the Death of the Abbess THEONEA was besought to take the holy Office upon her. Thro' GOD'S Assistance she cured the Bodies of sick Persons; and by her Wisdom comforted afflicted Minds. At length, as one Night she was ardently praying, she saw our Blessed Saviour, who told her, that her Dissolution was drawing near; and bid her prepare for an happy Change. She received the Summons with Resignation, acquainted St. ELERIUS of the Vision, which he did to the Virgins, who appear'd in melting Tears: But having comforted them with Hopes of a happy Meeting, she meekly resign'd her precious Soul to Him that made and preserv'd it. With great Lamentations of the Inhabitants she was interr'd at *Gutherine*; after which several devout Persons were miraculously cur'd at her Tomb, thro' faithful and ardent Prayers; which shew'd how dear she was to Almighty God, in accepting their Devotion perform'd in Honour of the blessed Martyr: And in her Office of nine Lessons was this Prayer:

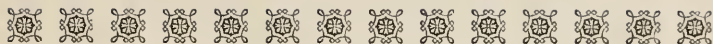
O Almighty and Everlasting GOD, who hast honoured the blessed Virgin Saint WINEFRED with the Reward of Virginity; grant to us, we beseech Thee, by † her Intercession, that we may despise the Allurements of this World, and together with her obtain the Seat of everlasting Glory. Amen.

To conclude: We may remember to have read, that St. BUENO told the lovely Sufferer, *If the Well did not answer Expectations in a first and second Pilgrimage; the THIRD Visit, as if to try the persevering Virtue of devout afflicted Persons, would infallibly cure all their Grievances.* I wish my kind Readers, when they have carefully perused this little Book *twice* thorough at their leisure Hours, that THEY would be pleased
to

† Angelos preces nostras offerre Deo.

to allow it the Honour of a *third* Reading: Not only to weigh more maturely the Effects of what has proceeded from serious Contemplation, join'd with laborious Study, in order to delight Them; but that they might the more esteem the Merits of the fair Sufferer, and admire at the wonderful Effusion of her Spring, which have in past Times demanded Tributes of deserv'd Praise from the Pens of several Authors, as now they have done from this of mine, and Prefs too. And, thus, humbly taking my Leave, permit me to pray, That from the Tri-une Source of Highest Divinity may flow down on our precious Souls such clear cœlestial Streams that may wash off every polluted Stain, and make them whiter than Mountain Snow! May they pass with Safety, guarded by tutelar Angels, thro' this sorrowful Vale of Tears! May they be accepted in their proper Mansions amongst the blessed Company of Spirits, thro' the most glorious Merits of a crucify'd Saviour! And when, finally, He shall sit on the Throne of Judgment, attended by the heavenly Hierarchy of Saints and Angels; may We receive that blisful Sentence, foretold us in holy Scripture, to be most happy in His Prefence to all Eternity; for which End his most precious Blood was shed upon the Cross.





An INDEX of the Chief Passages, &c.

A.

*** POOR lame Youth, named CORNELIUS NICHOLAS, (Son of JOHN,
 *** A *** of Tremaine Parish, Cardiganshire, about 2 Miles off the County
 *** Town) having, on Dec. 21, 1673, been struck so by a sudden
 Blast; was cut, lanc'd, anointed, &c. But all in vain, 'till, being
 put in the Well, Friday, June 12, 1674, he quickly recovered; to
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 His Love to the Saints. Part IV. Pag. 125.

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 destroy our present and eternal Happiness, Part III. 94.

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 Splendor seen before Sun-Rise, II. 75.

Author

Author of this Book, who writ the Original by a Sort of Inspiration on Recovery from Sickness, his Desire it may be acceptable to the Publick, considering his Misfortunes, (One of which was the loss of an Estate thro' † *repeated*—Death—which is generally more kind than to cause the *sudden* Destruction of *whole* Families, and for the most part *mercifully* proves to the *Gain* of the Living) Pref. 40. His Love to the People of YORK, amongst whom he has dwelt many Years, Part V. 141. His Remembrance of a kind Friend, who has much encouraged him in his pious Undertakings, *ib.* And his just Character of *Wales*, for the great Humanity and Civility shewn to him by the Inhabitants. Pag. 152.

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B.

Basingwerke, a Cistercian Abbey, situated about half a Mile from *Holy-Well*, of which Miracle *some* ONLY *suppose* the Monks to have been Inventors; and *wretchedly* mistake about the Foundation of the Monastery, It was begun in 1131. RANULPH Earl of *Chester* and his Barons, King HENRY II., the Princes LLEWELLIN and DAVID of *North-Wales*, were Benefactors. Part V. p. 133.

Base Actions always to be exposed with Safety; tho' not the Committers of them, 'till offended Heaven and Justice more visibly bring them to Shame, &c. Part III. 94.

BODENHAM, Sir ROGER, wonderfully cured, when given over for incurable by learned Physicians. Part IV. 120.

BRIDGES, Esq., High-Sheriff, records a Miracle. Part IV. 123.

BRUENA, Lord *Thewith's* Daughter, Part I. 45. How her Name came to be called *Winefred*, Part II. 71.

BUENO

† To the *Manes* of the Reverend Mr. R. HITCH; a Gentleman when living who proved himself such by his kind *Letters* to the Author, in regard to his Family and Station.

LAMENTED SHADE! Thy Kindness done to Me;
 But, what was dearer! PITY shewn to MINE!
 Tho' now amongst the shining Saints You be,
 Thy Fate We'll mourn, and venerate Your Shrine!
 'Till Heav'n, like You, who stopt our streaming Tears,
 Shall (thro' Death's Summons) free our Souls from Cares.

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 O Sun of Heav'n, impart thy Beams,
 To which SOL'S radiant Beams are fowl;
 That so, while I presume to sing,
 Thy quick'ning Spirit may inspire,
 With rapturous Joy; and with the Wing
 Of sweet Devotion mount me higher.

Thy Life and Death's too too divine
 For any mortal Man to write:
 Yet, Blessed Lord! I accept each Line,
 Which Love and Duty do excite;
 Drawn from the Pens of Holy Men,
 Who did with Thee on Earth converse;
 Who con'd thy Actions, where, and when,
 And thy Original rehearse.

Yet, farther, Lord, I thee beseech,
 To help me through this falling Life;
 Humble, like Thee, to be in Speech;
 Like Thee, behave through Cares and Strife;
 That, when Death comes, to ease our Woes,
 We may enjoy thy Heavenly Sight;
 With Pleasure see this Veil disclose,
 And live with Thee, our Soul's Delight.





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ALMOST Four Thousand Years had past,
Whilst Sin had spread invenom'd Wings,
'Till in AUGUSTUS' Reign, at last,
Appear'd the Glorious KING of KINGS.

Like to the DAWN, * AURORA fair,
The Blessed † VIRGIN may be styl'd;
But, as the DAY, more bright and clear,
Such was the Heavenly INFANT mild.

Thus GOD His Promise did fulfill,
What ‡ PROPHETS long of CHRIST foretold:
MARY obey'd the Heavenly Will, *Luk. I. 38.*
Which JOSEPH's Vision did unfold. *Mat. I. 20, &c.*

When Great AUGUSTUS rul'd in Rome,
The Thirty Seventh of Herod's Reign,
JOSEPH and MARY, to the Town
Of Bethlem, in Judea, came. *Luk. II. 4.*
The

* *Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi Aurora consurgens.* i.e. What is she that goeth forth as a rising Morning? *Serm. of John Bishop of Rochester.*

† *When the Virgin Mary conceived by the Holy Ghost, she was but fifteen Years of Age.*

‡ *Isaiah, who is call'd the Evangelical Prophet. Hosea, of his flying into Ægypt. Micah, of his Birth. Jeremiah, of his springing from Jacob. Daniel, that he should put a Period to the Oblations of the Levitical Priests. Hagai, animating the People with the Desire of all Nations. Malachi, the Restoration of Jerusalem. John Baptist, (Son of Zechariah the Priest and his Wife Elizabeth) that he should turn the Hearts of the Fathers to the Children. Zachary, Visitavit nos Oriens ex Alto: Illuminare his qui in Tenebris & in Umbra Mortis sedent. i.e. To give Light unto them that sit in Darkness, and in the Shadow of Death.*

The Inns were fill'd, so they constrain'd
 To Stables, cut from harden'd Rocks;
 One of them chofe, a Manger gain'd,
 Where, feeding near them, was the Ox.

ver. 7.

Here, without Pain, as without Sin,
 The Holy Virgin's brought to Bed!
 The Infant fair, without, within,
 In fwadling Clothes reclines its Head.

Alas! fweet Child! was there no other,
 No better Place to lay thy Head?
 No fofter Bed for thy dear Mother,
 But both obfcurely here be laid?

Yet, what to Great Ones were conceal'd,
 To Shepherds, near where David kept
 His Sheep; to thefe Heaven firft reveal'd
 Glad Tydings, whilst all others fleep.

ver. 8.

An ANGEL bright, encircled round
 With Glories transparently clear:
 "Shepherds, (faid He) Let Joys abound;
 "Let now attentive be your Ear.

"A SAVIOUR to the WORLD is born,
 "A BABE to Humane Eyes difplay'd,
 "All poorly wrapt in fwathing Bands,
 "And in a Manger laid."

'Thus fpake the Angel, and forthwith
 'Appear'd a fhining Throng
 'Of ANGELS, praifing GOD, and thus
 'Began their joyful SONG.

"All Glory be to GOD on High,
 "And to the Earth be Peace:
 "Good Will from Heaven to mortal Men
 "Begin, and never ceafe."

Thrice

Thrice happy, happy Shepherds then,
 To hear, such as the Angels sung
 When GOD created Heaven and Men, *Job XXXVIII. 7.*
 Such their Redemption loudly rung.

When to the higher Heavens they flew,
 And Shadows fill'd their lightfome Space;
 With Joy the watchful Shepherds knew,
 By Angel's Guide, to find the Place.

Thro' every Village, which they pass'd,
 Proclaim'd the Joyful happy Sound.
 Words upon Words, like Echoes grac'd,
 When they 'gainst Rocks and Hills rebound.

Kings of CHALDEA, PERSIAN Lands,
 And of ARABIA'S Defarts wild,
 A Bright Cælestial STAR demands
 Their Journey to the Heavenly Child.

Unwearied Steps their Travels blefs,
 They come to fair Jerufalem;
 KING OF THE JEWS, they CHRIST exprefs,
 Who ought to wear the Diadem.

Thence passing unto Bethlehem Town,
 The Star, obsequious, flopt above:
 Prostrate the Eastern Kings fell down,
 And shew'd their Loyalty and Love.

Those Products, which their Countries yield,
 Bright shining Gold, and Odours sweet;
 What grac'd their Persons, or the Field, *Mat.*
 They laid 'em at our Saviour's Feet. *II. 11.*

HEROD enrag'd, when well he knew
 His Sanhedrim's prognostick Tale;
 In Blood he would his Hands imbrue,
 That over CHRIST he might prevail. *ver. 16.*
 Alas!

*Alas! what horrid dread Alarms,
What mournful Sights did fill the Plain!
The Children, dragg'd from Mothers Arms,
Were stuck on Spears, or cut in twain!

But all in vain, the Heav'nly Power
Doth shield the Son of Heav'n from Ill;
And after, Worms did him devour, JOSEPHUS.
Who would our Blest Redeemer kill



CHAP. II. *Of our Redeemer's Life and Miracles.*

AT Twelve Years old, most strange to hear,
He in the Temple plainly shew'd,
To Jewish Doctors sitting there, Luke II. 46. 47.
Such Knowledge like the Son of God.

When in Judea's Defart brought, Matt. IV. Luke IV.
Enabled forty Days to fast, and Mark I.
In vain the Tempter did accost,
And ‡ lost his Labour to the last. ‡ MILTON.

Not the fair Temple's highest Spire,
Nor Pisgah's Mountain could him charm;
CHRIST forc'd the Tempter to retire,
And of his Weapons did disarm.

Soon after he Disciples gain'd,
And still to make himself divine,
At Cana's Feast, his Power maintain'd,
He turn'd their § Water into Wine.

Those, who would buy, and who wou'd sell,
He drove from off the Temple's Floor. John II. 15.
With Woman, at Samaria's Well, John IV. 7.
Discours'd of living Water's Store.

The

* In this Massacre, a Son of King HEROD'S, then at Nurse, was slain with the rest.

§ John ii. 7, &c. Some say the six Water-Pots held eighteen hundred Quarts.

The Son of Chuza, Herod's Steward, *ver. 46, &c.*
 Our Saviour with a Word did heal:
 That, and the Father's Faith, restor'd
 What the Youth's Safety did reveal.

Peter and Andrew, James and John, *Luk. V.*
 To these while on the Silver Main,
 His Power commands the finny Throng,
 When as before they fish'd in vain.

A poor Man by a Dæmon griev'd, *Luk. IV. 33.*
 With Sin, and Satan's Power Stung;
 He from convulsive Pains reliev'd,
 For which Christ's Fame was loudly rung.

Peter's Wife's Mother he restor'd *Mat. VIII. 15.*
 From scorching Fever's burning Heat;
 The laying of his Hand, or Word,
 Heal'd all Infirmities compleat.

* Bethesda's Pool, could not do more,
 In curing those, who enter'd in;
 Christ did the Impotent restore,
 And heal'd the believing Soul from Sin. *Luk. VII. 50.*

He cur'd the lame Man's wither'd Hand; *Mark III. 5.*
 Numbers, who touch'd him, found Relief; *ver. 10.*
 Spirits impure, at his Command,
 Were dispossess'd to Satan's Grief. *Matt. VIII. 16.*

Near Galilee, a Widow's Son, *Luk. VII. 12.*
 Deceas'd, was borne upon a Byer;
 Christ spoke the Word, the Work was done,
 The Youth arose, whilst all admire. *v. 14, 15.*
 A poor

* A famous Pool, S.E. Part of Jerusalem, which washing the Sacrifices, 'twas thought a descending Angel gave it a healing Quality.

A poor Demoniac, blind and dumb, *Mat. XII. 22.*
 Restor'd to Use of Speech and Sight,
 Declares him to be David's Son,
 Against blaspheming Jewish Spite.

Embark'd upon the raging Sea, *Mat. VIII. ver.*
 While his Disciples were afraid, 23 to 27.
 Both Winds and Waves our Lord obey,
 In Cliffs and Mountains hide their Head.

Two Creatures poor, possess'd in Mind, *ver. 28*
 One with a Legion wounded fore; to 32.
 Christ made those Devils enter Swine,
 And trouble these two Men no more.

JAIRUS'S Daughter he restor'd, *Mark V. 42.*
 Altho' embrac'd by Death's cold Hand:
 Two blind Men but implor'd the Lord, *Mat. IX.*
 And they by Faith their Sight regain'd. 29, 30.

A Multitude by Christ was fed, *Mat. XV. 36. 37, &c.*
 With two small Fishes, Loaves but seven;
 He on the Sea, as Brafs, did tread; *Joh. VI. 19.*
 A Dæmon was from Virgin driven. *Mark VII. 29. 30.*

He cur'd a Man both deaf and dumb. *Mark VII. 33.*
 His Fingers put into his Ears, 34. 35.
 With Spittle laid upon his Tongue,
 The wond'ring Patient speaks and hears.

On Tabor's lofty Mountain bleak, *Luk. IX. ver.*
 Our Saviour was intent in Prayer; 28 to 31.
 There MOSES and ELIAS speak,
 There cloath'd in Glory did appear.

The Apostles heard a Voice from Heaven,
 "Hear him, my pleas'd beloved Son!" *ver. 35.*
 No greater Sign could fure be given,
 Nor more amazing Wonders done.

A poor

A poor Man's Child, by Spirit vile, *Mat. XVII. 15.*
Alternate thrown in Streams and Fire;

JESUS! He took him but a while,
And Hell's infernal Troops retire.

A wicked Spirit, of evil Kind, *Luk. XIII., v. 12. 13.*
Abus'd a Woman eighteen Years:

A Man too, who had been born blind, *Joh. IX. 7.*
Christ eases them of both their Cares.

Four Days was LAZARUS in his Tomb, *Joh. XI.*
'Till Jefus call'd him out from thence. *17. to 44.*
This prov'd the Great Messiah come,
And shew'd divine Omnipotence.

Many the Scriptures do declare
Of Wonders great beyond my Verfe;
Which not the Books that written are,
Or should be writ, could full rehearse. *Joh. XXI. 25.*

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CHAP. III. *Containing our Saviour's Sufferings  
and Ascension.*

YE Priests and Scribes, most unbelov'd,  
As much as false Things are to true:  
The Earth felt Earthquakes; how unmov'd,  
How could you, Monsters, how could you?

King AGBARUS a Letter sent  
Unto our Blessed Saviour dear:  
Words that are holy, permanent,  
And do require attentive Ear.

\* \* \* \*

*King AGBARUS'S Letter.*

"OF thee I've heard, and of thy Fame,  
"Beyond all Natural, Human Skill;  
"Thou cur'st the Leprous, Blind and Lame,  
"And casts out Devils, thro' thy Will.

"I hearing

"I hearing these, my Belief is this,  
 "Thou must be God, or else His Son :  
 "For in this World, none sure there is,  
 "Can do those Wonders thou hast done.  
  
 "Wherefore since I do understand  
 "The Jews do strive to work thee Hate :  
 "Come, come, thou Blessed ! out of Hand,  
 "Come to my City, small, but neat.  
  
 "Twill serve us both ; you welcome are,  
 "And glad I'll be to see thy Sight." \*  
 Pleas'd with the King, our Saviour dear  
 This kindly Answer did indite :

\* \* \* \*

*Our Saviour's Answer to King AGBARUS.*

"BLEST are thou, O AGBARUS, King,  
 "In whose Heart Faith divinely reigns ;  
 "And me, thy Saviour, yet unseen,  
 "My Honour undefil'd maintains.  
  
 "Tis writ of me, They which have seen,  
 "Should never on me steadfast believe ;  
 "That those, who have not happy been  
 "In seeing me, should believe, and live.  
  
 "But as to what thou seem'st intent,  
 "These are to intimate to thee,  
 "I must return to Him that sent,  
 "When all Things are fulfill'd of me.  
  
 "Yet after my Ascent to Heaven,  
 "A Blest DISCIPLE thee shall cure ;  
 "Thy sad Distemper quite be driven,  
 "New Life be given, sound and pure.

"And

---

\* This Letter, and the Answer to it, was translated by EUSEBIUS, out of the Records of EDESSA, written in the Syrian Tongue.

“And not to thee, O King, alone,  
 “But unto all who round thee wait;  
 “Knowledge thro’ Me shall blefs thy Throne,  
 “And bring Thee to my Father’s Gate.”

Thus Lentulus, in Tiberius Time, *Josephus.*  
 Governour of JUDEA fair,  
 A Letter wrote to thofe of Rome,  
 Concerning Chrift our Saviour dear.

\* \* \* \*

*Publius Lentulus’s Letter.*

“ I N our Days a Man appear’d,  
 “Still living, JESUS call’d by Name;  
 “Who as a Prophet is rever’d,  
 “Nay, call’d God’s Son, of Heavenly Frame.

“The Dead he raifes, Sicknefs heals,  
 “A Man of Stature, comely, tall!  
 “Rev’rence his Countenance reveals,  
 “Which caufes Fear, yet Love withall.

“His Hair of Chefnut Colour ripe,  
 “And plain down almoft to his Ears:  
 “From thence ’tis fomewhat curl’d, more bright,  
 “O’er Shoulders, waving, it appears.

“Mid’ft of his Head, a Seam of Hair,  
 “Goes parting like a Nazarite:  
 “Smooth doth his lovely Face appear,  
 “Which, mix’d with Red, attrafts the Sight.

“His Nofe and Mouth fo comely, fair,  
 “Nothing can reprehended be;  
 “His Beard thick, colour’d like his Hair,  
 “Eyes grey, and quick with Majesty.

“When

“When he reproves, he’s then severe,  
 “Counfelling, you’d think an Angel speaks;  
 “Tho’ grave his Speech, yet charms the Ear  
 “Of him, who his lov’d Doctrine seeks.

“No one has seen this good Man laugh,  
 “But weeping, fearing others’ Harms;  
 “His Body strait, of beauteous Shape:  
 “Delectable his Hands and Arms

“In Speaking, temp’rate, modest, wife;  
 “A Man for sing’lar Beauty; when  
 “We look, we find him, with Surprise,  
 “Exceeding far the \* Sons of Men.”

Thus Heathens, of our Blessed Lord,  
 Wrote with respective Eloquence,  
 Whilst cruel JEWS, to be abhorr’d,  
 Blasphem’d divine Omnipotence.

If we now mark his Life and Death,  
 Our Tears should prove like falling Show’rs,  
 For his dear Sake, who, when on Earth,  
 Shed melting heaven-like Tears for our’s.

*PALM SUNDAY.*

The JEWS, now mad, our Lord to see,  
 And People’s Hands with Palms replete,  
 To vote his Death they all agree,  
 Whose Power they view’d sublime and great.

*MONDAY.*

The Fig-Tree falls a Sacrifice,  
 Because no Old Fruit grew thereon:  
 The Money-Changers out he drives,  
 Who in the Temple were a Throng.

*TUES.*

---

\* Psalm 45. 2. *Fairer than the Children of Men.* Besides this, *Josephus* gives a great Character of our Blessed Saviour.

*TUESDAY.*

JESUS disputes his Power there,  
 Defeats the Scribes and learned Men ;  
 To Mountain Olivet doth repair,  
 And tells of Wonders how, and when.

After doth wash th' Apostles' Feet,  
 Declares the Traytor JUDAS vile ;  
 To him he gives the Sop to eat,  
 That treach'rous Wretch, who should beguile.

*WEDNESDAY.*

The Priests assemble, JUDAS goes,  
 Betrays his Lord for wretched Gold :  
 For \* thirty Pieces heap'd on Woes,  
 When he his Blest Redeemer fold.

*THURSDAY.*

At Night the Supper forth was fet,  
 When Bread was given, Wine it flow'd :  
 To Gethsemane Christ went, and wept,  
 And pray'd 'till he sweat Drops of Blood.

Near which, the JEWS did apprehend  
 Our Lord, betray'd by JUDAS Kifs ;  
 The Apostles fly, and PETER then  
 Deny'd his Blest Master thrice.

*Good FRIDAY.*

Next Morning, *Pilate* would release,  
 But all the cruel JEWS said, No !  
 Then mock'd, they robe him in Disgrace,  
 And send to *Herod* too and fro.

That

---

\* They were called Staders, or Shekles of the Sanctuary, which amount to Three Pounds Fifteen Shil. of our Money.

That Christ, (O strange it is to tell!)  
Should Substitute his Heav'nly Frame,  
With Mocks and Scourges here should dwell,  
And on the Crofs expos'd in Shame!



Between two Thieves be crucify'd,      *Luk. XXIII. 33.*  
Pierce'd thro' his Side, his Hands, and Feet!  
Bleeding, whilst curst *Jews* deride,      *ver. 35.*  
Could Cruelty be more compleat?

Yet,



Yet, far from calling Vengeance due,  
 Christ prays for them, whose Sins were most.  
*Forgive.....they know not what they do !* *ver. 34.*  
 Then bowing, yielded up the Ghost.

The Temple rends, the Rocks are split, *Mat. XXVII. 51.*  
 While different Orders change their Place:  
 The † bright Sun, as with Horror fmit,  
 In Detestation, veil'd its Face.

O who can tell the Virgin's Grief!  
 A Sword seem'd piercing to her Heart: *Luk. II.*  
 Her Son, the Lord o'er Heaven and Earth, *35.*  
 To feel for us such bitter Smart!

Cruel Longinus! could'st thou bore  
 Thy Saviour's Side, with sharpen'd Spear?  
 'Tis well thou did'st; 'tis one Wound more,  
 In which our Sins immersed are.

Thrice happy \* Joseph, then to greet,  
 With melting Eye, thy Saviour dear!  
 In Linnen wrapt, with Spices sweet,  
 To lay him in thy Sepulcher!

#### SATURDAY.

On this Day Pilate sent a Guard  
 To watch our Saviour's silent Tomb,  
 Because that JESUS had declar'd  
 The Third Day he from thence would come.

#### EASTER

† When Dionisius the Areopagite, was at Athens, and perceived the wonderful Eclipse, he cryed out, Aut Deus naturæ paritur, aut Mundi machina dissolvetur. That is, Either the God of Nature suffers, or the Frame of this World is dissolved.

\* This Joseph was the Son of one Matthias, at Arimathea, and was a Pharisee, 'till our Saviour preach'd his Doctrine. The Sepulchre was made for himself, 8 Foot long, situated about 180 Foot from Mount Calvary



## EASTER SUNDAY.

When Mary Magdalen, with more,  
 Went the next Morn, to pay their last  
 To Him, whom they in Life adore,  
 Were at th' amazing Sight aghast.

The Guards lay prostrate, tho' as dead,  
 No Stone was found against the Door!  
 The Napkin left, which bound Christ's Head,  
 And Shroud that vail'd his Body o'er.

Instead of which, they strait beheld  
 Two Angels shine with Glory bright; *Luk. XXIV. 4.*  
 Back, sent to Peter, they reveal'd  
 Christ's Resurrection, and their Sight.

Peter and John did thither go; *Joh. XX. 3.*  
 Return'd again: Mary behind,  
 Lamenting, JESUS let her know, *ver. 16.*  
 'Twas Him she fought, and footh'd her Mind.

To two Disciples he appears, *Luk. XXIV. 15.*  
 As they walk'd to Emaus Town;  
 Who knew him not, 'till his Discourse *ver. 31.*  
 Clear'd up their Eyes; then Him they own.  
 Back,

Calvary, and distant 1000 Paces from Mount Sion: It was cut out of a Rock: Our Saviour's Head was placed towards the West, with his Face to the East; a Custom to this Day in Use among the Christians. After Christ's Death, Joseph lived a solitary Life, 'till being adopted one of the 72 Disciples by St. Peter, after many Tribulations, he was ordain'd to preach the Gospel in England; where landing at Barrow-Bay in Somersetshire, he came from thence to Glastenbury, 3 Years after Christ's Death, aged 54, where he having set his Staff in the Earth, it turned into a blossoming Thorn, which to late Times was noted for budding Yearly on Christmas Day in the Morning, blossoming at Noon, and fading at Night. Joseph had with him twelve Companions, by whom the Abbey of Glastenbury was built; which in succeeding Ages was amply endow'd with Revenues, ornamented and honour'd by Princes and Kings.

Back to Jerufalem they hafte,  
 Where Peter did his Saviour fee :  
 JESUS to all appears, and afks *Luk. XXIV.*  
 For Meat, and eats, to fhew 'twas He. *v. 41. &c.*

Bids them, The Holy Ghofl receive. *Joh. XX. 22.*  
 But faithlefs Thomas was not there :  
 Who told of this, could not yet believe  
 'Till JESUS did again appear.

Reach here thy Fingers, faith our Lord, *v. 27.*  
 And thruft thy Hands into my Side.  
 Thomas his Unbelief abhorr'd :  
 My Lord ! My God ! he then reply'd. *v. 28.*

Seven of the Apofles fifh'd at Sea,  
 And nothing all the Night they caught ;  
 But at the Dawn of following Day,  
 Our Lord did help them to a Draught. *Joh. XXI. 6.*

Peter with hafte did fwim therefore,  
 And with the reft did hafte to Land :  
 Chrift dines with them upon the Shore,  
 And gave to Peter ftrict Command. *ver. 15, 16, 17.*

Another Time, our Lord appear'd *Mat. XXVIII. 16, &c.*  
 Upon a Galilean Mount ;  
 Five Hundred Brethren there rever'd,  
 Which all their Scruples did furmount.

There Power was given for to baptize,  
 And preach the Gofpel every where ;  
 That Devils ejefted be likewise, *Mark III. 15.*  
 The Sick recover'd by their Care.

St. James too had our Lord's bleft Sight, *I Cor. XV. 7.*  
 When forty Days were almoft fpent ;  
 O inexpress'd fweet Delight,  
 Extatick Joy, and fweet Content !

The Apostles privately being met,  
 With others at Jerusalem,  
 On the last Day, as They were set,  
 Christ suddenly appear'd to them.

Promis'd the Holy Ghost with Speed,  
 Them leads to Olivet's high Head,  
 Where more his Glory did exceed,  
 He shew'd those Wounds, which for us bled.

His Benediction then he gave,  
 Whilst they ador'd, with bended Knees;  
 With wishful Eyes they took their Leave,  
 And saw him mounting by Degrees.

A Cloud enfolds the Heavenly God,  
 Triumphantly he rides to Heaven;  
 And there He makes His Blest Abode,  
 By whom Alone we are forgiven.




---

Mr. Eachard says, in his Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I. p. 217 :  
 "That our Lord ascended on the 14th Day of our Month May, the  
 "9th Month of the 19th Year of the Emperor Tiberius, and in the  
 "36th Year of his Age. And that if he was born (as Christians mostly  
 "concur) on the 25th of December, the full Time of his Continuance  
 "on Earth was precisely 36 Years and 5 Months; almost a Year more  
 "than his Fore-runner John Baptist, who is commemorated the 24th  
 "of June."



*The LIVES of the Evangelists and Apostles.*

*St. MATTHEW, Evangelist and Apostle.*

THRO' Persia, and throughout the Parthian Lands,  
 He preach'd the Gospel of our Blessed Lord ;  
 At Nuddabar, near Ethiopian Strands,  
 He fell a Martyr for the Holy Word.  
 The horrid People cast him in a Flame,  
 Which not consuming his most precious Life,  
 Quite thro' his bleeding Heart a Halbert came,  
 And thus he left this World of Care and Strife.

*This Evangelist was an Hebrew, Son of Alphaeus, a Galilean, and of Mary, Kinswoman of the Blessed Virgin ; and was also Collector of the Jews, 'till our Saviour call'd him at Capernaum. His Festival is on the 21st September.*

*St. MARK, the Evangelist.*

IN Egypt, and in Africk's Countries wild,  
 This Saint Christ's Doctrine boldly did maintain,  
 'Till, in fair Alexandria, beguil'd,  
 By Pagans this Evangelist was slain.  
 With binding Cords those bloody Wretches ty'd  
 His tender Feet, then dragg'd him on the Stones ;  
 Thus bruise'd and bleeding, in that Case he dy'd,  
 And yielded up his Soul with bitter Groans.

*His Festival is on the 25th of April.*

*St. LUKE, the Evangelist.*

THIS skilful Painter unto Christ did turn,  
 Taught by St. Paul those Things that are divine :  
 And while his Heart with glowing Zeal did burn,  
 He wrote his Gospel, fam'd in ev'ry Line :  
 Then preach'd in Egypt, Lybia, and in Greece,  
 Until Barbarians hung him on a Tree ;  
 Whose happy Soul did mount to Heavenly Blifs,  
 And with his Master lives eternally.

*His Festival is on the 18th of October.*

*St.*

*St. JOHN, the Evangelist and Apostle.*

BY our dear Lord he was most lov'd, 'tis plain,  
 Christ calls him Boanerges, Son of Thunder.  
 Some thought he should live 'till he came again,  
 Yet tho' he did not, here appears a Wonder.  
 Domitian, Emperor, cast him into \* Oyl,  
 In horrid Caldron over burning Fire;  
 Cool turns the fame, and back the Flames recoil,  
 As, lo! this Sight averts the Tyrant's Ire.  
 Howe'er to Patmos Isle he's sent a Slave:  
 But, lo! what Angels seek him in the Mine!  
 What wond'rous Truths he wrote, Sight's which Heav'n gave,  
 And which, while e'er the World do's last, will shine,  
 'Till rolling Ages shall the fame declare.  
 At Ephefus this blest Beloved dy'd.  
 To Him our Lord bequeath'd his Mother dear,  
 When He upon the Crofs was crucify'd.

*His Festival is December 27.*

\* The History of this holy Saint's being cast into Oyl, with what was reveal'd to him, is excellently described in the painted Glafs of the East Window in York Minster, which equals (if not exceeds) any Church Window in this Kingdom; the Description of which has been published in the History of York, compil'd by the Author of this little Book.

*St. PETER, the Apostle.*

PETER by Herod was confin'd in Chains,  
 But after, at Constantinople great,  
 He preach'd the Gospel with pure Zeal and Pains,  
 Converting Thoufands to a Blessed State.  
 But when to Rome this Saint again was come,  
 The bloody Emperor Nero, in his Ire,  
 Did cause him for to suffer Martyrdom,  
 And crucify'd he was to his † Desire.

*His Festival is June 29.*

† He was first scourg'd, and then crucify'd with his Head downwards, in Humility to his Blessed Master Christ Jesus.

*St.*

*St. ANDREW, the Apostle.*

SCYTHIA, Gallatia, Nice, Chalcedon too,  
 There preach'd the Gospel with a fervent Heart;  
 But Peträus, Consul, unto Heav'n ne'er true,  
 He would convert, which caus'd his bitter Smart:  
 For which condemn'd, he to a Crofs was nail'd,  
 Whereon, tho' painful, still he preach'd the Word,  
 Two Days in suff'ring, yet his Voice prevail'd,  
 And then expiring went unto the Lord.

*His Festival is November 30.*

---

*St. JAMES the Great, Apostle.*

HE was a fervent Preacher of the Word,  
 And for the fame by Herod lost his Head:  
 But Time will everlastingly record,  
 Jerufalem, the Place he suffered.

*His Festival is July 25.*

---

*St. PHILIP, the Apostle.*

IN Phrygian Land this Saint did much exclaim  
 Against Idolatry; and Truth did preach  
 To Heathens, who on Pillar (to their Shame)  
 Did hang him for the Doctrine he did teach.

*His Festival is May 1.*

---

*St. BARTHOLOMEW, the Apostle.*

IN the Armenian Climes this Saint he fell,  
 B'ing flay'd alive by Tyrant King's Command,  
 Because he preach'd against those Sons of Hell,  
 Whose Superstition would the Truth withstand.

*His Festival is August 24.*

---

*St. THOMAS, the Apostle.*

UNBELIEVING Thomas, once he was a Jew,  
 But when converted, for his Saviour flood;  
 And tho' a while he doubted what was true,  
 Yet soon convinc'd, for Christ would lose his Blood.

To

To Perfians, Medes, Hyrcanians did he preach  
 The Word of Truth most faithful, without Art,  
 'Till Indian Priests with cruel Spears did reach,  
 And pierc'd the blest Apostle to the Heart.

*His Festival is December 21.*

---

*St. JAMES the Less, Apostle.*

AFTER our Lord's Ascension he was chose  
 By the Apostles Bishop of the Church;  
 The Scribes and Pharisees, his mortal Foes,  
 Contriv'd to bring this good Man in the Lurch.  
 Unto the Pinnacle of Temple fair,  
 They went up with him, and thence threw him down;  
 Yet living, Men below with Clubs severe  
 His Brains did scatter on the Stoney Ground.

*His Festival is May 1.*

---

*St. SIMON, the Apostle.*

A GALILEAN, of a fervent Zeal,  
 In Egypt, Africk, Lybia, and Syrene,  
 In Mauritania, too, he did reveal  
 The Word of God, which Tyrants did disdain.  
 Some write, to Britain at the last he came,  
 Where, like his Saviour, he was crucify'd:  
 Ah! pity that our Land his Blood should stain,  
 Where now the Word of Truth is glorify'd.

*His Festival is October 28, with St. Jude's.*

---

*St. JUDE, the Apostle.*

'T WAS in Judea, Galilee, so fair,  
 Samaria, Idume, Mesopotame;  
 The Word of Christ he would have Men revere,  
 'Till at the length to Persian Lands he came;  
 Then ty'd to Stake, swift Arrows they let fly,  
 So thick as cover'd all his Body o'er:  
 Thus in a painful Manner did he die,  
 For Christ his sake, whom all the World adore,

*St.*



*St. MATTHIAS, the Apostle.*

IN fair Judea he the Gospel preach'd,  
In Macedonia, Ethiopia too;  
But while that in *Jerusalem* he teach'd,  
The *Jews*, accurst, with Stones this good Man flew.  
*His Festival is February 24.*

*St. PAUL, the Apostle.*

A T Tarsus born, was noble and well taught,  
And first a Persecutor of the Word;  
'Till struck by Heav'n, by Light exceeding Thought,  
Became a Preacher for his blessed Lord.  
Then sent to Rome, by Nero lost his Head,  
Faithful to Death this good Saint did remain :  
And tho' his Perils were unnumbered ;  
Now, past them all, with Jesus Christ doth reign.

*His Festival is June 29.*

*St. BARNABUS.*

OF Levi's Tribe, and born in *Cyprus* Isle,  
 Antioch City he did soon convert;  
 Some say, that Fortune more did on him smile  
 Than others, who had felt most bitter Smart.  
 Yet learn'd Men unanimous declare  
 That at Salmatia he was crucify'd,  
 Or ston'd; but either Way it doth appear,  
 That for the blessed Word of Truth he dy'd.

*His Festival is June 11.*



*The Soul's Expostulation with our Blessed Saviour JESUS CHRIST.*

ALAS! my Lord! when I consider of that wonderful Charity of  
thine, that thou, a God of eternal Majesty, should not disdain to  
be born and suffer for my sake; it melts my Heart to think how much  
I have offended thee. My dearest Redeemer, I acknowledge my  
Unworthiness, not fit to be called thy Son, ungratefully repaying thy  
Love, who for me and all Mankind passed thro' troublesome Seas of  
Calamities, Labours, and Persecutions. How didst thou pray to thy  
Father, insomuch that thy Tears congealed to Drops of Blood! How  
patiently didst thou offer thyself to Reproaches, Blasphemies and the vilest

vilest Usage from the most ignominious among Mankind; led from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod to Pilate again; clothed with a ridiculous Garment; bound to a Pillar, and scourg'd 'till a Torrent of Purple Blood ran trickling down thy Body; then adorn'd in Purple with a ludicrous Sceptre, and scornfully saluted; compell'd to bear the Burden of thy Cross; and last of all, crucify'd with exceeding Torment between Thieves; nailed thro' thy Hands and Feet, the Joints of thy Members dissolv'd, and all thy Body hanging upon four bleeding Wounds!

Oh! my Saviour! who can think of this, and not be wounded; but who can think of their Sins, and not be smitten, for causing thy Wounds to bleed again! I am sorry for my Offences, and for not making a right Use of thy Satisfaction. But thou, who art my Father, the inexhaustible Fountain of Mercies, behold me prostrate; and, according to my Belief, that no Crimes can exceed the Effects of thy bitter Passion, shew Pity upon me. I cast my inordinate Affections and Transgressions into the Furnace of thy divine Love. I am ready to dye rather than to offend thee again; and my purpose is through thy Grace to avoid whatever is displeasing to thee for the future. Inspire me, I beseech thee, to love thee with a fervent Love, and deep Compassion; to make Thee the Object of my Affections; to resign my self to thy Holy Will; and to be ready to suffer for thy sake any Injury and Contempt, any Tribulation and Misfortune whatever, even to be deprived of any sensible Consolation.

And if such should happen to me, as Persecution did happen to thy Apostles and Followers; amidst all such Troubles, adorn my Soul with thy Merits and Graces, as true Humility, Meekness, Patience and Charity, that my Senses may be restrain'd and the Nakedness of my Spirit be adorn'd with a perfect Purity.

O my God! in all the Adversities I have been subject to, whether in Poverty, Sickness, Temptation, or any other Extremity, I never found so effectual a Remedy, as in the Merits of thy Sufferings. My Life and Hope is in thy Death; and thy Death is my Health, Refuge and Resurrection. My Soul, which is espoused by Faith, and endowed with Spirit, thou, O JESUS! who hast dignified with thy Image, and redeemed by thy Blood, must surely inspire her to love thee, by whom she is so much beloved. With exceeding great Devotion, most ardent Affection and Fervour she desires to receive thee. How may she obtain a Union with Thee, O Lord, to find thee alone, to open her whole Heart to thee as she desires? Truly, thou art her Beloved, the choice among Thousands, in whom she taketh Pleasure to dwell all the Days of her Life. How do's she love to remember Thee in that Blessed Sacrament, thou thyself hast instituted. Thou art her only Peacemaker, in whom the truest Rest is to be found. You refresh all those that labour, and are heavy laden, infusing much Comfort against sundry Tribulations, and lifting them from the Depth of Self-Dejection to the Hope of thy Protection. Thou art a Fountain always sweet and overflowing, never failing to satisfy the thirsty Soul. So that tho' I labour in the Sweat of my Brow, vexed with Grief of Heart, burthen'd with Sins, troubled with Temptations, oppressed, intangled and enslaved with many evil Passions, and there seems none to deliver me; yet in Thee, my Saviour, I put my whole Trust, committing myself, and all that is mine, into thy Tuition, that thou may'st keep me and them safe; and, thro' thy abundant Mercy, bring us all to Life everlasting. *Amen.*

*FINIS.*

*Divine Justice and Mercy Displayed.*

---

Set forth in the unhappy Birth, wicked Life, and miserable  
End of that deceitful Apostle,

JUDAS ISCARIOT;

Who, for thirty Pieces of Silver, betrayed and fold his  
LORD and MASTER,

JESUS CHRIST.

S H E W I N G ,

- I. His Mother's Dream after Conception ; the Manner of his Birth ; and the evident Marks of his future Shame.
- II. How his Parents, incloſing him in a little Cheſt, threw him into the Sea ; where he was found by a King on the Coaſt of *Iſcariot*, who called him by that Name.
- III. His Advancement to be a Privy-Counſellor ; and how he unfortunately killed the King's Son.
- IV. He flies to *Joppa* ; and, unknowingly, ſlew his own Father ; for which he was forced to abſcond a ſecond Time.
- V. Returning a Year after, he married his Mother ; who knew him to be her Child by the particular Marks he had, and by his Declaration.
- VI. And, laſtly, ſeeming to repent of his wicked Actions, he followed our bleſſed Saviour, and became one of his Apoſtles ; but after betray'd him into the Hands of the chief Priests ; and then, miſerably hanging himſelf, his Bowels dropt out of his Belly.

*With Meditations on the Life and Death of our B. Saviour.*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Quis talia fando  
*Temperet à lacrymis ?* — VIRG. Lib. II.

But who the SUFFERINGS of *JESU* hears,  
Can ceaſe from Sighs, or ſtop his falling Tears ?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

By Mr. THOMAS GENT, Author of the HISTORY of YORK,  
in 1730 ; thoſe of the fine Scriptural Great Eaſtern WINDOW  
of the Magnificent Cathedral of St. Peter ; Rippon, and Hull ;  
a Paſtoral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Carlisle ; and of  
Caſtle-Howard, St. WINEFRED'S Well, &c. Originally  
written in LONDON at the Age of 18 ; and late improved in 80.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Y O R K :

Printed at the New Printing - Office, in Fofgate, 1772.

[ Price Twopence. ]



## To the READER.

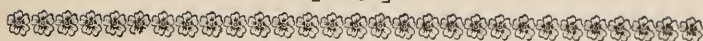
WHAT here is writ, *pathetically, shows*  
*Young JUDAS' strange and most stupendous Birth.*  
*It tells his Parents Sorrows, Grief, and Woes,*  
*For (what they knew) his sad untimely Death.*  
*With Projects vain, they strive t' anticipate*  
*The Thing, which was decreed by certain Fate.*

*Inclos'd in Wood, amid'st impetuous Waves,*  
*Where rolling Billows boisterously do roam;*  
*Where many Thousands find unfathom'd Graves;*  
*Ah! there the Infant's banish'd from his home.*  
*But, lo! a royal KING the Child did find;*  
*Endearing prov'd, like tend'rest Parent, kind.*

*Yet, when at Age, the Sov'reign's Son he kill'd,*  
*And then escap'd to a Land unknown.*  
*Here, by his Hands, his Father's Blood was spill'd,*  
*And wed his Mother when these Crimes were done!*  
*Next turn'd Disciple; strange to think of this;*  
*At last betray'd our SAVIOUR with a Kiss!*

*This is the ARGUMENT of what I write;*  
*Concluding with the Manner of his End:*  
*The various Grievs and Passions I indite*  
*Of JESUS CHRIST, our best and furest Friend.*  
*May none, like JUDAS, ever interpose,*  
*To sell (as He was sold) the CHURCH, His Spouse.*

*Accept the darling Offspring of my Mind,*  
*When Ardour strove to help my Judgment weak:*  
*For, now, you'll truer Satisfaction find;*  
*And I more LIFE in Things I write, or speak;*  
*Since what'er Scriptures do afford I bring;*  
*How foul a Traitor looks, how FAIR a KING.*



## C H A P . I .

*Of his Birth; the Dream of his Mother; and how he was unnaturally committed to the raging Ocean.*

THAT, by the Means of *JUDAS*, CHRIST was slain,  
The *Sacred WRITINGS* tell us very plain; \*

But no where shews his ill fore-boding Birth,  
Who prov'd the saddest Wretch upon the Earth! †

My present Task, far as TRADITION'S Truth,  
Shall be improving LINES, begun in YOUTH;  
From various AUTHORS; || who the Mind engage,  
By Heaven inspir'd, and known from Age to Age.

Cœlestial SENSE is best, right understood;  
But, next, undoubted TESTIMONY'S good;  
From whence bright Knowledge, like fair Rivers flow;  
Or Dews, from HIGH, refreshing ALL below.

So 'twas of old, the *SACRIFICE* divine;  
The *EUCCHARIST*, in *Holy Bread* and *Wine*,  
Was fair display'd, as what the CHURCH should deck,  
By Sanction's Pow'r, thro' King MELCHIZEDEK. ‡

An INSTITUTION, lastingly remember'd,  
*CHRIST'S* nat'ral BODY on the Crofs so render'd;  
Held, by the LEARNED, constantly to prove,  
Appeasing *Anger*, and obtaining *LOVE*! ††

But *Judas*' Name, that bears the sad Transgression, †\*  
Derived is from *Praise*, and *true Confession*.

PERSONS, so styl'd, gave Rise to HISTORY:

From whom I'll mention which of them was He.\*

The

\* MAT. xxvi. 46.—xxvii. 3, 4, 5. Acts 1. to 21. MARK xiv. 10. LUKE xxii. 3. JOHN xviii. 2.

† MAT. xxvi. 23, 24, 25. MARK xiv. 18, 19, 20, 21. 42 to 46. LUKE xxii. 21, 22, 23, 47, 48. JOHN xiii. 18, 21 to 32.—xviii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

|| EUSEBIUS, JOSEPHUS, OROSIUS, SOZOMENES, &c.

‡ Gen. xiv. 18.

†† See Dr. Marhall, *St. Cyprian; and the Sacrifice at the Altar*.

†\* See JEHUDA, JUDA, &c., in *Table the First of the Ancient Holy Bible*.

\*\* MAT. xxvi. 14. xxvii. 3. Yet our Lord admitted him to taste of the Bread and Wine, ver. 26. Mahomet wrote, that one of the Name suffered on the

The first, call'd *MACCHABÆUS*, once did shine,  
For Deeds of Valour, thro' all *Palestine* ;  
Priest of *Medine*, his Father, of high Note,  
As from *JOSEPHUS* various Authors quote.

The second, fam'd ; a Carpenter by Trade ;  
Esteem'd as Husband by a Blest MAID :  
From Him, distinguish'd plain, in Holy Writ,  
Far from Deception, *TREASON* to commit ! \*

But that *ISCARIOT* †, of ill-fated Style ;  
The grudging Miser, prompted to beguile ;  
He seems decreed the Pattern of worst Vice ;  
His God, the *Purse* ; the World, his *Paradise*.

Had *SENECA* then flourish'd, but to tell  
How *Poverty* cou'd not with bright Souls dwell, ||  
'Twould be in vain—for, sure, 'twas pre-ordain'd,  
His Crime in *this* Globe should be ever stain'd.

Indeed, if we a solemn RECORD mind,  
The SON of GOD as doom'd to Death we find !  
Just as a Parent would, lamenting, stand, ‡  
To see th' up-lifted Sword in Murd'rer's Hand !

But here a while, until the SEQUEL brings,  
By riper Thoughts, to judge of sacred Things ;  
Let gradual Fate, portentive, bear the Sway,  
Just as the Twilight ushers in the Day.

This *Judas*, thirdly, born to Earth's Disgrace,  
That fawning Traitor, Shame to human Race ;  
Who was his Father ? I come to explore.  
A Tanner rich, who lived on *Joppa's* Shore.

Beauteous

*the Cross instead of Christ. Even that Impostor honour'd the Son of GOD as an holy Prophet ; but Tacitus exhibited very unworthily of Christians in general, because their holy Tenets were contrary and averse to Heathenism.*

\* See St. MAT. as above.—And Ver. 14, 15. Likewise JOHN xiv. 22.

‡ JOHN xiii. 27.

|| *Si ad naturam vixeris, nunquam eris pauper : si ad opinionem, nunquam dives.* Ad Lucil. Ep. XVI.

† II. ESDRAS, vii. 28, 29.



Beauteous the Country, blefs'd with aerial Gleams,  
O'er *Jordan's* River, like *Kilkenny* Streams ;  
Limpid as Crystal ; fmoaklefs Flames arife ;  
Nor Mifts annoy the ambient facred Skies.

No gloomy Fog, offensive Smoak, or Mud,  
Disturb the Air, the Fire, or the Flood ;  
Inspiring POETS with delightful Themes ;  
So, like the cleareft, were fair *Jordan's* Streams.

But uncongeneal to parental Race,  
And to the Nature of the holy Place,  
He feem'd ; where now the *Turkifh* Crescents fhine,  
With Worships ftain'd, that blemifh *Paleftine*.

Howe'er, his Mother was a noble DAME,  
Styl'd in fome Books fair *BERENICE* by Name.\*  
What will not Riches do ? Who *SIMON* priz'd ;  
And wed, becaufe he alfo merchandiz'd.

In foft Addrefs this tanning Vent'rer woo'd ;  
With mutual Love her fweet Careffes flow'd.  
Nor then deem'd vain ; when, blefs'd by nuptial Rites,  
New Joys increas'd ; more fervent their Delights !

But lafted fhort — for near, when fhe conceiv'd,  
By nightly Vifions fhe was forely griev'd.  
SLEEP, dear Repofe ! that lulls all Cares to Reft,  
Had not one Charm to calm her troubled Breaft.

While, gradual, waking, follow'd Sighs and Groans,  
As tho' diffolving with her piteous Moans :  
To that Extent fo pungent were her Dreams,  
Her fcreeching Voice did found like *Bedlam's* Screams !

The Husband, often flung ; but more, one Night :  
“What is't,” faid he, “that doth my Dear affright ?”  
She anfwer'd, “Jewel, were you but to feel  
“My Grief ; I'm fure, you'd foon the like reveal.

“My

---

\* Some write, She was the Daughter of MACCHABÆUS, of the Tribe of ISSACHAR ; and that he employ'd Ships in trading from one Country to another ; refiding alternately, in pleasant populous Sea-Ports of the Holy-Land, or PALESTINE ; that small Part, yet whose spreading Fame would prove by Decree fonorous over all the world, thro' the Birth of our dear Redeemer, and for the inestimable Blessing of our Salvation.



"My tender Child, that moves now in the Womb!  
 "Oh! that he were but in the silent Tomb!  
 "But he'll spring forth, on purpose to betray  
 "The LORD of LIFE, whom cruel *Jews* will slay.  
 "For this ungrateful A&t, so black, so foul,  
 "I'm 'fraid just Vengeance will fall on his Soul.  
 "Howe'er, I'm sure, thou'd he make *JESU* bleed,  
 "His Body, pendent, must atone the Deed.  
 "No Peace on Earth to ease a *wicked* Mind.  
 "They fly —— are lost —— to *hang*, or *drown*, inclin'd.  
 "His *Lot* the former, like *AMITHOPHEL*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 "When *Conscience* Wounds, *Life* soon becomes an *Hell*.  
 "What must we do? How from our Sorrows fever!  
 "As soon as born, (better that it were never!)  
 "Let gulphing Seas prevent such direful End,  
 "And drown those Woes that you and me attend."

This said, the LADY burst into Tears,  
 (Employ enough for him to ease her Cares!)  
 'Till both agreed to make the Child away,  
 And cause his Birth to prove its fun'ral Day.

Not done —— for why, it scarce had seen the Light,  
 But, like an Angel, charming Mortal's Sight;  
 Symmetrical, in PARTS extern, it seem'd;  
 So sweet, so fair, a SERAPH might be deem'd.

Pity return'd —— 'till on the Breast they view'd  
 Sign of the *Cross*; predicting, sure, the *Rood*!  
 Near that sad Mark, a *Gibbet*, ty'd with *Band*,  
 Amaz'd their Eyes, as, trembling, they did stand!

Tho' these confirm'd the Mother's frightful Dream;  
 Yet Fondness turn'd her Mind from Death's Extreme.  
 "My Love," *she cry'd*, "a Thought has stricken me,  
 "To lose the Infant —— not its *Exit* see.

"Tho' this be Sin, sure it is better far  
 "Than shed the Blood of such a blooming Star.

"My

---

\* II. SAM. xxvii. 23.

“My Counfel is, Commit it to the Deep!”——  
Thus fpoke, their Eyes bewell’d, and both did weep.

But that indulgent Providence might fave;  
Nor piercing Cold affect each threat’ning Wave;  
A little Ark, or Chest, they did provide,  
With Happing warm, to keep out Wind and Tide.

In this the thoughtlefs Sailor they inclofe.  
But where’s the Tongue can tell the Parent’s Woes?  
The fweet Child, fmiling in its Mammy’s Face,  
Frefh Drops inforce, afflicting her Embrace.

“O cruel Mother! am I not?” *faid ſhe.*  
“Fooliſh, to judge my Dream was Heav’n’s Decree;  
“And were I afcertain’d, how finful I,  
“To doom my Child to *FATE’S* Uncertainty?

“Strange! I ſhould have a Notion of my own.  
“What is this Lord of Life, this Pow’r unknown?  
“Not *Greece*, nor *Rome*, as yet, can full declare:  
“And yet I’m mov’d my Infant not to spare.

“*GOD* might reverſe what in my Sleep appear’d;  
“And turn to Joys thoſe Sorrows which I fear’d.  
“My Pray’rs and Tears, like *Nineveh’s* Defence,\*  
“Would more become, than doubt kind Providence.

“Am I an *HULDAH*? Or, as *HANNAH*, bright?  
“Have I prophetick Gifts, or *Second* Sight?  
“Shall I prove like *CASSANDRA*, fad, for *Troy*?  
“Or change Decree in parting from my Boy?

“Some vult’rous Bird may pick out theſe bright Eyes;  
“Thy tender Body bear thro’ vaulted Skies!  
“Like *PHAETON*, or *ICARUS*, o’erpower’d;  
“Thy Cries regardlefs, by dread Fiſh devour’d!

“O Heav’ns! ſuppoſe that fafe to Land it gains,  
“Unlefs it haps amongſt young Nymphs and Swains;  
“What may I think of dreary Rocks, and Sands?  
“Or Monſters, fierce, if falling in their Hands!

“Nay,

---

\* JONAH iii. 5, 6, &c.

"Nay, Paws of Wolves, or Tygers seeking Prey;  
 "Grim, and more horrid, than the raging Sea!  
 "That nothing spare, unless it be a Wonder;  
 "And soon would rend this Offering asunder!  
 "Or savage Wretches, who near Shores beguile;  
 "That grin for Murders, and at Shipwrecks smile;  
 "How may such Villains snatch thee; laugh, and skip,  
 "Whilst Life they take, and rob thy little Ship!  
 "O whither must my pretty Lamb now go!  
 "See how it looks. — Alas! it does not know.  
 "Burst, Heart of Grief, since true Affection's vain;  
 "So strong the Impulse, and so great my Pain!  
 "My Soul's distress — Yet something bodes I may,  
 "If Fate proves kind, see him another Day.  
 "Distraction sure doth seize on every Side.  
 "I wish I'd ne'er been born, or Young had dy'd.  
 "It must, it must depart — some Spirit tells,  
 "That tunes my breezing Sighs like Passing-Bells!  
 "Ye Powers, unseen! preserve the GIFT I send.  
 "Waft him, fresh Gales, while my fond Pray'rs ascend.  
 "Farewel, once more, my Child. — Unhappy me,  
 "With boundless Grievs! No Comforts can I see.  
 "Adieu — farewell!" This said, then swoon'd away!  
 "Her Face turn'd pale, and Body seem'd as Clay.

---

C H A P. II.

*How the Bark, which contain'd the Infant, was laid upon the River, and borne to the Sea; from thence taken and saved by a KING, who put it to Nurse; and called him ISCARIOT, because discover'd floating upon that Coast.*

**W**HILST thus succumb'd lov'd BERENICE thro' Care,  
 Let's turn our Thoughts upon the Father dear.  
 Alas! his LAMENTATIONS were not small:  
 For, with his Son, he fear'd her FUNERAL!  
 All future Harms, then, wisely to prevent;  
 No Way could ease, but answer'ing her Intent;

Since

Since nothing could those MARKS eradicate;  
Those deep-prefs'd *Stygmas* of Life-lasting Fate.

A trusty Servant quick he call'd; to whom,  
The Plot made known; the sad determin'd Doom!  
Bids, Lay the Vessel, small, in current Tide,  
Mid'st rapid Streams, on ebbing Waves to glide.

'Twas soon obey'd, in his obsequious Arms;  
As quick discharg'd to the wide Ocean's Harms.  
Soon did the floating JUDAS disappear;  
And Winds, impetuous, drove him Heav'n knows where.

To screen his Fate, and to prevent their own:  
For 'twou'd be death to them had it been known;  
Gave out, with rural Nurse the Child did die;  
And forg'd EPISTLES to conceal the Lie.

More to disguise the TRUTH, in Mourning, wide;  
She cloath'd herself, and stalk'd in solemn Pride:  
Both in long sable Garments to the Heel:  
But where's thy ART, that can from Heav'n conceal?

By this DEVICE none did mistrust at all;  
But still themselves lamented at his Fall!  
And well they might conclude the Infant lost,  
In merciless Waves, or perish'd on bleak Coast.

But let us now tell what's become of Him;  
Who on incessant moving Waves did swim.  
He is preserv'd by SUPERNAT'RAL POW'R,  
That nothing, but Himself, can LIFE devour.

Toft to and fro, exalted and cast down;  
Ungriev'd, secur'd, who was not born to drown:  
Senseless that circling Dangers, dread! attend;  
And innocent how HEAV'N becomes his Friend.

No Food he craves, nor melting Tears demand  
A Mother's Breast, or Nurse with helping Hand.  
Extensive GOODNESS him in Safety keeps;  
Who, heav'd by changing aequal Pillows, sleeps.

From hardest Rocks, that are most high and steep,  
Proceed the largest RIVERS, smooth and deep:

Idoneous

Idoneous Places to mount *PHAROS* high ;  
Or tower'd Castles near fair azur'd Sky.

On fam'd *Ifcariot's* Coast was such a Mount ;  
Bless'd with a *SPRING* ; a useful, limpid Fount ;  
Clear as Saint *WIN'FRED'S* salutary Well ; \*  
Still fresh in Virtue, that few can excell.

Near Dales, and Rifings, with salubrious Air ;  
Where chirping Choiresters adorn'd the Sphere ;  
Nothing appear'd but *HARMONY* and Love,  
Like what concentred in thick *IDA'S* Grove.

To this Retreat of old did *PRINCES* come ;  
Pleasant as that imperial Isle, near *ROME* : †  
But far more holy, as from Lust unstain'd ;  
No Blemish that an *Afylum* was gain'd.

For here, *TRADITION* tells, a *KING*, in Fame,  
(Pity more extant was not spread his Name ! ) ||  
In *SUMMER'S* sweet Reces did oft regale ;  
And took Delight to view Ships under Sail.

*AURORA* scarce had usher'd in the Morn ;  
And *Phæbus*, glitt'ring, with spread Rays, adorn :  
What should appear unto the *Prorox'* Eye,  
But the small Bark with Freight come tott'ring by !

Concluding, then, some Vessel cast away,  
And this but Part of Goods upon the Sea ;  
He sent a Pilot quick with Aid to bring ;  
Which, soon secur'd, was laid before the *KING*.

But when the fame was open'd, what Surprise  
To view an Infant !——All lift up their Eyes !  
The Cloth, well-oil'd ; and tight with Pitch 'twas lin'd ;  
The Babe unhurt, from Water, or the Wind.

With Food likewise, that, should it reach the Land,  
It might be fed by some kind Creature's Hand :

Upon

---

\* *A famous salutary Spring in Wales, of which there is extant a religious POEM, inducing to Piety and Virtue.*

† *Noted for Retirement in JUSTIN, SUETONIUS, &c.*

|| *Some have exhibited, that it was VALERIUS, of Consular Dignity.*

Upon its Breast a PARCHMENT did proclaim :  
*Wou'd me you know ? Why, JUDAS is my Name. †*

The KING, at this Adventure, was amaz'd ;  
 And, wond'ring at the NAVIGATOR, gaz'd !  
 Whilst he, instead of weeping at his Case,  
 With lift-up Eyes, smil'd in the Monarch's Face.

*Thou shalt be call'd Ifcariot, (said the KING)*  
*Beside thy own, thou pretty, little THING !*  
*So all the World will know, that, when near lost,*  
*Thou wert from Death preserv'd on this our Coast. ‡*

Thus, as PILUMNUS, royally did save  
 PERSIUS, and Parent, from a wat'ry Grave :  
 So PITY mov'd him to preserve the Creature ;  
 But little thought he'd prove so strange in Nature.

*Go, seek a Nurse, he said. — Quick she appear'd ;*  
*A blooming, young ONE ; worthy high Regard.*  
*Here, take this Stranger to your tender Care ;*  
*And bring it up, for no Expence I'll spare.*

'Twas done — and wond'rous did the Child improve :  
 For royal BOUNTY much attracted LOVE.  
 Still more and more his Charms allur'd the Sight ;  
 ALL, but the MARKS ; and those were veiled quite.

Thus having shewn his Birth, and first Success ;  
 From infant Scenes to future Wickedness ;  
 'Tis just, in Order, that I hence proceed,  
 In the next Place, to tell what Judas did.

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### CHAP. III.

*How, ripening into Years, he became highly advanced : But in a Duel  
 unfortunately kill'd the King's Son.*

WHEN fit, the YOUTH to learned Schools was sent,  
 With PARTS, surprizing ! soon to Letters bent.  
 The Hebrew Knowledge ; THINGS he prized best,  
 That form the SPEECH ; of them became possesst.

Soon

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† Or JEHUDA. By Counsel of one of the ancient Patriarchs, so call'd, young Joseph was sold, Gen. xxxvii. 26, 27. Yet by Repentance of another Fault, and nobly offering to be Bondsman for Benjamin. xlv. 16 to 34. he came to regal Dignity. But of this Youngster's Actions, King DAVID seems to indigitate, Psal. xli. 9. and lv. 12, 13, 14.

‡ Or ISHARIOT, Distinguished. Mat. xxvi. 14. Mark xiv. 10, 11. Luke xxii. 3, 4, 5, 6.—21, 22.—47, 48.



Soon after skill'd in *Latin*, and in *Greek*,  
 So as, with nicest ART, both Tongues could speak :  
 And *Genius*, most occult, made him descry  
*Investigation* of *PHILOSOPHY*.

For this the *Mathematicks* he explor'd ;  
 And, what the wisest Men could then afford ;  
 What Skill, or Nature, at all Ages, can  
 The Courtier form, or the young Gentleman.

Thus by a lib'ral Education train'd,  
 The Love of Princes, and of Nobles, gain'd.  
 The KING himself, thro' bright Perfections won,  
 Made him Companion with his only Son.

Still, to proceed, as Wisdom did abound,  
 While call'd to Counsel for Advice profound ;  
 Nothing could more his Happiness compleat,  
 Since blest'd by Priests, and honour'd by the Great.

Besides the Posts, that Riches brought immense ;  
 New Acts, fresh Deeds, that frequent did commence ;  
 Might cause a Youth in Pleasures to abound,  
 With more Content than to a Monarch crown'd.

But, ah ! how oft are short-liv'd Favours great !  
 One Minute's Chance soon changes happy'st State.  
 A Thoughtless Action, cruel Wound, or Thrust,  
 May Life betray, and Honour *lay in Dust* !

So 'twas with *Judas*, passionate, and fierce ;  
 Who knew the *Sword*, and what were *art* and *tierce* ;  
 How to recoil ; or, when to spring a *Lunge* ;  
 Or, as *Equestrian*, fatal Spear to plunge !

One glitt'ring Day, he, with the King's fair Son,  
 Resolv'd on Pastime, left the Court, and Town ;  
 And, drinking hard, in Mid'st of Cups, no doubt,  
 When *Wine was in*, these hot-brain'd Youths *fell out*.

With shining Weapons, made of finest Steel,  
 Such Wounds they gave required ART to heal.  
 O curs'd Encounter ! Ruin to impart :  
 For *Judas* stabb'd the young Prince to the Heart !

Who



Who, rallying, spoke: "Stay, Spark! tho' late, attend.  
 "You've kill'd no Foe; but you have slain your Friend.

"Alas! your Woes more piercing are to me;

"Because I can't prevent what I foresee.

"My Comfort is, retaining some small Breath,

"I can forgive; rejoicing, at my Death,

"That Heav'n with-held my oft-victorious Arm,

"From doing You, my sweet Companion! Harm.

"Yet stay, and do not, Cruel! hasty go!

"One — last Embrace — for past Affection show."

He soon comply'd with what the Prince requir'd;

Who, fainting, thro' the loss of Blood, expir'd!

Imagine, READER, what the KING did bear,

When he fore Tydings, this sad *News*, did hear!

No tearless Eye in the fair Isle was found,

Which gen'ral Grief had quickly spread around.

Now *Judas*, Lord High Chancellor, in Stealth,

Flies from the Purse, late State, and mighty Wealth;

Prefers the shortest Course that fate reveals,

Tho' Death and Fury follow at his Heels.

In Ship embarking, like a Wretch forlorn,

To *Joppa* sail'd, the Place where he was born:

But as a Servant, had no other Way,

To find Relief, or make a constant Stay.

Still deep Compunction seiz'd his troubled Breast:

For, sure, the Guilty never can find Rest.

*Nemesis* Vengeance with its Stings impart,

Distract the Brain, and captivate the Heart.

But still he had a Call deep to repent;

And often wish'd he had been innocent.

In vain — for as it were by Fate decreed,

He turn'd a Thief, and made his Father bleed.

~~~~~

C H A P. IV.

How employ'd in Service, and unlucky Parricide.

NOT long *ISCARIOT* liv'd without a Place:

For being tall, and of a comely GRACE;

With winning GAIT, he scarce for such requir'd,

But he obtain'd what his sad Soul desir'd,

And

And here behold inconstant Fortune's Change!
 One, rich possess'd, forc'd from high Domes to range!
 He, who did lord o'er others, must submit
 To 'bate his Pride, and veil his courtly Wit.

No KING to serve, no fav'ring PRINCE to show
 What royal Youth to EDUCATION owe.
 Do what he will, there's none relieve him can;
 But he must yield to serve a Gentleman.

Nay, more to vex him, in a low Degree,
 Of skipping Footman, poor, submitted he:
 And even then, a Life most unsecure;
 Because high Pride could not mean Things endure.

His Mistrefs, walking forth to take the Air,
 Espy'd some FRUIT, most delicately fair!
 'Twas in a GARDEN, where wide-spreading Trees
 Adorn'd the Walls; regal'd with gentle Breeze.

She, longing much to taste the luscious Juice;
 As right conceiving what they must produce:
Here, take this Money; go, said she, and buy
Some of that FRUIT, so pleasant to mine Eye!

But such the Nature of the greedy Elf,
 He thought to keep the Pieces to himself:
 Nor dreamt the Place was by his Parents own'd;
 Contiguous Buildings, with adjacent Ground.

The Wall he climb'd; the Trees began to pull,
 Until his Father struck him on the Skull.
 Provok'd to Rage, succeeded Blow for Blow;
 With Falls, contus'd, alternate, high and low.

At length the Earth was tinctur'd with their Blood!
 Both Combatants amazing Valour show'd.
 The One, a young and griping Thief to tame:
 The Other, to keep clear from Gaol, and Shame.

And thus they fought, none seeing them to part,
 'Till Judas stabb'd his Father to the Heart!
 Behold, as tho' the slaughter'd Victim lies,
 And separating Slumbers close his Eyes!

Go,

Go, PARRICIDE!——Yet, whither wilt thou fly?
 Or hide thy Crimes from an All-seeing Eye?
 Depart——Like poor Itenerate he roves:
 Quich, now, like Hart; and, soon, as torpor'd, moves.

His Sins, dy'd Scarlet! yet more, diff'rent, he
 Was to commit before *CHRIST'S* TRAGEDY.
 His LIFE portended Horrors for to come,
 Beyond my Pen to trace impending Doom.

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 C H A P. V.

*How JUDAS, returning after a Year's Time, married his Mother;  
 who was fully convinced that he was her Son.*

WHEN circling YEAR its annual Course had run,  
 JUDAS return'd where first his Life begun.  
 In *JOPPA*, like a subterraneous Stream,  
 Days heedless pass'd, as tho' *Time* prov'd a Dream.

Handsome, and straight; so courtly too in Port,  
 The People judg'd him not of common Sort;  
 And were bright Riches helping to evince;  
 'Twas probable they'd thought disguised Prince.

But wanting Wealth, to favour him unknown,  
 Employ'd his Wit, to settle in the Town;  
 Whose best Perfections, when the People knew,  
 Procur'd him Love, and gain'd him Bus'ness too.

His Father now above Twelve Months was dead:  
 Then courted he his Mother dear to wed.  
 She lik'd the chang'd-name Spark; soon prov'd his Bride;  
 But little thought by him her Husband dy'd!

Some Time they liv'd together in sweet Love,  
 That from her Breast past Sorrows did remove;  
 'Till that the dire predicting Signs appear'd;  
 And struck her Heart with what before she fear'd!

For as one rosy Morn, from Bed of Down,  
 Those MARKS, indelible, *SOUL'S* Rays made known;  
 PARENT and SPOUSE, deep-wounded with Surprise,  
 Salt, trickling Tears, came flowing from her Eyes!

“Tell

"Tell me, *said she*, my Dearest, whence you came?  
 "Who were your Parents? Tell me each their Name:  
 "For when that *Crofs*, and *Gibbet*, I do see;  
 "It calls to Mind my Child, and that you're He."

Said *Judas*, "Truly, LOVE, I cannot tell,  
 "Who gave me Being; if defunct, or well;  
 "Much less *Abode*: But this I true may say,  
 "They seem'd not such, who laid me on the Sea.

"A KING preserved me from being lost;  
 "Who 'spy'd me sailing near his hilly Coast:  
 "And when deliver'd from the Ocean's Thrall,  
 "*Judas Iscariot* then he did me call.

"But I, grown up, the Prince, his Son, did kill;  
 "And, flying, chanc'd your Husband's Blood to spill.  
 "These Crimes thro' Passion: But another Sort  
 "Made you my Spouse, as't were thro' Fortune's Sport.

"Thus, twice absconding, wilful, thro' my Sins.  
 "What's to be done, when Sorrow fresh begins?  
 "For now you've found, what re'terates sad Grief,  
 "Your Son, your Spouse, a Murderer, and Thief!

"This is the Substance of my wand'ring Life.  
 "Weep not, my Dear, that you are now my Wife:  
 "Let me bear all, since You are far from Blame:  
 "For my connubial Love shall be the same."

At this the LADY, lifting up her Eyes!  
 "Ah, no! fond Youth! her melting Tongue replies.  
 "Since now we know that Fortune does her worst,  
 "Let's not provoke the Pow'rs to be accurst.

"There is one *JESUS*, near the Age of you;  
 "Saviour divine! who can great Wonders do.  
 "Whether or no *MESSIAH*, I can't tell;  
 "But, like, at present, none on Earth excell.

"For JOHN the Baptist, Hermit, did proclaim;  
 "And *well-pleas'd* Heav'n pronounc'd his spreading Fame.  
 "Whose *SERMONS* on the Mount will guide you plain,  
 "To shun the Gulph of Hell, and Heav'n obtain.

"Haste

"Haste, haste, my Son; to fair *JERUSALEM*.  
 "Steer by his Rules; of Prophets, sure, the Helm.  
 "Amend your Life; be mindful of yourself:  
 "Turn to the LORD, and flight all pompous Wealth.  
 "He speaks, I hear, as never Mortal spake:  
 "His Person, tall, and lovely, wond'rous, take.  
 "So beautiful does ev'ry ACTION shine;  
 "All past Description, from these Words of mine.  
 "The heavy-laden He invites to Rest. MAT. xi. 28.  
 "Sufficient GOD to all that are oppress'd. ISA. lxxvi. 13.  
 "Gird up with Speed; seek him, who'll welcome thee.  
 "You'll find more Comfort than you can with me.  
 "'Tis hard to Think, ALL is by Heav'n contriv'd;  
 "Whence Justice flows, and Mercies are deriv'd;  
 "Unless it proves, for most distinguish'd Good,  
 "SALVATION gain'd by shedding precious Blood.  
 "Alas, my Dear, we evermore must part!  
 "At least, withdraw a tender Comfort's Heart.  
 "We cannot, sure, but must the Heav'ns obey;  
 "Tho' Nature yields, diviner LAWS gainfay.  
 "And now my Child, see you with Speed repent;  
 "The Fault is equal, tho' both innocent:  
 "But let our future Lives this Guilt atone;  
 "And no more dwell, as tho' we had been One.  
 "Yet take a Wife and Mother's Kifs once more.  
 "Look not behind; but mind what is before."  
 Embracing then, like Lovers, when they fever;  
 They bid Adieu, for ever, and for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

*How JUDAS ISCARIOT became one of our SAVIOUR'S Apostles; first betray'd him: and then in a miserable Condition, departed from the mad or trifling Members of the Sanhedrim, and hang'd himself, whilst his Bowels gush'd out of his Belly!* ACTS i. 16. 18. 25.

OUR Bless'd REDEEMER, being on the Earth,  
 Proclaim'd, by Wonders, the *MESSIAH'S* Worth.  
 Both Sick, and Lane, that unto him did come,  
 Relief he gave; restor'd the Deaf, and Dumb! \*

Whofe

\* Isa. xxxv. 6. lxi. 2. MAT. xii. 13. 22. xiv. 15 to 21. xv. 30. 31.  
 xx. 30 to 34. JOH. ii. 3. &c.

Whose Miracles did cause the *Jews* to frown;  
 The *Heathens* mad, their Idols should fall down;  
 That Persecutions follow'd; Blood, and Fire;  
 When many Martyrs did for TRUTH expire! †

Accursed *Jews*! how could ye thus despise  
 An Heav'nly Extract, Powerful, and Wise?  
 How ludicrous to Him, who Earth adorn'd? MAT. xii. 34.  
 Ye Race of *Vipers*, worthy to be scorn'd. xxiii. 33.

Methinks the Sweetness of his God-like Sight;  
 That melting Tongue, which charm'd with soft Delight;  
 Should make so blest'd a PERSONAGE admir'd;  
 His Looks belov'd, and healing Truths requir'd.

No Wonder *Judas*, three Times fore distressed,  
 Should long for CHRIST to save his wounded Breast;  
 Who pass'd that Way: And then it was not long  
 Before connected with th' *Hofanna* Throng.

For num'rous of the changing People came;  
 As Wind, inconstant, just as prov'd his Fame:  
 When, *Hypocrite*!—nor backward than the rest,  
*Apostate* prov'd, tho' outward CHRIST confest.

Thus seem'd to journey with our Saviour dear,  
 Like Profelyte, religious and sincere:  
 Zealous as *PETER* did he seem to be,  
 As if none loved *JESUS* more than *He*!

As tho', like him, could draw the frightful Sword;  
 Smite any Champion that durst seize his Lord;  
 Was past Rebuke from *Canticleer's* Abuse;  
 Nor valu'd *Hell*, tho' all its *Train* broke loose.

Or tho' from Heav'n he Mercy should obtain;  
 Tho' blackest Traitor, yet elude hot Pain.  
 But, marvellous, our Lord should wash his Feet;  
 And, yet accuse him while he sat at Meat!

But here's the Matter: Greedy of base Gain;  
 No less than GOD'S sweet Lamb must the be slain!

For

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† See Master FOX'S Acts and Monuments.



For Thirty Pieces his REDEEMER fold :  
So mean the Price, such forry Silver told !

Abandon'd Wretch ! What Madnefs seiz'd thy Soul ?  
What Fears, what Horrors, muft your Thoughts controul ?  
Deaf to Regards, our High-Priest to forfake !  
Could no Reluctance fuch Intention shake ?

No, no ; 'tis done — the Fiend has seiz'd his Heart.  
What will not Bribes ? From Heav'n to Hell pervert.  
As by the Sequel, READER, will appear ;  
And ought to make us cleave to JESUS dear.

Tho' great Afflictions our dear Lord receiv'd,  
For *doing Good*, tormented fore, and griev'd ;  
Yet many Followers his Preaching gain'd ;  
And the Faith triumph'd as they liv'd, and reign'd.

Now what are *Ethnic* Scoffs and Scorns to us ?  
Or worthlefs Style of haughty *Tacitus* ?  
Or yet that fulsome Emp'ror *Nero's* Ire,  
Who laid on *Chriftians* fetting *Rome* on Fire ?

Quite diff'rent did the Holy *JESU* prove ;  
Whofe Life was Beauty, and his Doctrin *Love* !  
So great, it can't be thought he would bereave  
The World of Bleffings, which he came to fave.

He heal'd the Sick, reftor'd the Blind to Sight ;  
The Lame to walk ; the Bended ftand upright.  
Nay, rais'd the Dead with his reviving Breath ;  
And prov'd a fure Dominion over Death.

It happen'd that our Lord to *Joppa* came,  
Where *Judas*, having heard before his Fame,  
And by his Mother told what Things were done,  
To be his Follower resolv'd upon.

Nor was he long ; but, leaving native Home,  
To eafe his wounded Soul, with him did roam.  
But, ah ! his Faith prov'd like a tatter'd Rag :  
For his Devotion center'd in the Bag.

So zealous too, at firft, made CHRIST admire ;  
Rais'd him Apoftle ; answer'd his Defire :

And



And yet he knew, when all was finish'd, then  
He'd be betray'd into the Hands of Men.

What shall we write? Since the Decree was made,  
The Son of God should be on Earth betray'd?  
Who true did know, tho' *Judas* seem'd a Saint,  
He was the foreseen Devil that he meant. *Joh. vi. 70, 71.*

For he was one that parted from the Lord;  
*Walk'd not with him*; unb'lieving of the Word. *ver. 66, &c.*  
*Eating* his Flesh, and *drinking* of his Blood,  
Were Mysteries, by them not understood.

That Life eternal was here justly meant;  
Because Life-giving FATHER had HIM sent:  
And as he liv'd by him, so those that eat *Ver. 54, &c.*  
*Should even live*, thro' that cœlest'al Meat.

Thus Bread and Wine were sweetly made adjunct;  
Not like to *Manna*, eat by Sires defunct, *ver. 58.*  
But everlasting Bread, that nought could sever  
From Heav'n's Enjoyments, which shou'd last for ever.

And this, of *Judas*, leads us to some Knowledge;  
Who made a Vacance in the sacred College:  
Which proves, when Souls forsake GOD'S Paths for Sin,  
They may be *lost* by Dæmons ent'ring in.

Well might such believe, who saw the Deaf, and Dumb,  
And knew the Dead, releas'd from the Tomb!  
So *Jesus* did; and left Disciples Pow'r  
To bind and loose, to make his Church secure.\*

When these were finish'd, still he thought of this,  
How *Judas* should betray Him with a Kifs!  
An ancient Sign of undiffembled Love;  
But here defac'd, as much as Hell could prove.

READER, but ponder — Treason to a King,  
'Tis not stupendous should Destruction bring:  
And vile Deceit, in order to trepan,  
Deserves Rebuke from either GOD, or MAN,

But,

But, now, proceeding to his ending Cares ;  
 Who well can read, or write, without falt Tears ?  
 Who, while at his last Supper, thus should say,  
*That an Apostle should his LORD betray ?*

They were surpriz'd : Each, with exploring Eye,  
 Look'd ghaftly round, and asking, *Is it I ?*  
 Should all forsake him ; yet St. *PETER* said,  
 Such Words, as if he ne'er should be betray'd.

*Judas* spoke, pertly, too : *And is it I ?*—  
*You've said it* — *JESUS*, meekly, did reply.  
 Quickly the Devil enter'd in his Heart ;  
 Who from our Saviour, and them all, did part.

Hence, Villain — Traitor, thirsty of vile Pelf ;  
 'Till Vice, triumphant, makes thee hang thyself !  
 Memorial ne'er forgot while Earth remains ;  
 On high Record, as if *hung up in Chains !*

Mean time our Saviour goes to weep, and pray,  
 The bitter Cup from him might pass away !  
 In *Gethsemane's* Garden fair he flood ;  
 Then kneel'd, and sweat, 'till trickled Drops of Blood

And, coming to his griev'd Disciples, found  
 Them fast asleep upon the humid Ground ;  
 But they, awaken'd at his dear Return ;  
 Their Aspects show'd how deep their Souls did mourn.

*Peter*, said he, *what ! had'st thou not the Pow'r*  
*For Me, thy Lord, to watch one single Hour ?*  
 Then thrice intensely cry'd, *As I am Thine ;*  
*Thy Will be done, O Father, and not mine.*

And, now, departing, who should stalk along,  
 But Traitor *Judas*, with an armed Throng ?  
 Who, when approach'd him, *Master, hail !* said he.  
 The previous Token of his Treachery !

*Do'st thou betray me with a Kiss ?* *CHRIST* said.  
 Then, 'stead of Dauntness, *MAJESTY* display'd !  
 Ask'd, *Whom they fought ?* with such an awful Sound,  
 Some started back, and others fac'd the Ground.

Yet,

Yet, like a LAMB, he did himself furrender ;  
 Amid't the num'rous Train, — scarce one Defender !  
 His Fortune chang'd, the sad Disciples fly ;  
 Or hid themselves in this Extremity.

He's scourg'd, and mock'd ; tho' like a King array'd ;  
 A Sceptre, ludicrous, by him is sway'd ;  
 A Crown of Thorns that pierc'd his tender Head ;  
 He's from Judge *Pilate* to King *Herod* led.

When strong secur'd, he's to Tribunal brought ;  
 False Witneffes, like *Jezabel's*, are fought : I. *Kings* xxi. 8 to 15.  
 Expos'd, and flouted, as the most accurst ;  
 As if scar'd Hell conspir'd to do its worst.

But see how Heav'n did force the Traitor back :  
 For Day and Night his Soul was on the Rack.  
 'Twas worse than Death to think what he had done  
 Against his dearest Friend, GOD'S only Son.

No sooner he the *Jews* Designs did know ;  
 What Punishment the LORD should undergo ;  
 But he restor'd the Silver, when he said, MAT. xxvii.  
*That Blood most innocent he had betray'd.* 4. 5.

*I've sinn'd*, cry'd he. — See thou to that, said they.  
 He threw the Money down, and went away.  
 Now Grief and Horror do torment his Mind ;  
 Before him Justice, and grim Death behind !

Accursed Wretch ! what Madness seiz'd thy Soul ?  
 Could not before Repentance thee controul ?  
 And what from stern *Jew* Priests could you expect,  
 But judge you vile, tho' pleas'd at your Neglect ?  
 May this give Warning to informing Tribes ;  
 To shun with Scorn all false perverting Bribes :  
 For mind the Villains that false Witnefs bring,  
 They can't be good to GOD, the Realm, or *King*.

Heav'n's Arrows stuck close to his wounded Side ;  
 He grows uneasy ; can't himself abide.  
 If CHRIST he believed not GOD'S Son to be ;  
 Yet is assur'd the best of MEN was He.



Weep not for me, ye CITY'S Daughters fair,  
But for your selves, and for your Children dear !  
Thus cry'd dear JESUS, knowing of the Doom,  
Thro' TITUS, that great Emperor of Rome.

And when with Furrows *Jews* had plow'd the Skin ;  
In purpled Robe they mock'd, with envious Grin ;  
Which, when the fame with precious Blood cemented,  
'Twas quick torn off, and tender Flesh fore rented !

Then, previous to the deepest Tragedy ;  
Bleeding, compell'd to bear the pond'rous Tree !  
With which, to Mount of *Calvary* he's hail'd ;  
And soon on that exalted Crofs he's nail'd.

And what faid he ? In this tormenting View, \*  
*Father, forgive — they know not what they do.*  
He's crucify'd between two wretched Thieves :  
One, far from Sorrow ; but the other believes.

Thus did the Proto-Martyr, STEPHEN, dye !  
Fill'd with the Holy Ghost ! Who did he 'spy,  
But GOD and JESUS ? *Lay not this to them,* Aët. vii. 60.  
From *Murd'ers* sprung, of *old Jerusalem.* ver. 52.

King CHARLES the First, how worthily display'd ;  
As Transcript, fair ; becaufe, like Him, he pray'd.  
Read but the *ICON* — There the *Royal Mind*,  
As well as *Person*, fet forth true, you'll find.

To weep, and pray (as for our daily Food)  
For those who'd rather do us Harm, than Good ;  
Is fuch a Love, as, fure, will upward foar ;  
And meet that Splendour, where it shin'd before.

Now view the Lamb, the holy Lamb, in Pains !  
What precious Blood proceeded from his Veins !  
Some of those Drops did pious *Jofeph* bring  
To *Arviragus*, when ( of *Glaſton* ) King. †

Thus to a Period brought, as first propos'd,  
The Birth of *Judas* ; Life, and Death, difclos'd ;

Let

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\* Luke xxiii. 34.

† See my instructive *History of England*, pag. 20, &c.

Let Instance, fad, our Passions vile restrain;  
No Fame pervert; or, to seduce, no Gain.

What *profit* they who in *wing'd* Riches roll,  
To *gain the World*, if *lost* a precious *Soul*? ‡  
Nor was Addition to that Question strange:  
*What can by Man be given in Exchange?*

Let what we seek be intercessive LOVE;  
*Salvation's* AUTHOR, from Heav'n's Throne above; ||  
Who sent the *HOLY SPIRIT* to inspire,  
That we, at length, may join the Heav'nly Choir. §

*With some Remarks I'll now conclude;*  
*I hope 'twill be for publick Good.*

*Against Rash Judgment.*

Tho' *Judas* slaughter'd, when he scarce knew why,  
Had he repented of each TRAGEDY;  
He might have dy'd, howe'er by Grief oppress,  
With Glimpse of Peace, or Sight of *promis'd* Rest.

No holy SCRIPTURE of the Traitor tells,  
That Hell refounds, like *Dives*, with his Yells!  
Or how, in Torments, he could see Heav'n fair;  
And *Abr'ham's* Bosom, with poor *Iaz'rus* there.

So none may judge *his* Soul, if fav'd, or lost.  
GOD only knows, who was concerned most.  
It would be rash, too hard to think upon  
The regal PSALMIST, and King *SOLOMON*.

Of PONTIUS PILATE we may frequent read,  
And daily hear from Apostolick CREED:  
See, in the *Acts*, he fain wou'd set him free:  
But they preferr'd a *Robber* more than *He*. *Joh.* xviii. 40.

Reluctant Chief! few Writers could upbraid.  
'Twas not his *WILL CHRIST* should be *Victim* made!  
Or scarce a Fault, when such coercive Crew  
Forc'd him averse to what he meant to do.

For

‡ Mat. xvi. 26.

|| Hebr. xii. 2.

§ See my *History of the Great Eastern Window*.



For in no Judge or Jury Crime appears,  
When the true Knave in falsest Manner swears;  
Who might, for less than Two-pence, Life betray;  
Or black defame, to sponge a needful Prey.

The *President*, some write, himself had drown'd;  
And in a Lake of *Switzerland* was found; \*  
Whose pallid Ghost, judicial like, near Banks,  
Was dreary seen, by People of all Ranks.

But GOD'S dear Son, what Character has he,  
Read *LENTULUS*, full satisfy'd you'll be.  
And tho' *ISAIAH* high is in Esteem,  
The former differs, sweet in Words, from him.

Against *TREACHERY* and *MURDER*.

How came off *Joab*, for his *treach'rous* Acts? II. *Sam*.  
Did he not suffer for his bloody Facts? iii. 27. xx. 9. 10.  
And did not the Avenger, *SOLOMON*, I. *Kings*  
The *Curser* punish, who least thought thereon? ii. 44, &c.

What was the End of wicked *Jezabel*?  
From Tower thrown, as if cast into *Hell*! II. *Kings*  
And, partly, found, by *Jehu's* just Commands, ix. 33. 35.  
How look'd the Remnants of her late fair Hands!

On righteous *Judgments* and *Punishments*.

*Elijah's* Fires, and *Elisha's* Bears, II. *Kin*. i. 10, 11, 12.  
May warn the Sinner, if he reads, or hears. ii. 23, 24, 25.  
And *Elymas*, exemplary, struck blind, Acts xiii. 8 to 11.  
So *Alexander*, as his *Works*, consign'd. II. *Tim*. iv. 14.

Let's leave all Things, like *JOB*, unto the Lord, i. 21.  
With *Will*, like *Eli*, humbly to accord; I. *Sam*. iii. 18.  
Or, as King *David*, 'stead of Vengeance due. II. xvi. 5 to 13.  
Examples, bright, that Christians may pursue.

'Twas once my Fate to be incarcerate;  
Not long, nor common; but as One of State;  
And then I stole — not worthless to impart:  
It was not *Money* — but a *VIRGIN'S* Heart!

Sweet

---

\* See "The Legend of Mount Pilate," on p. 229 of the present volume. (*Editor*).

Sweet Innocence, and Virtue, *LOVE* affuag'd.  
My *ADELIZA* long was pre-engag'd:  
Yet silver *Thames* can witness how I griev'd,  
From sweet *PARTHENIA*'s Care too soon reliev'd.

I was the first, the *WORLD* may plainly see,  
That wrote, and nam'd, my *Work YORK History*.  
Approv'd, it fold: And printed Lines express,  
My *COMMENDATION*, by Learn'd *F.R.S.*\*

And as I am a *PRINTER* of *right* Strain,  
With Emendations I will more explain;  
If *GOD* but grants me Health; and that I see  
Some kind Subscriptions for to strengthen me.

My *PICTURE* drawn, by Artist's skilful Hand;  
And *BOTH* accepted in this famous Land;  
Blest by *PHILANDER*, who perceiv'd my Case;  
And, in meer Pity, kept me in my Place.

*DEATH*, most inexorable! to translate,  
From *Me!* my *SPOUSE* to fair St. *MARY* Gate:  
Where, near King *Olave's* Church, she rests in Peace,†  
Beyond *hard* Fate to jockey from that Place.

Whofe

\* *EBORAC. Pref. p. 8.*

† "*P.M.S.* Near are deposited the Remains of Mrs. *ADELIZA GENT*; Once amiable for Beauty, *VIRTUE*, and Beneficence:  
"Who died *April 1, 1761. Ætat. 78.*"

I Thought in the Arch-Angel's Ground,  
Near my first Husband dear,  
My *CHARLEY GENT* for to have found;  
But *TOMMY* brought me here!

Who did, and wrought, what Spouse could do,  
To guard *ME* from Distress;  
And often told, what well he knew,  
My Way to Happiness!

In Love, sure, scarce was sweeter Twain;  
More grac'd the nuptial Bed:  
Near fifty Years I knew my Swain;  
Near forty to him wed.

May *HE*, whom *VIRTUE* e'er cou'd charm,  
Here come—and both arise,  
To meet, like Lovers, Arm-in-Arm,  
Our *SAVIOUR*, in the Skies.

A. G.

Lamented Shade! accept this Tribute, due;  
Which, with my Tears, I consecrate to *YOU!*  
*READER*, while sacred Monuments you see,  
Think of Bless'd Fate, and Immortality.

T. G.

Rev. ii. 10. *Esto fidelis usque ad mortem, & dabo tibi coronam vitæ.*

Whose Character will shine, tho' in her Grave;  
Near lofty Trees, which gentle Zephirs wave;  
And the dissolving Ruins, being nigh,  
Make People think on *FATE*, as well as I.

Of four Great *KINGS* I've either seen, or heard;  
For *VALOUR*, grac'd; for *PIETY*, rever'd;  
Lov'd *England's* Friends; kept foreign Foes in Awe;  
As fam'd, and glorious, as the Great *NASSAU*.

Four *QUEEN's*, the Glories of the *British* Crown,  
Adorn'd with Beauty, Wisdom, and Renown;  
Who, when distinguish'd of fam'd *ANGLIA*, fair;  
Greater *PERFECTIONS* no where could appear.

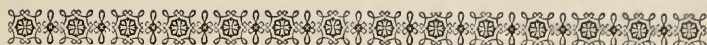
And, here, to end—I'd, humbly, have it known,  
While good King *George* the *Third* adorns the *Throne*,  
I am alive—And trust in Heav'n to see  
His Name, as Others, grace my *HISTORY*.

\*\*\*\*\*

*FINIS.*

\*\*\*\*\*





## The Legend of Mount Pilate.

BY THE EDITOR. *See second stanza on p. 226.*

VARIOUS versions exist of this interesting legend. One relates that Pilate, convicted of peculation, was banished by the Emperor Tiberius to Gaul, and that, being tormented by pangs of conscience, he drowned himself in the gloomy mountain tarn, on Mons Fractus, or Fracmont (now Mount Pilate) near Lucerne, in Switzerland. Another story asserts, that after being re-called from Judea, he was made Governor of the town and district of Vienna, in Gaul (Vienna on the Rhone), and both the castle in which he dwelt, and the precipice down which he threw himself, are shewn to the credulous tourist at the present day.

The legend current in Switzerland, is as follows:—Pilate, re-called to Rome in consequence of his maladministration of the province of Judea, was brought before the Emperor Tiberius, who, to the surprise of everybody, received him with every mark of esteem and favour, and, instead of calling him to account, loaded him with presents and honours. This occurred several times, until the courtiers, rendered suspicious, began to whisper that Pilate must have about him some amulet or occult charm, by means of which he secured the emperor's favour. The ex-governor was at last seized and searched, and was found to wear, underneath his ordinary garments, the seamless coat of our Saviour. This relic was taken from him, and the consequence was, that the next time he appeared before Tiberius, he was immediately accused and condemned to death. After execution, his body was thrown into the Tiber; whereupon such dreadful storms ensued that the corpse was at length recovered from the river and sent to Vienne in Gaul, to be there thrown into the Rhone. Similar scenes were enacted there: after a succession of direful storms, the body was fished out of the Rhone and taken to Lausanne, in Helvetia, to be there sunk in the unfathomed depths of the lake. Upon the same dreadful natural phenomena still pursuing the accursed corpse of the governor, the inhabitants of Lausanne resolved to carry the body to a solitary mountain lake in the centre of Switzerland, amidst the uninhabited wilds of the Alpine region, south of Lucerne. This lake was the now well-known tarn on Fracmont, or Mount Pilate (now rendered accessible by a mountain railway).

Pilate s

Pilate's body at last found permanent rest in this new abode, but not without leaving it from time to time, and haunting the neighbourhood as a dreadful spectre. Sometimes he would be seen wading in the shallow part of the lake; at other times he would sit on some rocky fragment on the shore; at other times again he would be engaged in conflict with another dire spectre, that of King Herod, who was also banished into those wilds. But at all times he was the same evil spirit, who brought sudden storms and tempests upon the adjoining country, terrified the shepherds, dispersed their herds, drove their cattle over precipices, and wrought havoc of every description within the circle of his influence.

This state of affairs becoming at length intolerable, and as no other place or country could be found to receive the accursed body, the inhabitants sought the help of a powerful magician, a disciple of the far famed university of Salamanca, to whom they promised a large sum of money if he would lay the unquiet spirit and rid them of their troublesome neighbour. The magician entered upon the perilous undertaking. Ascending the horrible mountain, he found the spectre perched on a lofty summit, and immediately commenced his adjurations: to no effect, however, for Pilate kept his ground. The magician then ascended a peak opposite to that on which Pilate was seated, and used most dreadful formulas to exorcise his opponent; the struggle between the two now waxed so terrific, that the ground trampled upon by the combatants has remained bare of all vegetation ever since. Pilate's power of resistance at last failed him, and he so far submitted to the victorious magician, as to promise to keep quiet within his lake for the future, on condition that a serving spirit should be given to him, embodied under the form of a black mare, so that he might, riding upon it, revisit once a year the scenes of his terrestrial life in a manner befitting a Roman Knight. These terms were granted. Upon the appearance of the black mare on Fracmont, Pilate bestrode her, but full of wrath at his defeat, he spurred the animal on to such terrific leaps and bounds, that the impressions of the hoofs penetrated deep into the rocks near his lake (which impressions, of course, also remain to the present day).

Pilate has faithfully kept his bargain and his promise; only every Good Friday, the anniversary of the day when he condemned our Saviour, he is seen to hover disconsolately about the shores of his lake, dressed in his official habiliments as a Roman proctor. But woe to the human being who beholds the spectre on those occasions (for he is certain to die before the year is out); and if stones are thrown into the lake, or insulting words are shouted near the spirit's abode, his anger breaks forth in violent hurricanes.

THE  
**Pattern of Piety:**  
OR,  
Tryals of Patience.  
BEING  
The Most FAITHFUL  
**Spiritual Songs**  
Of the LIFE and DEATH of the once  
**Afflicted J O B.**

In Five BOOKS.

SHEWING,

The abundant Riches of that Great and Good Man,  
in his Family, Goods, and Cattle: The latter of  
which were destroy'd; all about him reduc'd; and  
he himself, smitten with Boils, in the most de-  
plorable Condition; In all which Poverty, and  
Miseries, as he never charg'd GOD foolishly; so  
it pleas'd the Divine Being, not only to restore  
him again to his Health, but to give him a dou-  
ble Portion of his former Plenty and Prosperity.

*Qui seminant in Lacrymis, in Exultatione metent, Ps. 126.*

SCARBOROUGH:

Printed by THOMAS GENT, in the Year of our  
Blessed LORD, 1734.





To Mr. J. F.

WHEN I began to tell you my Design,  
*In my obsequious Way, of JOB, to print ;*  
*And show, in Volume small, what he, divine !*  
*Endur'd in this vain World, while he was in't :*  
*You was so good to lend Assistance kind,*  
*To grace the Subject, and adorn my Mind.*

*Fine are those Lines ; for me, alas ! too deep,*  
*As much as what I had before too mean :*  
*Those Fountain Streams too clear, the Mount too steep*  
*For me to drink of, or for me to gain :*  
*Both climb to TRUTH : yet diff'rent Ways perplex ;*  
*Which made me keep the middle Path, the Text.*

*But too, too copious is the WHOLE to trace ;*  
*And yet as much as this small Book will bear ;*  
*Withall, the best, and what suits ev'ry Case,*  
*In Human Life, I do exhibit here :*  
 JOB'S Sighs, Despair, and Grievs, so like our own,  
*With Tears, and Pray'rs, and Hope (above all !) shown.*

*Heav'n knows, there's none on Earth from Troubles free,*  
*But often moans within this Vale of Tears !*  
*Tho', it is true, none suffers such Degree,*  
*As in this Book our Noble Hero bears :*  
*For which, as in this World he did abide,*  
*So GOD was pleas'd, he should be glorify'd.*

*But, suff'ring Christians ! seek not here below*  
*For just Rewards ; first hence you must depart :*  
*Christ's Kingdom was not here : Himself, you know,*  
*Was fill'd with Sorrows, and pierc'd to the Heart.*  
*What Joy's on Earth, to HIS FAIR CHURCH belongs,*  
*In Pray'rs divine, and sweet seraphick Songs.*

*There, there, my Friend, may you 'till Age enjoy*  
*The sweetest Raptures of a peaceful Life ;*  
*Free from such Cares, which do our Peace destroy,*  
*Resembling Heav'n, that's void of Grief, or Strife :*  
*And when like JOB'S full Shock of Corn, you sever,*  
*Be blest Above, for ever, and for ever !*

THOMAS GENT.



## The Pattern of Piety.

### BOOK I. *Job's Afflictions.*

IN *Idumea's* Land, or *Uz* by Name,  
 Illustrious *Job* there liv'd in Wealth and Fame;  
 Seven Sons he had, of comely Mein and Air,  
 And three sweet Daughters, much like Angels, fair.

Seven thousand Sheep adorn'd his verdant Plain,  
 Three thousand Camels did his Grounds contain;  
 Five Hundred Asses (She) he had to breed,  
 And twice five hundred Oxen there did feed.

Servants in Numbers were at his Command;  
 Some in the House; others to till the Land:  
 His Chests and Coffers stately to behold;  
 Some fill'd with Garments, others, Store of Gold.

As 'twas the Custom of the bounteous East,  
 His beauteous Sons and Daughters held a Feast:  
 Mean time, *Job* offer'd up to GOD his Pray'rs,  
 That Heav'n might blefs 'em: Such his pious Cares.

There was a Day, on which the Sons of Light,  
 Came to present them to *JEHOVAH'S* Sight:  
*Satan* presum'd amongst the Throng to break;  
 But God perceived him, and to him did speak.

*Whence comest thou?* Said *Satan*, "To and fro,  
 "In Earth I've been, both up, and down below."  
*Hast thou*, said God, *my Servant, Job, beheld:*  
*An upright Man, by none to be excell'd?*

"Yes,

“Yes, I observ’d him, (Satan makes Reply)  
 “But don’t at all admire his Piety:  
 “His Substance thrives, and thou hast hedg’d him round,  
 “No Wonder then he should be righteous found.

But do, to try him, draw thy Blessings Store,  
 And give him Grief, for Joy, he had before;  
 Sure, as I’m here, he’ll brook not thy Disgrace,  
 But curse thee, Lord, unto thy very Face.

Behold, said God, all that he has is Thine:  
 With that, do what thy Temper does incline:  
 But to his Person stretch not forth thy Hand.  
 Then Satan vanish’d, as he had command.

Upon a Day, *Job’s* eldest Son did make  
 A Feast for his lov’d Kindred to partake:  
 Mean while to *Job*, a Servant running in,  
 In Tears and Sorrow thus he does begin.

Sad Tydings! As th’ Oxen plowing were,  
 And Asses feeding by them very near;  
 The *Sabeans* came, and took them quite away,  
 When they had slain thy Servants in the Fray!

They arm’d with Swords, nothing we had to quell  
 Those savage Robbers; so like Victims fell!  
 I, only I, escap’d to let thee know,  
 What melts my Soul, to cause my Master’s Woe.

Scarce had he spoke, (’tis very seldom known  
 That one Affliction visits us alone)  
 But comes another Messenger, who said,  
 Thy Sheep are perish’d, and thy Servants dead.

The Fire of God from Heav’n has fallen down,  
 And quite consum’d them, saving me alone:  
 Me, the distressed Messenger, to tell  
 Such News to you, whom I do love so well.

A third comes running, thus beginneth he,  
 The fierce *Chaldeans*, form’d of Bodies three,  
 Fell on the Camels, and thy Servants slain,  
 To tell which News I only do remain.

A fourth

A fourth appears. Says he, Thy Children fair,  
As they were feasting with their Brother dear,  
The House was blown down by an Hurricane,  
And all, (but I, who brings the News) were slain.

Then *Job* arose, and straight his Mantle rent,  
Shaved his Head; and, as tho' God had lent,  
Fell to the Ground, did worship, yet did mourn,  
*Naked came I, and naked must return.*

*The Lord hath given, from the very Womb;  
He takes away, and brings us to our Doom.*  
Thus gives, and takes, as best it seemeth fit;  
His Will be done; to Him I do submit.



## BOOK II.

*JOB afflicted with painful Boyls.*

THE Sons of God did worship and adore  
Upon a Day, as they had done before;  
*Satan* then ventures to intrude agen,  
Perceiv'd by God, tho' unperceiv'd by Men.

Well, faith the Lord, now, now you plainly see  
That righteous *Job* keeps his Integrity:  
Consider'st thou, how he obeys my Laws?  
Why is thy Malice thus, without a cause?

*Satan* replies, What wou'd Men give for Life?  
But Skin for Skin: Put forth thy Hand in Strife:  
Touch but his Bone and Flesh, to past Disgrace,  
You then shall find he'll curse thee to thy Face.

The Lord then said, Go, tyrannize thee o'er  
His Person, as thou didst his Goods before;  
But spare his precious Life: Press not in vain  
For what thou never, never shalt obtain.

So

So then went Satan from *Jehovah's* Sight,  
 And soon in Execution put his Spight:  
 With painful Boils poor *Job* was smitten down,  
 From Sole of Foot ev'n to his very Crown.

Thus bare and naked, he a Potsherd took,  
 To do the Office of the crystal Brook:  
 That was, to scrape, who could not wash his Sores,  
 In Ashes laid, and open all his Pores.

To add Affliction, thus his Wife did cry,  
 Husband, exclaim; cry out; curse God, and die:  
 Shall thy Integrity keep thee in Pain:  
 But *Job* reply'd, Thou foolish Woman, vain.

Shall we receive Good at the Hand of God?  
 And sinful Sinners, never feel his Rod?  
 Thus did *Job* suffer, yet his Lips were pure,  
 He trusted still that God would grant a Cure.

Now ELIPHAZ, the noble Temanite,  
 Soon heard of his poor Kinsman's fearful Plight:  
 BILDAD, his valiant Friend, who reigned o'er  
 The Shuhites, knew the fame, which griev'd him fore.

ZOPHAR the Naamathite, who much did pry  
 In Nature's Womb, and deep Philosophy,  
 With ELIHU the Buzite, each would mourn  
 With *Job*, and give him Comfort in their Turn.

They came: But when on him they fix'd their Eyes,  
 They knew him not, yet much did sympathize:  
 No Words could utter, Cries did upward soar,  
 And Tears did flow, 'till they could flow no more.

Seven Days bright *Phæbus* gilt the radiant East,  
 And pass'd along, declining, to'ards the West:  
 As often *Cynthia's* pallid Face was shown  
 To nightly Trav'lers, when the Day was gone:

Before the Tempest, striving in their Mind,  
 Could thro' their Lips a doleful Passage find,  
 'Till *Job*, unable longer to contain,  
 Broke forth, and thus with Ardour did complain.

BOOK III.      Job's *Lamentation*.

LET that Day perish, when that I was born;  
 Also the Night, when said, that I, forlorn,  
 Was then conceiv'd. Let horrid Darknefs move,  
 Nor God regard that Day from Heav'n above.

Death's shady Stains and dismal Clouds then dwell,  
 That Night be Darknefs: Let no Number tell,  
 That it is join'd unto the passing Year;  
 Nor Sun, or Moon, or Stars so bright appear:

Because it shut not up my Mother's Womb,  
 But gave me Passage in this World to come.  
 Why dy'd not I? Why did the Knees prevent?  
 Or vainly fuck'd, to feel Discontent?

Oh! had I perish'd; then, upon the Breast  
 Of balmy Death, I had enjoy'd sweet Rest,  
 With Kings and Counsellors, that Places build,  
 Or Princes Houses, with rich Metals fill'd.

Or, like untimely Birth, I had not been;  
 As Infants dear, which never Light had seen:  
 But where the Wicked cease for to molest;  
 And where the weary Souls enjoy sweet Rest.

The fetter'd Prisoners there find sweet Repose,  
 Hear no Oppressor's Voice, and fear no Foes:  
 The Small and Great seem but as one Degree:  
 For here the Servants are from Masters free.

Why do the Beams of Life resplendent roll  
 To one in Grief? Or Breath giv'n to the Soul  
 In Bitterness, which longs for Grief, but comes not?  
 And digs for it as Treasures, yet it dooms not?

What Joys, exceeding, do poor Mortals crave  
 From Death, when wishing for their peaceful Grave?  
 Why is Light giv'n to one, whose Way is hid,  
 And he so hedg'd, as God his Steps forbid?

Before



Before I eat, alas! my Sighs appear:  
 My Tears run down my Cheeks like Waters clear:  
 Tho' Safety, Rest or Quiet I ne'er thought on;  
 Yet Trouble came, and all these Things has bro't on.

When *Job* had done, and thus his Mind reliev'd,  
 Said *Eliphaz*, Wilt thou, my Friend, be griev'd,  
 If to commune with thee we Freedom take?  
 To hear you thus, who can forbear to speak?

O thou Instructor, Strengthner of Men's Hands,  
 Why faintest thou, or confidently stands,  
 As tho' thy Ways were just? Whoe'er, I pray,  
 Was innocent, and brought to sad Decay?

Sure they who plow Iniquity, and sow  
 Vile wicked Acts, pray what from thence must grow,  
 But that in Justice, they should reap the fame:  
 God blasphemeth them, and yet is not to blame.

The Roarings, Voice and Teeth of Lions break:  
 The Old Ones perish, and the Whelps forsake.  
 In fearful Visions of the sleepy Night,  
 Methought appear'd, before my Eyes, a Spright!

And said, "Shall Man be purer than his God,  
 "Who chargeth Angels? Shall Men scape his Rod?  
 "They die:" And Wrath the foolish Wretch doth slay.  
 Man's born to Trouble, as Sparks fly away.

If, therefore, *Job*, thou dost to God return,  
 And for thy Sins, as thy Afflictions, mourn:  
 Indulgent Heav'n, at last, will pity thee,  
 And from thy wretched Torments set thee free.

Were I like you, before his Feet I'd fall:  
 He smites, but yet he heals us too withall:  
 In Famine feeds us, and in Battle guards us,  
 And from the Stabs of spiteful Tongues awards us.

Tho' frightful Ruin circumjacent lies,  
 Peace shall attend thee, Foes thou shalt despise:  
 And to the Grave descend, like Shocks of Corn:  
 Thy Soul to Heaven by blessed Angels borne.

To this, *Job* said, O were my Sorrows weigh'd,  
And my Calamities in Balance laid,  
They'd heavier prove than Sands upon the Shore :  
God's Arrows wound me, drink my vital Gore.

And now I long from this vile World to part ;  
Come, gentle Death, for best of Friends thou art.  
Return, Companions ; too hard you conclude,  
'Cause I'm afflicted, I was never good.

Is't not appointed that all Men should die ?  
My Flesh is cloath'd with Worms, and broke am I.  
Swifter than Weavers Shuttle are my Days :  
As Clouds consume, so Anguish me decays.

Lord, gracious Lord ! Why do'st with me contend ?  
Shall my Complaints be bitter, without End ?  
Am I a Sea, or Whale, that I need Bounds ?  
My Couch, or Bed, can't ease my painful Wounds.

Thou terrify'st me with strange Sighs and Dreams,  
My Soul can't bear, nor Life endure Extreame.  
I hate, I lothe it ! Why do'st love poor Man ?  
Yet ev'ry Moment try'st his Life : A Span !

O thou preserver ! Why fet'st me before  
Thee as a Mark, too sinful to explore ?  
Rather, why do'st not pardon me my Crimes,  
Who soon shall sleep, yet rise in After-Times ?

Then answer'd *Bildad*, how long wilt thou speak ?  
Pervert God's Justice ? Doth he Judgment break ?  
Tho' he thy Children for their Sins has slain,  
If yet thou'dst pray, thy Prayers wou'd not be vain.

As bright *Aurora* might thy Age then shine :  
Even Noon-Day should unto thee decline :  
Secure in Hope, thou safe shall dig about thee,  
And rest in Safety, tho' thy Foes might flout thee.

Nay, should make Suit : But, ah ! the Wicked fail ;  
Escape not Snares, because their Sins prevail :  
Endeav'ring not, like tott'ring Barks are lost,  
And all their Hope's like giving up the Ghost.

*Job* to his Friends did make this found Reply:  
 Wife as you seem, Knowledge with you shall die.  
 Man, born of Woman, soon his Days are done,  
 Comes as a Flower, and is soon cut down.

Like to the Shadow, doth he slide away;  
 Or as the Waters failing from the Sea.  
 I know, like you, GOD'S just, and never can  
 Do Wrong to me, or any mortal Man.

Yet see no Cause, why me *Jehovah* hath  
 Thus singled out, to bear his burning Wrath;  
 Nor can I blame myself for any Crime,  
 Which you unjustly urge Time after Time.

Says *Eliphaz*, provok'd, Thou casts off Fear,  
 And what God loves, keeps back, thy fervent Pray'r.  
 Was thou the first Man born? Nor first shall fade:  
 Or yet before the Hills and Mountains made?

What's Man that he should think himself so clean?  
 Of Woman born, can God perceive no Stain?  
 He puts no Trust ev'n in the very Saints,  
 And Heav'n seems unclean, where his Mind's against.

Sure then, more filthy sinful Man appears,  
 And much more he who never Counsel hears.  
 Darknefs and Horror shall his Soul surround,  
 And Defolation in his Tent be found.

Oh! miserable Comforters ye are,  
 Said *Job*, to me, who many such Things hear.  
 When I was rich, and did in Splendour shine,  
 My Voice could sound like yours, your Case as mine.

Had it been so, I should not add to Grief:  
 My balmy Words had giv'n your Souls Relief:  
 But now to speak, or yet for to forbear,  
 'Tis all as one, I'm overcharg'd with Care.

So weary grown, that Friends seem desolate:  
 The Wicked smite me, those who God do hate:  
 Heav'n, like a Giant, cleaves my very Reins:  
 My Prayer is pure, yet it no Favour gains.

But

But still to God I shall make my Appeal :  
 Altho' my Breath's corrupt, thou wilt not fail  
 To lift our Hearts 'gainst Tongues opprobrious grown,  
 Which may astonish, yet not cast us down.

Yet, yet my Days are past : Death, seize my Heart.  
 Corruption, vile, thou fure my Father art.  
 O Worm ! my Mother ; Sister too you be :  
 Where's now my 'Hope ? As for it, who shall see ?

Then *Bildad* said, When will you make an End ?  
 Or why thus treat you ev'ry faithful Friend ?  
 The Wicked's Light shall be extinguished :  
 His Strength shall fail, and Terrors make him dread.

No Kindred shall remain to spread his Fame,  
 But his Remembrance perish with his Name :  
 From Light to Darknefs, chafed from the World,  
 And to most doleful dismal Dwellings hurl'd.

Tho' I cry out, alas ! I am not heard :  
 My Glory's gone ! For me none has Regard !  
 As Enemy to Heav'n, GOD'S Troops surround me !  
 My Friend and Kinsmen fail, my Foes do wound me.

Those, living with me, count me Stranger poor :  
 My Servant's silent, when I him implore :  
 Strange is my Breath to my once loving Wife ;  
 Young Children flight me, wretched is my Life.

Pity me, Friends ! See, see the Cafe I'm in !  
 Behold my Bone cleaves to my very Skin !  
 God's Hand has touch'd me : Like him, persecute not.  
 Spare, spare Reproofs, and with you I'll dispute not.

Oh ! that my Words were written in a Book ;  
 Or 'grav'd with Lead and Iron on a Rock :  
 With Iron Pen, that so the Letters never  
 Might be obscure, but seen, and last for ever !

For sure I know, that my Redeemer lives,  
 And that he shall (which to me Comfort gives)  
 Stand at the latter Day upon the Earth,  
 To judge all those, that ever had a Birth.

And

And tho' after my Skin, Worms shall destroy  
This Tabernacle; yet, in Flesh, with Joy,  
Shall I see God; mine Eyes thus pleasing doom'd,  
Altho' my Reins within me are consum'd.

*Zophar* replies, Know'st thou not Truth sublime?  
The Wicked triumphs but a little Time;  
Flies as a Dream; and, as a Vision glides;  
He's curs'd, because that Heav'n him not abides.

His Iniquities will be all reveal'd;  
Terrors fall on him, not to be conceal'd:  
Before God's Wrath his Goods shall ever fly,  
And he himself left in Extremity.

*Job* said, Why then do wicked Men live great?  
Appear in Pomp, grow old, and dwell in State?  
Num'rous their Seed, their Houses safe from Fear,  
And Cattle gend'ring ev'ry circling Year.

Their Children dance, with pretty taking Airs,  
The Timbrel, Harp and Organ chant their Ears:  
Thus spend the Day; tho' sometimes, in their Prime,  
Death takes their Lives within a Moment's Time.

And hence I know their Judgment's manifest;  
The Happy and Unhappy are at Rest:  
That is, alike they in the Dust lie down,  
And Worms shall cover them, when they are gone.

The Wicked is reserv'd to future Time,  
When Wrath shall be inflict'd for each Crime.  
Then *Eliphaz* reply'd, Can Man, so poor,  
Profit his God, and not himself much more?

Are thy good Deeds a Pleasure to his Sight?  
Or, were they so, when didst thou him Delight?  
From thy dear Brother thou a Pledge has took  
For nought, and kept the Water of the Brook

From weary'd Trav'ller; yet more may be said,  
Thou hast depriv'd the Hungry from their Bread;  
Stript the poor Naked, sent the Widows empty,  
And let the Orphans taste not of thy Plenty.

Therefore

Therefore both Snares and Fears do now abound :  
 Darknefs upon thee does thy Sight confound :  
 Yet GOD fees through thee : With Him be at Peace,  
 That fo you may, with Joy, behold his Face.

*Job*, tho' moft innocent, yet hereat was mov'd :  
 He groans, and longs to fee the God he lov'd.  
 O that, fays he, I knew where him to find,  
 My Words fhould flow, to eafe my troubled Mind.

I know his Mercy's great : He'll not ufe Power ;  
 But ftrengthen me, and never bring me lower :  
 Forward I go to feek him : He's not there :  
 Backward return : Ah me, nor find him here !

Yet as my Foot within his Paths was held,  
 I've not declin'd ; but rather been impell'd.  
 What he defires, he does : What is decreed  
 For me, performs : So wondrous is each Deed,

Each Word, that it is Food, and fweet Delight.  
 And yet I dread appearing in his Sight !  
 My Heart is foften'd, when on him I think,  
 Who faves me yet, tho' on Deftruftion's Brink.

Some remove Land-Mark, take away the Flocks,  
 The Orphan's Afs for Pledge, and Widow's Ox :  
 They force the piteous Naked to moift Caves,  
 Murder the Innocent, or make them Slaves.

Exalted thus, a while they do remain ;  
 But Heav'n doth fee, and bring them down again ;  
 Made impotent, as tho' at firft, when born,  
 They are cut off like Tops of Ears of Corn.

Says *Bildad*, Fear and Might are with the Lord :  
 Unnumber'd are his Armies, whilft his Word  
 Speaks Peace to lofty Places, and his Light  
 Extends to all : Yet nothing in his Sight

Is juftify'd : Not even *Cynthia*, fair,  
 Or Stars are pure, tho' fpangling in the Air.  
 Thus each repeated Argument requir'd  
*Job's* Anfwer, which in Grief was more inspir'd.



As God doth live, who long my Soul hath vex'd,  
My Lips shall speak no Ill, tho' fore perplex'd;  
Nor, 'till my latest Moment, when I die,  
Will I remove my firm Integrity.

For, let the Wicked still against me rage;  
The Sword, at length, their Anger shall assuage:  
They multiply, tho' not content with Bread:  
Dying, their Widows weep not when they're dead.

But oh! that joyful Day I could recall:  
When Heav'n's Munificence, like to a Wall,  
Adorn'd with Tow'rs, did me quite surround;  
My Temples with a shining Lustre crown'd!

When God was present still to give me Aid,  
And prattling round me my dear Infants play'd;  
Whilst mighty Hoards of Corn the grateful Soil  
Return'd, repaying well the Peasant's Toil.

When every proper Fund did freely stream:  
Soft Oyl, and all Things useful we can name:  
With all the Pleasures of a rural State:  
Or, when that e'er I pass'd (throughout the Gate)

Towards my Seat, prepared in the Street,  
And there with most profound Respect did meet;  
When young Men fled, and hid them from my Sight,  
And rising Elders straightway stood upright:

When talking Princes from their Words restrain'd,  
And silent Tongues from nobles soon obtain'd;  
When ev'ry Ear, that heard me, blest'd the Sound:  
With joyful Eyes, that witness'd for me round:

'Twas then I eas'd the needy Poor that cry'd,  
Whose Blessings came upon me ev'ry Side:  
The Widow's Hearts, to sing, I caus'd them:  
Righteousness crown'd me, as a Diadem.

Eyes to the Blind; Feet to the Lame was I;  
To Poor, a Father: I search'd Iniquity;  
And brake the Wicked's Joys, his Teeth pull'd out.  
Thus in good Deeds I spent my Time about.

And,

And as a King before his Army fways,  
 All paid me Duty, and all fpoke my Praife;  
 But, thro' Viciffitudes, I'm the Reverse,  
 And feem the Scorn of the whole Univerfe.

Youth of mean Parents now do me deride,  
 Who fcarcely for themfelves could e'er provide;  
 But, idle, begg'd their Bread, or liv'd on Roots:  
 Thefe me abhor, and each one at me hoots.

Sometimes they fly; or near, then in Difgrace,  
 They fpit their nafty Spittle in my Face:  
 Deride with Songs, their Children push my Feet;  
 And thus Afflictions ever do I meet.

My Bones are pierc'd; my Sinews take no Reft:  
 As Duft and Afhes, I'm by all confeft.  
 Lord, I have cry'd; but me thou heardeft not;  
 And if I ftand, alas! thou me regardeft not.

Cruel Oppofer! caufing me to ride  
 Ev'n on the Wind, diffolv'ft me every Side!  
 I know thou'lt bring me at the laft to Death;  
 Tho', when I pleafe, you'll never take my Breath.

My fympathizing Soul would oft unite  
 With poor Afflicted Brethren in my Sight.  
 I, who did weep, as well as help the Poor,  
 Am thus rewarded, now at Sorrow's Door!

My Harp is turn'd to Mourning; Organ, Tears;  
 'Stead of the Sun, a gloomy Cloud appears.  
 If ever I in Vanity have walk'd,  
 Or, in Deceit, my Feet more vainly ftalk'd:

Me, weigh'd in Balance, let th' Almighty try,  
 And fee my faithful true Integrity.  
 Or, if my Steps, or Heart, have turned wrong,  
 Then let my Offspring ne'er continue long.

Or any Blot has made me incompleat,  
 Then let me fow, and let another eat;  
 If e'er the Bridal Bed I have defil'd,  
 The fame I fhould deferve, or worfe beguil'd.

If I my Servant's Cause did ne'er defend,  
 When they, with Justice, might with me contend;  
 Then may God slight me when my Tongue bewrays  
 The truest Answers to his pow'rful Ways.

The Poor in Heav'n, have him for Advocate:  
 God made them in the Womb, as well as Great.  
 If I've withheld from them what they desir'd,  
 Or, fail'd the Widows Eyes when they requir'd:

Or, eat my Morfel by my self alone,  
 Denying Orphans, pittying not their Moan;  
 Seen the Poor perish, for the Want of Cloaths;  
 Nor warm'd them with the Fleece, but, like to Foes,

Made Use of Weapons, with my Hand upheav'd,  
 When at my Gate I might have them reliev'd;  
 Then let my Arm fall from my Shoulder Blade;  
 Broken, a Victim to God's Vengeance made!

If Gold, refined, ever was my Hope;  
 And gaining Riches prov'd my only Scope;  
 If e'er the Sun or Moon I did adore  
 Beyond that God, who made them, and much more:

If I rejoiced at the Fall of those,  
 Who've been deceitful Friends, or worst of Foes:  
 If Strangers found not Hospitality,  
 And weary Trav'lers welcome not to me:

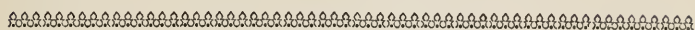
If I my Sins have cover'd in my Breast;  
 Or, like old *Adam*, glory'd unconfest:  
 Let God for all these Things now punish me,  
 As best agreeth to his Majesty.

Would he but please my righteous Cause to hear,  
 And my Contention with my Foes severe;  
 Upon my Shoulders, I should take the Task,  
 To answer justly every Thing they ask.

Like as a Prince, I'd ask them every Thing:  
 Demand their Witnes? Every Proof wou'd bring  
 Of all my Steps, not doubting but to clear,  
 And make my Reputation bright appear.

For if the Land has e'er of me complain'd,  
Or Furrows yet unpaid, which I've obtain'd,  
Eaten the Fruits, or took the Owners Life,  
Vile A&t! to plunge their Families in Strife :

Let pricking Thistles grow, instead of Wheat;  
Cockle, instead of Barley, be my Meat.  
At which *Job* ended; silent were the rest  
Who spoke; then thus *El'hu* himself exprest.



# BOOK IV.

**B**EHOLD I'm young, and ye are very old.  
Tho' Days should speak, Heav'n gives a Spirit bold  
By Inspiration: Let me *Job* address,  
And, 'stead of God, with Argument exprest.

Amaz'd they were, and silent did become;  
So *Elihu* did his Discourse resume.  
Now, hear me, *Job*, My Words, which I impart,  
Shall righteous prove, and wound thee to the Heart.

Stand up, and reason with me, if you can:  
Tho' in GOD'S Room, alas! I'm but a Man:  
Let not his Terrors make thy Soul afraid;  
His heavy Hand, shall not on thee be laid.

*Surely*, says he, *You've spoken in mine Ears*,  
Saying, *I'm clean, no Sin in me appears*;  
*And yet he finds Occasion against me*;  
*My Feet imprisons as an Enemy*.

In this, O *Job*, behold thou art not just;  
Why striveest thou, that art but sinful Dust?  
Sure he is greater far than *wretched Man*;  
Speaks once or twice, 'fore *he* perceive it can.

Lo in a Dream, or Vision of the Night,  
When Sleep obscures, and shades us from the Light;  
Or else in Slumbers opens he our Ears,  
And seals Instruction, which the Righteous hears.

He

He brings him low, ev'n to the Gates of Death;  
 Again restores him, and resumes his Breath:  
 But is not bound to give Men Reasons, why  
 He lets them live, or causes them to die.

By various Ways, or by Afflictions great,  
 Or Ministry, while his blest Angels wait:  
 He to Repentance doth the World incite,  
 To bring their Souls to everlasting Light.

If thou canst say against it, speak I pray:  
 If not, hear further what I have to say:  
 GOD cannot act Iniquity to none;  
 And what Man suffers is from Man alone.

Yet oft on him th' Almighty sets his Heart.  
 Who to a King can say, *Thou wicked art?*  
 Much less to him, from whom all Blessings spring,  
 And is a King above all King of Kings!

Or should his Hands some sinful Acts requite,  
 He lays on Man no more than what is right:  
 In Love he'd have you 'gainst vile Sin to arm;  
 And when he's for you, none can do you Harm.

Our Good, alas! or Evil, can't extend  
 Or make Him to us either Foe or Friend:  
 But as his Pleasure truly is divine,  
 He both regards, to make the better shine.

Observe me, *Job*; his secret Judgments lie  
 Far, far beyond the reach of human Eye:  
 Look to the Clouds, perceive the fruitful Rain,  
 Which quickly comes, and soon is stopt again.

One while it blesses, then doth overflow,  
 And drown the Products of the Earth below.  
 He visits Kings, establish'd in their Throne;  
 And, by just Discipline, he brings them down.

If they obey him, GOD doth crown each Day:  
 If not, their Splendour, with their Lives, decay:  
 Beware his Wrath, who, if you Him provoke,  
 Can take your Health, or Life, but with a Stroke.

No Wealth, or Glory, can anticipate  
His conq'ring Arm, when he intends thy Fate :  
Men may behold his Works, which far appear,  
And all his wondr'ous Doings must revere.

The spreading Clouds, can any understand ?  
Or Tabernacle's Noife ? He, with his Hand,  
Spreads Light o'er all ; covers the watry Pit ;  
And, with his Clouds, again obscures the Light.

The Heav'ns, intire, 'tis He directs them all :  
His Lightning strikes the universal Ball :  
Thunder succeeds ! Amazing is his Voice !  
Sometimes we tremble, other Times rejoice.

Thus Rain or Hail, He sends for Reasons good ;  
Seals up Men's Hands ; whose Work is understood :  
The Beasts retire unto their Dens and Caves :  
The Whirlwind, coming from the South, out-braves.

Cold from the North ; From Breath of GOD Frost's given :  
Waters restrain'd by Wall 'twixt them and Heav'n :  
The thick Cloud wearies, and the bright One scatters,  
And for Correction, or for Mercy, waters.

Stupendous Counsels ! ever turning round,  
Must fure the Wisdom of poor Man confound :  
The beauteous Rainbow, very frequent seen,  
And Nature, smiling, with a verdant Green.

How Clouds are balanc'd : Why thy Garments warm,  
When with the South Wind He the Earth do's charm.  
Hast thou with Him spread forth the limpid Sky,  
As in a Glafs, apparent to the Eye ?

Oh ! who can search the wond'rous Works of God ?  
Or find Him out, in His Most High Abode !  
Whose Power, Justice, Judgment excellent  
Afflict not one, but yield to all Content.

Men love and fear Him : Those he doth despise,  
That righteous seem in their most sinful Eyes :  
Therefore, O *Job* ! 'tis Time now to give o'er ;  
Let Tears and Pray'rs prevail, dispute no more.





## B O O K    V .

THUS spoke the Youth, when soon a Whirlwind rose,  
 The LORD did answer, and himself disclose :  
 What Man is this, who, with blind Reason durst  
 Vie with his GOD, as tho' in Wisdom first ?

Come tell me, now, how this most beauteous Frame  
 Of all Things from the Womb of Nothing came ?  
 When Earth's Foundation was with Wonder laid,  
 And fasten'd ; where was you when all were made ?

Who gave forth Measures, stretch'd the utmost Line,  
 And fix'd the Corner Stone by Power divine ?  
 When all the Morning Stars did sweetly sing,  
 And Sons of GOD made Hallelujahs ring.

Who shut the Sea in Bounds, or within Doors ?  
 Limits the Tide by steep or pleasant Shores ?  
 Gave it a fix'd Degree, so far to come ?  
 So far, no farther, dare its Waves presume.

Can'st thou command *Aurora* to arise ?  
 And gild, with Crimfon Beams, the blushing Skies ?  
 Or yet demand the Sun for to relate  
 The Crimes committed by the Poor, or Great ?

Proclaim thy Power, or withdraw its Beams,  
 From those who run into the worst Extreams ?  
 Or hast thou entred in the Ocean's Springs ?  
 Or Depth of Sea, where's Riches fit for Kings ?

The Breadth of Earth declare : Where dwelleth Light,  
 Or Darknefs ? Can you tell the Paths of Night ?  
 Or see the Treasures of the milk-white Snow,  
 Or heavier Hail that visits us below,

For Battle kept ? How parted is the Light,  
 Scattering the Eastern Winds ? Or disunite  
 The Grounds for Waters diff'rently to flow ?  
 Or yet a Way for Lightning quick to go ?

Where

Where no Man is to caufe it there to rain?  
 To make the parched Ground not thirft in vain?  
 To help the tender Herb forthwith to fpring?  
 The Rains and Dew to yield their Offering?

When came the Froft, or Ice, that every Brook  
 Seems in a Glafs, or does thro' Diamond look?  
 Can't bind the Influences o' th' \* *Pleiades*,  
 Or loofen † *Orion's* Bands for Winter's Eafe?

Canft thou bring ‡ *Mazzaroth* in Seafon fair?  
 Or guide § *Arcturus*, make his Sons appear?  
 Do'ft thou the Ordinances of Heaven know?  
 Or fet Dominion in the Earth below?

Canft lift thy Voice up to the very Clouds?  
 That Waters fhould defcend by their Abodes?  
 Or Lightnings fend to tell how they impart?  
 Or fay, who Wifdom fends into the Heart?

Who number can the Clouds? Or, Floods yet ftay?  
 How Clods do cleave? Or hunt for Lion's Prey?  
 And when fo done, bring to their Whelps and feed?  
 Or help young Ravens in their Time of Need?

Or eafe the tim'rous Hind in Travel great,  
 And from her Pain refume her former State:  
 The Months canft number? Tell when forth to bring  
 How young ones grow, and how like Corn they fpring?

Can't lofe the Afs, or bind the Unicorn?  
 Who both the Horfe, alfo his Rider, fcorn?  
 Or give the latter Strength? And, what's a Wonder,  
 Afford him Strength, or cloath his Neck with Thunder?

Can't him affright with vain and idle Fear,  
 And make him fportive like a Grafhopper?

No :

\* PLEIADES, the 7 Stars, arifing when the Sun is in Taurus: That is, in the Flowery Spring.

† ORION, a Celestial Sign, (confifting of 33 Stars, or as other write 16) that introduceth Winter.

‡ MAZZAROTH, the Twelve Signs.

§ ARCTURUS, the North Star, with Attendants.

No : The Horſe tears with active Feet the Ground,  
And ſtoutly prances at the Warlike Sound.

Mocks at all Fear, and in the Vally paws ;  
Laughs at the Trumpets ; ſwallows with his Jaws  
The yielding Ground ; and, without dreadful Fears,  
Meets Death or Conqueſt 'midſt the glitt'ring Spears.

Or doth the Hawk, by Wiſdom of thy Mouth,  
Stretch forth her tow'ring Wings towards the South ?  
Or yet the Eagle upward ſoar to build  
At thy Command, and there her young ones yield :

Whiſt from the Rock or Crag ſhe ſpys her Prey,  
Which, ſeized ſoon, ſhe quickly bears away ;  
With bloody Dainties feeds her youthful Guests,  
Each quickly on the welcome Viſuals feaſts.

How long, O Man, wilt thou thy God reprove !  
Inſtruſts thou me, who pities thee in Love ?

*Lord, I am vile, ſaid Job, Pity, therefore ;  
Once, twice, I've ſpoken, but I'll ſay no more.*

Then from the Whirlwind did the Lord reply,  
Wilt thou deny my Challenge ? Or that I  
Can have no Love for Human Race I've made ;  
When of the ſame they many Inſtance had ?

Haſt thou an Arm of Length, or Force like mine ?  
So great a Voice ? Then let thy Power ſhine  
To bring the Proud, ev'n to the very Pit,  
And tread the Wicked down beneath your Feet.

Do ſo, and I'll confeſs, that thy right Hand  
Shall ſave and make thee famous in the Land :  
See \* *Behemoth*, who eats Graſs like an Ox,  
And peaceful dwells amongſt the tender Flocks.

None of them fears him, none that he doth fear,  
Moves like a lofty ſtately Cædar fair :  
Strong are his Joints, with Ribs like Iron-Bars,  
His Bones like Braſs, firm, fitting for the Wars.

His

---

\* 'Tis thought to be an *Elephant*.

His Strength is in his Loyns ; and lo his Tail  
 Doth like a great and lofty Tree prevail :  
 GOD'S Handy Work ; and he, that made him, can  
 By his sharp Sword fall quickly down again.

Thro' Snares he pierces, thro' the Willows looks,  
 And drinks the Waters of the purling Brooks ;  
 The Mountains feed him ; and fair *Jordan's* Stream  
 To swallow up, trusts he can do the fame.

But see another Object of my Power,  
 And if thou canst subject, and make him lower ;  
 The Great Leviathan amidst the Deep,  
 Of Fishes King, who Sov'reignty doth keep.

Canst thou, with Angle, draw him to the Shore ?  
 Or, with a Cord, thou lettest down, explore,  
 And seize his Tongue ? Or, with a piercing Thorn,  
 Bore thro' his Jaw, like Captive most forlorn ?

Soft Words or Supplications will he make ?  
 Or wilt thou him for ever Servant take ?  
 Bind him for Maids ! Play with him as a Bird ?  
 Or, conq'ring him with Spears, become his Lord ?

Alas, such Hopes are vain : For ev'n his Sight  
 Is fierce enough poor Mortals to affright !  
 If none dare stand against him, thro' their Fear,  
 Who then so bold before me dare appear ?

Who has oblig'd me, that I should repay ?  
 The Earth is mine ; o'er it I bear a sway.  
 I'll not conceal his Parts, Proportion, Power.  
 His Garments who can see ? What Foe devour ?

With double Bridle who durst to him come ?  
 Open his Mouth, which seems an horrid Tomb !  
 His Teeth set round, as Iron Spikes, about ;  
 And his proud Scales, like Seals, together shut :

So close they are, no Air can interpose :  
 His Neefings cause a Light ; his Eyes, like those  
 Ev'n of the Morning : From his Mouth aspire  
 Strange burning Lamps, and Sparks of dreadful Fire.

Out

Out of his Nostrils thickest Smoke proceeds  
Like that from Caldron; his strong Breath it breeds  
A Flame, which from his gaping Mouth pours out,  
Stiff is his Neck, with Joy he springs about.

Flakes of his Flesh are joined as 'twere in one,  
They can't be mov'd; his Heart as firm as Stone  
Raifes himself, the Mighty are afraid:  
He values not the Sword that's on him laid.

The Spear, nor Dart; nor Habergeon prevails;  
Iron, seems Straw; as rotten Wood, Brass fails:  
Arrows and Stones do seem to him a Bubble:  
The Spear he laughs at, Weapons counts as Stubble.

The Sea, as boiling Caldron makes to foam,  
Or Ointment Pot; in shining Paths doth roam:  
The Deep seems hoary: Like him's none beside,  
Beholding high Things; yet King over Pride.

Then *JOB*, submissive, answer'd, Mighty Lord,  
Thou can't, I know, do all Things at thy Word:  
No Thought so secret, but you may disclose;  
No Action passes, but th' Almighty knows.

I've often heard of Thee, by Hearing's Sense;  
But now my Eyes see plain thy Providence.  
Wherefore, abhorring of my self, repent,  
I ever thought, that I was innocent.

The Lord, pleas'd with *JOB*, began to speak  
To *Eliphaz*, that he should Off'ring make.  
Saith he, My Wrath is kindled much at thee,  
And thy two Friends, who spoke to *Job* of me.

Therefore, now, take seven Bullocks, and seven Rams,  
And offer them in sacred hallow'd Flames:  
*JOB'S* Prayers, for you, in Mercy will I take,  
And cease to punish for my Servant's Sake.

He's not thus dealt with me, so much to wrong,  
As each of you, by an opprobrious Tongue:  
Howe'er his Sacrifice shall me allay,  
To wash your Sins, which led you quite astray.

So *Eliphaz* arose ; to *Zophar* went,  
 And *Bildad*, then to *Job* most innocent ;  
 Offer'd the Victims they commanded were.  
 The Lord was pleas'd, the good Man was his Care.

Then the Almighty touch'd the Hearts of all,  
 Both Friends and Kindred, whether great or small ;  
 They came, and with him in his House eat Bread,  
 Bemoan'd past Evils, and him comforted.

Besides, to raise him, 'tis by Scripture told,  
 That each gave him an Ear-Ring of bright Gold,  
 Besides a piece of Money ; and his Strength  
 And Beauty, came upon him at the Length.

So that the End of this good Man was blest ;  
 More than at first, his Riches were increas'd.  
 Sheep fourteen thousand feed upon his Plains,  
 Six thousand Camels his blest Land contains.

Besides two thousand Oxen ; Asses Store ;  
 She-Ones a thousand ; no doubt He-Ones more.  
 Seven Sons he had, and charming Daughters three,  
 For Wit and Beauty blest in high Degree.

All these provided for, it plain appears,  
*Job* after liv'd an hundred forty Years.  
 His Sons, and Sons' Sons saw, ev'n to four  
 Fair Generations, who could wish for more ?

At length b'ing old, and very full of Days,  
 From Earth to Heav'n God did his Servant raise :  
 There, still a greater Happiness to gain,  
 With God and Angels evermore to reign.





RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

PIETY Display'd:  
IN THE  
HOLY LIFE and DEATH

Of the Antient and Celebrated

St. ROBERT,

HERMIT, at *Knaresborough.*

SHEWING,

How he relinquish'd the Hopes of an Inheritance,  
as having been the Heir of his Father, who was  
twice Chief Magistrate of YORK; and lived  
abstemiously upon Herbs, Roots, &c., on the  
narrow Banks of the River *Nid*: Near which,  
in the Rocks, are to be seen his most solitary  
Cave, and wonderful Chapel, at this very Day.

---

*Collected from Antient and Authentick Records. By T. GENT.*

---

Videre vitam beatam donum est Altissimi.

To see a Life that's pure and blest,  
Is, sure, the Gift of Heav'n confest.

---

*Quidquid Cæli ambitu continetur inferius ab anima  
humana est, quæ facta est, ut summum bonum superius  
possideret, cujus possessione beata fieret.* AUGUST. Sol.  
Cap. 20.

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*The Second EDITION, with Additions,  
adorn'd with Cuts.*

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## C H A P . I .

*Of St. ROBERT'S Birth, and Holy Education.*

ABOUT the Year of our Blessed LORD, 1159, this Saint was born, in the antient City of *York*, when ROGER, furnam'd *The GOOD*, who built the famous Choir of the Cathedral, was Archbishop of the See, whilst SAVARIC pre-fided as 4th Abbot of the Monastery, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; some Ruins of which remain near to the pleasant Banks of the River at this very Day. The Child's Father is, by some, said to have been call'd ROBERT *de Cockcliff*; by others, *Took Flourc*, or *Tocklefs Flower*: He was Chief Magistrate, or Mayor, *Anno Christi* 1195; also a 2d time, in the same Reign, when King *Richard* the First sway'd the Sceptre. His Spouse, SMIMERA, or SEMENIA, the Mother of St. ROBERT, was reputably descended. No virtuous or learned Education was in the least wanting to their Son; who imbib'd it as freely as the parched Earth could suck in descending Showers: Even in Infancy, Heaven had inspir'd his Soul with sublime Apprehensions of the Sacred BEING! He would often secretly retire to Prayer, with a sweet, juvenile Ardency; which made him to be honour'd by the Elders, while he was but young: And as he grew in Years, their Wonder increas'd at his Extensive Knowledge, and Divine Penetration.

In more antient Times, there was, at *Streanshall*, a famous Monastery, founded by St. HILDA, Daughter to Duke HERERIC. Here it was, that King OSWY, of *Northumberland*, (according to his Vow, for obtaining a Victory over PENDA the *Mercian* Prince) gave his young Daughter EANFLED to be consecrated in perpetual Virginity; where, in Process of Time, this pious Lady, the good King, her Father, her Grandfather EDWIN, with

with feveral of the Nobility, were bury'd ; a Place honour'd as being an Academy to 5 Archbishops of *York* ; and which was afterwards destroy'd by *Hunguar* and *Hubba*, cruel *Danes*, who had oblig'd *Titus* the Abbot to fly to *Glastenbury* with the Relicks of its most excellent Foundrefs : Upon these deplorable Ruins, *William de Percy*, who accompany'd the Conqueror, and one of his Posterity in the Reign of *HENRY the First*, rebuilt another Abbey, consecrated to *St. PETER* and *St. HILDA*. ( *a* )

The Monastery, in the Time of *St. Robert's* Youth, having been in a flourishing Condition, was thought by his indulgent Parents to be the most proper Place for holy Improvement. Here he continu'd for about 5 or 6 Years, in the fable Habit of a *Benedictine* ; and, thro' his constant Study, with unaffected Piety, became very conspicuous : The superiour Clergy, seeing so happy a Conjunction, justly concluded, *That so unspotted a Life was purely the Gift of Heaven* ; and therefore he was soon deservedly ordain'd a Subdeacon. After which, he had Liberty to visit his Father and Mother.

Leaving *York* a while, to see his younger Brother, who was at the New Monastery of *Cistercians* ; so charm'd was he with the Manner of their Devotion, Innocency, and Behaviour, that (with some difficulty obtaining Permission of the Abbot of *Whitby*) he became one of them, and remained there about 4 Years ; being equally admired, as a most shining Pattern of Goodness : When, taking a kind Farewell, the *Convent* ( *b* ) gave him their unanimous Benediction ; and so, returning to *York*, was received by his Parents with great Joy.

CHAP.

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( *a* ) The Ruins of it, at *Whitby*, are yet to be seen ; without any Inscriptions therein, except the following, in *Saxon* Characters, cut on a Pillar in the N. Cross Isle. *JOHANNES de Brumton, quondam famulus Domino DE-LA-PHE, has columnas erexit in metum & honorem beatæ Mariæ.* i.e. *JOHN of Brumton*, formerly Servant to Lord *De-la-phe*, erected these Columns to the reverential Esteem of the Blessed Virgin *MARY*.

( *b* ) Each of these Religious Persons wore a white Habit : The whole Order were called the *Bernardine* Monks, of *Fountain's Abby*,  
about

## C H A P. II.

*How S. ROBERT privately left his Parents.*

BEING at home a while, and considering the short State of this Life, with the Immortality of the next; he rightly judged, That the Lands and Riches (to which he was the indubitable heir) tho' they might indeed exalt Man, yet would infallibly ruin the Saint. And therefore he was resolved to forsake the Delights of the one, for the Desires of the other; in Imitation of *Paul, Hilarion, Basil*, and other devout Persons. But, thro' Fear of Prevention, not thinking proper to acquaint his tender Parents, he secretly travell'd to (c) *Knaresborough*; where he found, amongst the Cliffs, a fort

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about 3 Miles S. W. of *Rippon*: Some of whom, encourag'd by Archbishop THURSTAN, had departed from *St. Mary's Monastery, YORK*, about the Year, 1311; but with so poor an Endowment at first, that their Lodging was beneath the Shade of an Elm-Tree, with the Want of all necessary Provisions. Five Years after, the new Monastery was begun to be built, thro' the Piety of RANULPHUS *de Merlay*; Hugh, Dean of *York, &c.* To which, King RICHARD I., Earl ALLAN, Archbishop HENRY, HUGH *de Bolebeck*, WILLIAM *de Casule*, AALIZI *de Gant*, BERTRAM and WILLIAM *de Haget*, RICHARD *de Hedune*, ROGER *de Lacey*, RALPH Lord of *Middleham*, ROGER *de Mowbray*, (*who gave 9 Lordships, and whose Effigy, as tho' armed in a Coat of Mail, is still preserv'd*): ALICE *de Rumeli*, ROBERT *de Sarz*, and SWANE *de Tornetun*, were Benefactors: It was, at the Dissolution, rated at 1073*l.* A great Part of the Walls and Steeple, are yet remaining, as partly describ'd in the Cut on p. 256. In a Nitch, North of the latter, is a beautiful Image of the Virgin MARY, with another of the Blessed Infant in her Arms: And round, on every Side, is said to be this most devout Sentence: *Soli DEO Omnipotenti sit Gloria per Sæcula Sæculorum. Amen.*

(c) A Town in the West-Riding of *Yorkshire*, in *Claro Hundred*, remarkable upon these Occasions, viz. 1. The *Sweet Spaw*, or *Vitrioline Well*, very palatable, found out (near *Harrowgate*) by Mr. SLINGSBY, about the Year 1620; which is adorn'd with a Basen and Spout, Steps on each Side, the running Streams clear like Crystal, and decently covered on the Top with arched Stone. 2. The *Sulphur Well*, in like Manner



fort of an Hermit, who appear'd mightily pleas'd with such an holy Companion. This mutual Blessing was soon dissolv'd : For, alas ! that seeming sanctify'd Person, thro' the Devil's Instigation, returning to the World, left St. ROBERT to a more silent Solitude. His Cell was at first a dreary Cavity in the low Part of a prominent Rock : Down to this gloomy Recefs is yet perceivable a Descent, (once much more rude) which the Saint had wrought into easier Steps, or Gradations. About the Mouth of this Cave, he pick'd up Roots and Herbs : The Streams of the River, which ran not far from it, afforded him Drink : And in this abstracted Manner was his Body but poorly subsisted ; whilst his Soul became richly fed by Prayer and Contemplation.

One Time, walking to the House of a rich Matron, not far distant, and beseeching Alms, she gave him St. *Hilda's* Chapel, (some Ruins of which remain in the Parish of *Spofforth*, antiently the Seat of the *Percies*) with as much Ground, near it, as he was able to cultivate : But the little Provisions, which by hard labour were produced, having been stolen away, he went to *Spofforth* aforesaid, where People daily assembled

to

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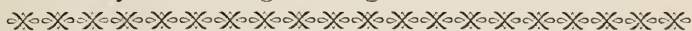
Manner ornamented : The Waters of which, tho' unfavoury, and loathsome both to the Taste, and Smell ; yet prove an infallible Remedy to promote the Cure of *Spleen, Gout, Scurvy, Dropsy*, and other Distempers. 3. The Well of St. MONGAH, or KENTIGERN, from the Name of a Bishop in *Scotland*. And, 4, *Dropping*, or *Petrifying* Spring, descending from an high Rock, (opposite the Cattle) the Streams of which have turn'd the Ground beneath it into the like Substance, but spongy, and porous, that extend for some Yards into the River ; over which, are handsome Stone Bridges : One is called the HIGH Bridge : The Other MARCH Bridge ; probably from the Extent of the Abbey-Lands ; MARCH, or MARC, in the *Teutonic* Language, (of which our's is but a Branch) signifying a Limit, &c. This last *Petrifying* Well is less for Utility, than Curiosity : Which may yet lead the Mind profitably to admire the wonderful Works of GOD, in the expansive View of His Creation ; that, while He affords us the Means of Health for our decaying Bodies, with no less comfortable Imaginations, He furnishes our immortal Souls, which his beloved SON hath redeemed.



to hear his moving Eloquence, with his harmonious Elocution. Endeavouring to shun Praise, by secretly preparing for Departure; the Monks of *Adley*, by a Messenger, invited him to their Monastery. Here, entering into the Fraternity, he was admired by the antient Gentlemen, for his chearful Submission to their regular Discipline: His white, thin Garment, serv'd rather to veil, than nourish his mortify'd Body: The Bread, he eat, was 4 Parts of Barley-Meal, stirr'd about, to give it some Substance. But these, and other Austerities, being unpleasant to the younger Sort, who envied his sublime Virtues; the peaceful Saint return'd to the Chapel of St. HILDA. His joyful Patroness, PHILADELPHIA, not only repossess'd him in the Land about it; but order'd the building of a Barn for his Corn, with other Necessaries. At certain Times of the Day, he would labour very hard; most Part of the Night too, he spent in Prayer; and, when he did sleep, it was even upon the bare Ground. He kept 4 Servants: Two he employ'd in Tillage; a third for various Occasions; and a 4th to collect the Alms of charitable People, for the Support of holy Persons taken into his Community.

Whilst our Saint was performing Works of Devotion, his Mother SEMENIA was taken with a violent Fit of Sicknefs: So raging was the Distemper, that she attempted to rise often from her Bed; and, like other dying Persons, as Death approach'd the nearer, with an Imagination of certain Judgment, she was both comforted, and afflicted, thro' different Apprehensions, as tho' made sensible by good, or bad Angels, according to her former Virtues, or Vices. At last, having been releas'd from the Prison of Mortality, she was sumptuously bury'd, in the Priory of Holy Trinity, in *Mickle-Gate, York*, which *Ralph Paganel*, a Nobleman, had retriev'd from Ruin, by Consent of King *William I.* Herein *Walter*, one of the Family, was intomb'd; and others of them, in Process of Time, had the Honour to be interr'd in the Cathedral; particularly *James Flower*, Armour Bearer to *John Lord Scroope*, who deceas'd about the Year 1453.

One Day it happen'd, that St. ROBERT, tir'd with Mortification, thought to bury his Cares a while, on the verdant Grafs, by a short Repose: But his silent Slumber was soon disturbed thro' the seeming Appearance of his tender Mother SEMENIA aforefaid, pale, confus'd, trembling, and weeping, about the third Day after she was laid in her Grave. He thought he heard her say, *My dear Son, I have now pass'd the fable Waters of Death, and am no more in this World: Wherein, tho' I seem'd to lead a pious Life; yet now I find I am to suffer severe Punishments for Usury, and several private Sins, unless relieved by the Efficacy of your Prayers!* At which, being much troubled, he not only made a Promise to implore the Almighty for her, but took Care to perform it: and, after that, she reappear'd, with a chearful, shining Countenance; when, giving him hearty Thanks, she glided up on high, singing Praises melodiously to the King of Kings.



### CHAP. III.

*How St. ROBERT was persecuted, and preserv'd.*

WILLIAM ESTOTEVILL, Lord of the Forrest, passing by the Cell, demanded of his Servants, Who lived there? They answered, ROBERT, an Holy Hermit. *No*, said he, *rather a Receiver of Thieves*: And, in a Rage, made them destroy it. Then St. ROBERT, bearing this proud Insult with the most Christian Patience, had Recourse to the Cliffs, near *Knaresborough*; contriving a new but small Receptacle, (not far from the Chapel dedicated to St. Gyles) made with Boughs of Hedges, and Trees. But the Enemy of Mankind, envious at his increasing Virtue, influenced (*d*) ESTOTEVILL to attempt his Overthrow.

That

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(*d*) He was also Lord of the Castle, (a Tower of which contains an Iron Chest, wherein the Forrest Laws, &c., are yet preserv'd; and near it appear the Ruins of strong and hollow Walls, subterraneous Passages, large Gates, and lofty Turrets) built for the most part on a Rock, (near the River *Nid*) said to have been erected by a Relation of

MONOCULUS

That Lord, with his Attendants, riding by the Saint's Cell, took Notice of some Smoke that ascended from it; and demanding, Who dwelt there? was answered, ROBERT, *the Hermit*. Is it him, (*said he*) that I expell'd my Forrest? 'Tis  
the

MONOCULUS, Lord of *Knaresborough*, called SERLO *de Burgh*, Uncle by the Father's Side to EUSTACE VESCY, who sprung from IVO VESCY, an Attendant of King WILLIAM I. EUSTACE, a Descendant, Son of JOHN, is celebrated by the first Monks of *Fountain's* Abby; because, in their extrem Want, when they had given their last Loaf away to a poor Stranger, that Nobleman, hearing of their Distress, piously sent them a Cart-Load of Provisions from his Castle; which, after his Decease, became the Seat of the ESTOTEVILLS, who were of a *Norman* Extraction. In the Reign of King STEPHEN, ROBERT ESTOTEVILL (or *de STOUTEVILLE*) bravely assisted, with the Barons of the Realm, in the Overthrow of DAVID, King of *Scotland*, at *Northallerton*, Anno 1138: And one of his Posterity, perhaps his Son, called by his Name, was High-Sheriff of *Yorkshire*, in the Year 1174, when King HENRY II. ruled the Land; And another, also named ROBERT, (all of 'em descended from ROBERT GRANDEBŒUF, a Baron of *Normandy*) by King JOHN'S Permission, built *Cottingham* Castle, about three Miles from the Place, where *Hull* was erected. Some of his Family were styl'd Earls of this County, the largest in *England*. Nor were these Great Men, or other honourable Persons thro' their Proximity of Blood, less famous for Religion and Charity: For ROBERT ESTOTEVILL, Abbot of *Kirksted*, in *Lincolnshire*, was a very devout Person: Another ROBERT, if not the same, with a Kinsman call'd GOSFRID, proved great Benefactors to *St. Mary's* Abbey, *York*; giving (to the support of that once noble Structure, &c.) some of their Lands at *Buttercram*, *Cukewald*, *Edelingthorp*, *Harton*, *Hovingham*, *Kirby*, *Langton*, *Straingham*, *Wreth* Island, and the Fisheries: A third ROBERT, if not one of the two former, along with a Relation, named EUSTACE ESTOTEVILL, were also beneficent to *St. Leonard's* Hospital (to which King *Athelstane* had been a Benefactor) in the said City, by possessing the Master and Brethren with Estates at *Kawthorne*, *Little Aton*, &c. — *Kirby-Moreside*, in the said County, and *Liddel-Castle*, *Cumberland*, were in the Possession of the ESTOTEVILLS, with a Barony adjoining; which afterwards came to the WAKES, a noted Family: From those ESTOTEVILLS descended the said WILLIAM. In succeeding Times, King HENRY III. gave this Castle, Honour, &c., to HUGH *de Burgh*; EDWARD II. to PIERS GAVESTON; and EDWARD III. to his 4th Son, JOHN, Duke of *Gaunt*, afterwards of *Lancaster*; to which the Town belongs, and is an Appendage of the Crown.

*the very same, Sir ;* reply'd his Servants. Whereat he swore, by the Eyes of GOD, the next Day, to pull it to the Ground, and drive the Holy Man from that Retirement for ever.

But, when the Curtains of Heaven were drawn, about the Middle of the Night, while ESTOTEVILL was in a deep Sleep, there appeared a Vision of Three Men, fearful to behold! Two bearing a burning Engine of seeming Iron, beset with hot and fierce Teeth; a Third, of a Gigantick Stature, carrying Two Iron Clubs in his Hands, came furiously towards his Bed, saying, *Cruel Prince, and Instrument of the Devil, arise quickly, and make Choice of one of these to defend thyself, for the Injuries thou intendest to do against the Man of God, for whom I am sent hither to fight thee.* Hereupon ESTOTEVILL, with Remorse of Conscience, seem'd to cry to Heaven for Mercy, with Protestation of Amendment: Whereat the frightful Vision vanished; and that Lord, coming to himself, presently construed this was a just Revelation from God for the Violence done and intended against St. ROBERT: Therefore, the next Day, he gave him all the Land between his Cell and *Grimball* Bridge (or Cragg) Stone, for perpetual Arms. Tho' some Writers mention it *Grimbald*; yet, I think, more truly *Grimoald*: Not only because it was the Name, and might be in Memory, of a most pious King of *Lombardy*, who erected the Church of St. *Ambrose* at *Paphia*, in the 7th Century; but also that it is a German Word, signifying *Power over Anger*. The Stone is now lost: Which, perhaps, was then set up by Lord ESTOTEVILL, both as a Confirmation of his pious Donation, and as a preventive Mark against the wicked Effects of an ireful Passion levell'd at the Servants of GOD: So far from which was ESTOTEVILL now converted, and because the Ground he had given should not lie untill'd, that he presented St. ROBERT with two Oxen, two Horses, and two Cows, for his better Support.

## C H A P. IV.

*Some remarkable Accidents concerning St. ROBERT.*

NOT long after, he took into his Company one Ivo (or INO) employing him as an Overfeer of the Poor, and a Distributer of their Alms: But this very Man, at a certain Time, being overcome by the Devil, fled from the happy Saint; and, in his Flight, chancing to fall, and break his Leg, St. ROBERT, by Divine Revelation, quickly knew of his Affliction. Making haste therefore to his Assistance, he most severely reprehended him; but Ivo acknowledging his Fault, and desiring Pardon, the Holy Man, forthwith blessing his Leg, and laying his Hand on the Part imbrued with Blood, restored him to his former Condition, and brought him back to his Cell.

So great was the Saint's Care of the Poor, that, for their better Relief, he desired his Patron, ESTOTEVILL, to bestow another Cow upon him, which was granted; but withal, (thro' the Means of an ill natur'd Servant) such a fierce Creature, that it was even terrible to approach. However, the Man of God, making haste to the Forrest, soon perceiv'd her; and, putting one Hand over her Neck, she went home with him as meek as possible. The wicked Servant, before-mention'd, told Lord ESTOTEVILL of the Action; saying withal, That he would devise a Way, how to get the Cow from the good Man: And tho' his Master disproved of the Motion; yet the envious Wretch, feigning to be in a lame and poor Condition, begg'd the Saint's Assistance, not only for himself, but his Wife and Children; who were, as he pretended, miserably oppress'd with Hunger and Want. Compassion soon wrought upon the Holy Hermit: *As GOD, said he, has given to me what should feed the Wants of me and mine; so a Part of His Blessings shall be return'd to Him again, in supplying the Necessities of you, and your's. There is my best Cow, to nourish you all with her Milk: Take her, if what you tell me be*

*Truth*



*Truth indeed; but if not, the same Afflictions, you pretend to suffer, will certainly be the just Reward of such sinful Hypocrisy.* And thus it prov'd: For when this Deceiver thought to depart with the Cow, and had unloos'd the String, by which his Leg and Ham were ty'd together, he found them more closely united, by a vindictive and supernatural Power. Let not a Christian doubt of this, since *Cicero*, tho' an Heathen, writes, *Nihil est quod Deus efficere non possit, & quidem sine labore ullo.* As much as to say, *There is nothing, however so great and surprizing, but what God Almighty can accomplish, either as a Punishment of a wicked Sinner, or the Reward of the just Person; and truly with the greatest Ease, or without any Labour.* This the Wretch felt with a Witness; and thereupon cry'd out, *O Holy St. ROBERT, pardon the Injury I intended against you; and beseech the Divine Being, in Behalf of me, his unworthy, but repenting Servant.* The indulgent Father mercifully comply'd with his Request; when, having restor'd him to his former Ability, he returned to his beloved Cell, and was received with Joy.

A Company of Deer, from the Forrest, haunting his Ground, spoiled his Corn, and did him much Harm: Whereupon, making Complaint to the Lord ESTOTEVILL, received this Answer: *Good ROBERT, I give thee free Leave to impound, and detain them, 'till you obtain ample Satisfaction.* Then went the Holy Man into the Field; and, with a Rod, drove those swift Creatures out of the Corn; afterwards secur'd them with as much Ease as if they had been tender Lambs; and so shut them up in his Barn: Which done, he went to his Patron, acquainting him therewith; who, being surpriz'd at the strange Event, freely gave them to the Saint, to use either in the Plow, or for any other Service of rural Affairs. ROBERT, humbly thanking the beneficent Lord, returned home; and, taking the Deer out of the Barn, put them under the Yoke, and made them to plow his Ground like Oxen, to the Amazement of all Beholders. To commemorate which, St. ROBERT is depicted, in a Window belonging to the North Isle of *Knaresborough Church*, as tho' he was plowing with the Deer.



## C H A P. V.

*How St. ROBERT form'd a Chapel in a Rock.*

AND now the Saint began to work at his New Chapel, within a solid and high Rock; which, in Procefs of Time, he accomplish'd; making convenient Steps, to the nearer Banks of the *Nid*: A River famous, because that near its Streams a noted Synod was held, in the Reign of King OSRED, *A.D.* 708, when St. *WILFRID*, Abbot of *Rippon*, and Archbishop of *York*, was obliged to be content with the See of *Hexham*, in *Northumberland*, made such by THEODORE, Archbishop of *Canterbury*; tho' some assert, that (before he died, which was in the Year of CHRIST 711, and buried in *Rippon* Monastery) he became fully possessed of his former Dignity. The Stones, dug out of the Rock, seem laid as the Foundation for a pleasant Passage from St. ROBERT's Chapel, about 46 Yards on the subsiding Banks, now to be seen (as describ'd in the cut of the Title-Page) 'till it ends at a little Gate; from which to the Water is between 4 and 5 Yards more: And, on the Oratory's Out-Side, was carved the Image of an armed Man, no doubt in Memory of the defending Vision, with which the Lord ESTOTEVILL was formerly terrify'd. With like Reason, tho' the Chapel now bears his own Name, he dedicated it to St. GYLES, a noble *Athenian*, once Abbot, Monk, and Hermit in *France*, instead of his Oratory, (consecrated to that Saint) when his House was made with Boughs, interwoven with Thorns. Within are Seats, on each Side, either to kneel before, or rest upon: The Length of this Chapel is 3 Yards and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , its Breadth 3 Yards, and 2 Yards and  $\frac{1}{2}$  high, up to a curious arched Canopy, plainly discernable from the Light of a Window, adorn'd with Tracery; which also discovers an Altar, partly carv'd like real Pillars. At the right Hand are Venerable Faces, that are believ'd were design'd to represent the HOLY TRINITY: All of the  
Rock;

Rock; and yet a further Space or Nitch is seen behind the Altar, very probable, either for the Image of the Blessed Virgin MARY, or a Representation of our dear Redeemer's bitter Crucifixion! Before which, according to antient Custom, he would often prostrate himself; offering up his Prayers, to CHRIST in Heaven, with such affectionate Devotion, as if, under that mournful Similitude, he had really beheld him bleeding, and dying on the Crofs. *Eft mea spes Chriftus folus, qui de Cruce pendet.*

King JOHN, in his Travels, fometimes courfing along the Country, to divert the melancholy Thoughts occafion'd by the Troubles of his Reign, came at length to *Knaresborough*, attended by his Courtiers, both of the Laity, and Clergy. As they once fat at Dinner, his Chaplain confirm'd the Renown of St. *Robert's* Sanctity; for which, indeed, his Majesty, who had often heard thereof, intended to vifit him. Accordingly, he came, with few Attendants, to the Saint's poor Cell; where St. ROBERT entertain'd him, and his Retinue, in the moft courteous Manner, with extraordinary Piety, and becoming Gravity. In fhort, the Monarch was fo charm'd with his Converfation, that, commiferating his Poverty, he granted him 40 Acres of wafte Ground, (with the Appurtenances of another Place) near adjoining to what he had before; and which was as much as he could now conveniently till with one Plough, or Team.

The Lord BRYAN, coming one Day to obtain his Benediction, desired withal to know, What Succefs he should have in a Journey and Voyage he was to take on the King's Service, and how the Event would prove? *Very profperoufly*, answered the Saint; *but, my Lord, you will never return again.* And this was fulfill'd by Death.

Not long after the faid Lord's Departure, he foretold, That, when his own Diffolution fould happen, the Monks of *Fountain's* Abby would make an Attempt to take his Body from them by Force; *But*, (faid he, to Thofe of his Houfe) *I*  
*befeech*



The Saint's Body was, with due Reverence, made ready for the Grave: And some of the Monks of *Fountain's* Abby, (who no doubt had waited 'till the Time of his Dissolution) left the Habit they had officiously brought, that his Corps might be more decently wrapt up therein: Moreover, they endeavour'd to carry away the Body by Force, in order to inter it in their own Monastery; which they certainly would have accomplished, had not a Company of armed Men, that belong'd to the Castle, resisted them; and so they were obliged to return home exceeding sorrowful for so great a Loss.

To honour the Funeral Obsequies of St. ROBERT, (who is deservedly celebrated, on the 7th of *June*, in the Old *Englisch* Kalendar, where he is styl'd both Abbot of *Knaresborough*, and Confessor) there came great Numbers of People, High and Low, Rich and Poor, who devoutly kissed his holy Corps, in the Icy Arms of Death, as he lay in the Coffin, before its last Enclosure: And then he was carry'd, with mournful Solemnity, to the Chapel of the *Holy Crofs*, where his Body was laid in a New (*e*) Tomb prepared for the Reception of it. This was the pious End of that Holy MAN, when he was about 57 Years of Age; paying that common Debt which is due

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(*e*) The upper Stone of which now lies (in the Church at *Knaresborough*, North of the Altar) over the Body of Sir HENRY SLINGSBY, who was beheaded, *Anno Dom.* 1658. The Inscription runs partly thus: *Sancti ROBERTI, huc Saxum advectum est, sub eodemque nunc jacet HENRICUS SLINGSBY, &c.* For *William de Slingsby*, (one of the Ancestors of this loyal Family) marrying the Daughter and Heiress of *Thomas de Screven*; had with her the Place, call'd *Screven*, (near *Knaresborough*) with other Possessions; in Consequence of this Union, he became Heir to *Thomas de Walkingham*, whose only Daughter the said *Screven* had been formerly espoused to. And it's but of late, that one *Sir Henry Slingsby* built a fair Habitation at a Place call'd *Red House*, which is another Seat of the Family. King *EDWARD* I. made Rangers of some of them, because of their great Fidelity: "Whose Ancestors, the Posterity of *GAMELLUS*, "once Keeper of the Forrest, as an *Historian* confirms, took the Name "of *SCREVEN*, from their antient Seat, or Habitation."

In

due to Nature, by returning to native Dust: And then his happy, immortal Soul, difunited from its Earthly Mansion, and hovering on the Wings of Blessed Angels, was, no doubt, carry'd up into Heaven, where it mingled with the glorious Company of Martyrs, Confessors, and other Saints, to praise, in Seraphic Hymns, the Ever Holy, and Adorable TRINITY, to all Eternity.

Blessed therefore is the Memory of St. ROBERT; who was divinely inspir'd, and *greatly* happy, even whilst he existed in a trouble-

In old *English Characters*, at the West End of *Knaresborough Church*, are these pious Lines, carved, on a single Stone

JESU CHRIST, who dy'd upon the Rood! Grant us Grace, our End be good,

*In the Church, on the North Side of the Altar, are these Epitaphs, beside those exhibited in the History of York, Page 249, &c.*

DEO, Omnipotenti, Magno. Gulielmus Slingsbeius, eques auratus, ex inclyta Slingsbeiorum familia, in agro Eboracensi oriundus; Francisci, optimi viri, et Mariæ, unicæ sororis Thomæ & Henrici Percy, comitum Northumbriæ, feminae honoratissimæ, et pientissimæ, filius; Knaresburgi, 29 Jan. Anno 1562 natus: In armis, aula, et magistratu, sub quatuor Regibus sic claravit; ut in bello, exercitus Elizabethæ, quo oppidum, classis, insulaq; Cadiz, felicissime, intercepta sunt, munitionum publicarum commissarius generalis, anno 1596: In aula, sub serenissimo Jacobo Rege, Annæ Reginae illustrissimæ, ad mensam cibicida honorarius, 1603: In magistratu, ab eodem Jacobo Rege, Scotiam versus, progrediente, Middlesexia comitatus, primorum locum tenentium: unus sub magno sigillo Angliæ constitutus, 1617: qui, etiam, negotia adeunda, in singulis commissionibus, pro ejusdem comitatus regimine, sub Divo Carolo etiam cum laude transegit.

Vado; sed nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori. August, 1634. [Thus Englished:]

To the Great Omnipotent GOD. WILLIAM SLINGESBY, Knight, (descended from the illustrious Family of the SLINGESBIES, in Yorkshire; Son of HENRY, one of the best of Men, and MARY, one of the most pious and honourable of Women, the Sister of THOMAS and HENRY PERCY, Earls of Northumberland) was born at Knaresborough, the 29th of January, 1562. He so distinguish'd himself, under four crowned Heads, thro' his Valour, courtly Behaviour, and prudential Discharge of the Trust reposed in him; that, as to the first, he was elected Commissary-General to the Forces of the renowned Queen ELIZABETH; by whom, a Town, Fleet, and the Island Cadiz, were taken by surprize, in the Year 1596. In Court, whilst his Serene Majesty King JAMES the First, along with the most illustrious Queen ANNE, sat upon the British Throne, Anno 1603, he was honour'd in being made Carrier at their Table: And, whilst in his Office, during the same King's progress to Scotland, was appointed by his Majesty to hold one of the most honourable Places in the County of Middlesex. So great a Favourite he became, that, in 1617, he was constituted, under the great Seal of England:

Who,



troublesome World: Which agrees with what the *Roman* Orator truly asserts: *Nemo magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit*; that none but the Person, whose Soul is warm'd with such Cœlestial Respiration, can be truly dignify'd. But we must go still farther: For tho' this Good Man was reposed in the silent Grave; yet MATTHEW PARIS, a *Benedictine* Monk of *St. Alban's*, makes the Trumpet of Glory still louder, by writing thus: *Claruit fama Sancti ROBERTI Heremite apud Knaresburg; cujus Tumba Oleum medicinale fertur abundanter emijisse*: That is, *The Fame of St. ROBERT, Hermit at Knaresborough, shone very conspicuous; from whose Sepulchre a medicinal Oyl plentifully issued forth*; which, as we are further assured, occasion'd many wonderful Cures. Thus did his Merit seem to former Ages. And tho' the healing Unguent has ceased long since to shed its oily Streams; yet the sweet Odour of his Sanctity is still refreshing to our desiring Spirits, notwithstanding so many Centuries past, and ever will be whilst the *Remembrance of the Just shall be blessed*. And so much was he esteem'd by RICHARD PLANTAGENET, the young King's Brother, (who was then Earl of *Cornwall*, and in Process of Time became King of the *Romans*) that two Years after, *A.D.* 1218, he erected a Monastery for Religious Persons, who were called *Robertines*, from the Name of the holy Saint, as tho' he indeed had been the original Founder. The Estate, that *St. Robert's* kind Patroness had given him; the Lands, with the Appurtenances of *Swinesco*, presented by King JOHN, as also

*Halikelde-*

*Who, also, pass'd thro' other Preferments, with great Applause, in their respective Commissions, for the Government of the aforesaid County, in that Monarch's Reign, as likewise in that of the Pious King CHARLES the First.*

I depart; but neither am I weary of Life, or afraid to die. August, 1634.

*Three other Inscriptions are as follow:*

Hic jacet Henr. Slingsbie filius & hares Francisci & Mariæ, mense a pride anno XLIV. Eliz. R. milit. qui obiit Decem. die 17. Anno Dom. 1634. Ætat. suæ 74 annos, et 10 menses. Sed omnia vanitas.

Here lies the Body of Dorothy Slingsby, late Wife of Sir Thomas Slingsby, of Scriven, Bart. Daughter and Coheir of George Cradock of Careswell Castle, in Staffordshire, Esq. She died the 24th Jan. 1673. by whom he had 3 Sons: Henry, Thomas, and George; and 3 Daughters, Dorothy, Elizabeth, and Barbara.

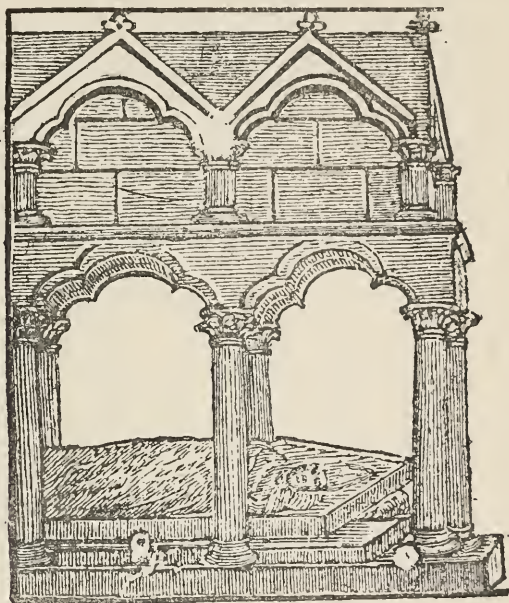
Perfectum fuit hoc opus p. Hen. Slyngesb. 24. Junii 1602. Unitrino Deo consecratum Anno Ætat. suæ 42, et 5 Mens. Anno Eliz. R. 44. Mors vitam auferit, & æstet.



*Halikeldefyke* Wood, that lay North of the River; all these were conferr'd upon this Society, styled *De Redemptione Captivorum*, alias *Sanctæ Trinitatis*. The Church, Convent, and other contiguous Buildings, were, it's suppos'd, pull'd down at the Dissolution, in the Reign of King HENRY VIIIth; but a Gate thereof is still remaining. The *Cæmiterium*, or Place of Interment, is yet discernable; where a reverend Person lies buried: Over whom is a large Grave-Stone, about a Foot in Thickness; the Length and Breadth is form'd proportionable to the Stature and Bulk of a well-siz'd Man. Upon which, towards the Head, is carved a *Cross-Moline*, like the *Little One*, here represented, on the *Side of the Great*. The Form of the longer Part of the *Latter* is pourtray'd towards the Feet. In the Middle of it, from the Breast downwards, are these Letters, (but in *Saxon* Characters) *HIC JACET J. BEMER*: That is, *Here lieth JOHN BEMER*: Before the first Article (*HIC*) are these Letters, *I.O.V.*, &c. as suppos'd, being almost worn away: But, after the venerable Name of *J. Bemmer*, are these: *B. B. O. V.*, which, perhaps, might be for *Baccalaurius Beatae Ordinis Virginis*: So that, probably, it was a Gentleman of another Order, related to some Person belonging to This, of the *Most Holy Trinity*. Which Society, besides what I have mention'd, became possess'd of Lands, Privileges, &c., upon Failure of Black Canons of the Holy Sepulchre; who were placed in the Suburbs of *Warwick*, by HENRY, Earl of that *City*, founded upon a Rock; and render'd famous, thro' the most renowned GUY, once in the same Station, in the Reign of King *Athelstane*. The Land, belonging to this Convent at *Knaresborough*, was sold to the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, in the Reign of EDWARD the VIth. The *Robertine* Members of that antient Society were frequently employ'd to travel, collect Money, and intercede for the Redemption of Christian Captives; the third Part of their Revenues being apply'd for that Purpose: To which venerable Convent, the Princely Founder's Brother, King HENRY the

the Third, in the 12th Year of his Reign, (and his most unfortunate Grandson, EDWARD the Second, in the 5th of his) confirm'd, with some Additions, there several Benefactions (which, thro' charitable Piety, at Sundry Times, had zealously been given them) by their Royal Sanction.

About a Year after the Death of St. *Robert*, WALTER GREY, Archbishop of *York*, departed this Life; whose Monument (hereunder partly imitated) remains yet in the Cathedral.



To conclude: May what has been written, and the Places which are yet to be seen, call to our Minds the Vanity all transitory Enjoyments whatsoever: And, whilst we seriously ponder upon these Things, may we be incited to beseech ALMIGHTY GOD, That the Members of CHRIST'S Holy Catholick Church, now militant on Earth (particularly that pure Part of it established in this Kingdom) may, hereafter, through the Merits of our dear REDEEMER, reign triumphantly with HIM in Heaven.

*THE END.*



## On Holy Wells.

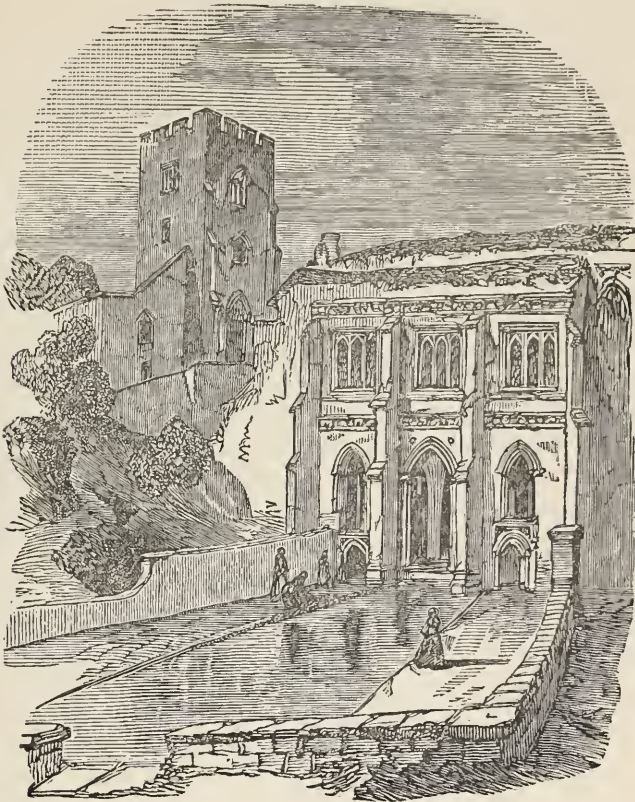
(Extracted by Permission, from Messrs. Chambers's "Book of Days.")

**J**ULY 1, 1652, the eccentric John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, from his having been a Waterman on the Thames, paid a visit to St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell, in Flintshire. This was a place held in no small veneration even in Taylor's days; but in Catholic times, it filled great space indeed.

There is something at once so beautiful and so bountiful in a spring of pure water, that no wonder it should become an object of some regard among a simple people. We all feel the force of Horace's abrupt and enthusiastic address, "*O Fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro,*" and do not wonder that he should resolve upon sacrificing a kid to it. In the middle ages, when a Christian tinge was given to everything, the discovery of a spring in a romantic situation, or remarkable for the brightness, purity, or taste of its water, was forthwith followed by its dedication to some Saint; and once placed among the category of holy wells, its waters were endued, by popular faith, with powers more or less miraculous. Shrewd Thomas Powell, writing in 1631, says: 'Let them find out some strange water, some unheard-of spring; it is an easy matter to discolour or alter the taste of it in some measure, it makes no matter how little. Report strange cures that it hath done; beget a superstitious opinion of it. Good-fellowship shall uphold it, and the neighbouring towns shall all swear for it.' So early as 963, the Saxon king Edgar thought it necessary to forbid the 'worshipping of fountains,' and the canons of Anselm (1102) lay it down as a rule, that no one is to attribute reverence or sanctity to a fountain *without the bishop's authority*. Canons, however powerful to foster superstition, were powerless to control it; ignorance

invested springs with sanctity without the aid of the church, and every county could boast of its holy well.

The most famous holy well in the three kingdoms is undoubtedly that dedicated to St. Winifred (Holywell, Flintshire),



ST. WINIFRED'S WELL, FLINTSHIRE.

at whose shrine Giraldus Cambrensis offered his devotions in the twelfth century, when he says she seemed 'still to retain her miraculous powers.

The spring rises from a bed of shingle at the foot of a steep hill, the water rushing out with great impetuosity, and flowing



into and over the main basin in a smaller one in front. The well is enclosed by a building in the perpendicular Gothic style (dating from the beginning of Henry VII.), which 'forms a crypt under a small chapel contiguous to the parish church, and on a level with it, the entrance to the well being by a descent of about twenty steps from the street. The well itself is a star-shaped basin, ten feet in diameter, canopied by a most graceful stellar vault, and originally enclosed by stone traceried screens filling up the spaces between the supports. Round the basin is an ambulatory similarly vaulted.'\* The sculptural ornaments consisted of grotesque animals, and the armorial-bearings of various benefactors of the shrine; among them being Catharine of Aragon, Margaret, mother of Henry VII., and different members of the Stanley family, the founders both of the crypt and the chapel above it. Formerly, the former contained statues of the Virgin Mary and St. Winifred. The first was removed in 1635; the fate of Winifred's effigy, to which a Countess of Warwick (1439) bequeathed her russet velvet gown, is unknown. On the stones at the bottom of the well grow the *Bissus iolethus*, and a species of red *Jungermania* moss, known in the vulgar tongue as Winifred's hair and blood. In the seventeenth century, St. Winifred could boast thousands of votaries. James II. paid a visit to the shrine in 1688, and received the shift worn by his great-grandmother at her execution, for his pains. Pennant found the roof of the vault hung with the crutches of grateful cripples. He says, 'the resort of pilgrims of late years to these Fontanalia has considerably decreased; the greatest number are from Lancashire. In the summer, still a few are to be seen in the water, in deep devotion up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well; or threading the arches between it and the well a prescribed number of times.' An attempt to revive the public faith in the Flintshire saint was made in 1805, when a pamphlet was published, detailing how one Winefred White, of Wolverhampton, experienced the benefit of the virtue of the spring.

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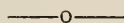
\* *Archæological Journal*, iii. 148.

The cure is certified by a resident of Holywell, named Elizabeth Jones, in the following terms : ‘ I hereby declare that, about three months ago, I saw a young woman calling herself Winefred White, walking with great difficulty on a crutch ; and that on the following morning, the said Winefred White came to me running, and without any appearance of lameness, having, as she told me, been immediately cured after once bathing in St. Winefred’s Well.’ It was of no avail ; a dead belief was not to be brought again to life even by Elizabeth Jones of Holywell.

St. Madern’s Well, Cornwall, was another popular resort for those who sought to be relieved from aches and pains. Bishop Hall, in his *Mystery of Godliness*, bears testimony to the reality of a cure wrought upon a cripple by its waters. He says he ‘ took strict and impartial examination ’ of the evidence, and ‘ found neither art nor collusion—the cure done, the author an invisible God.’ In the seventeenth century, however, the well seems to have lost its reputation. St. Madern was always propitiated by offerings of pins and pebbles. This custom prevailed in many other places beside ; Mr. Haslam assures us, that pins may be collected by the handful near most Cornish wells. At St. Kilda, none dared approach with empty hands, or without making some offering to the genius of the place, either in the shape of shells, pins, needles, pebbles, coins, or rags. A well near Newcastle obtained the name of Ragwell, from the quantity of rags left upon the adjacent bushes as thank-offerings. St. Tegla, of Denbighshire, required greater sacrifices from her votaries. To obtain her good offices, it was necessary to bathe in the well, walk round it three times, repeating the Lord’s Prayer at each circuit, and leave fourpence at the shrine. A cock or hen (according to the patient’s sex) was then placed in a basket, and carried round the well, into the churchyard, and round the church, The patient then entered the church, and ensconced him or herself under the communion-table, with a Bible for a pillow, and so remained till daybreak. If the fowl, kept all this while imprisoned, died, the disease was supposed to have been transferred to it, and, as a matter of course, the believer in St. Tegla was made whole.



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